TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

VOLUME XXXIX/XL

1942-1950

COMUNN GAIDHLIG INBHIR-NIS

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OF INVERNESS

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Clann nan Gàidheal ri Guaillean a Chèile

Printed for the Society
by
A. Learmonth & Son, 9 King Street, Stirling
1963

MRS. CHRISTIAN GALBRAITH

IN MEMORIAM

TRIBUTE TO MRS. GALBRAITH

by Dr. D. J. MACDONALD, J.P., M.A., F.E.I.S.

This, the thirty-eighth volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, is, in virtue of the expressed wish and generosity of her husband, a memorial to Christian McKinney, wife of Dr. J. J. Galbraith, chief of the Society from 1939 to 1942.

Dr. Galbraith, as all our members know, placed the Society under heavy debt, not only by contributing valuable papers, and by holding the office of chief through the difficult war years, but by giving an earlier donation of sufficient value to publish Volume 37. In all those activities he had the sympathetic companionship of Mrs. Galbraith. Herself a native of the County of Fife, with no inherited interest in Gaeldom, she identified herself completely with the people of her adoption. She invariably accompanied her husband in his journeys from Dingwall to the meetings of the Society, in fair weather and foul, putting to shame many native Gaels who lived beside the Society's rooms. Her fidelity begot in her a sound knowledge of the purposes of our Association and a lively interest in all its activities. She was a kindly presence at the annual dinner and at the Culloden Memorial Service, where she laid the wreath in 1939, under conditions of considerable stress owing to Dr. Galbraith's illness. But for her devoted attachment to the Society's work there is little doubt that Dr. Galbraith's service to the cause could not have the whole-hearted quality we associate with his memory.

Those of us who were privileged to know Mrs. Galbraith can assure our non-resident members that we are proud to have this volume as a memorial to a gracious personality who became one of us. She lies in the churchyard of Lochalsh, the parish of her husband's youth, a land she loved well. At the funeral on 20th December, 1944, the Society was officially represented and a wreath from it placed on her grave.

"A cuid de Phàrras di."

COMUNN GAIDHLIG INBHIR-NIS

GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS

(Instituted 1871)

SESSION 1941-42

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1941—J. J. Galbraith, M.D., D.P.H.

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Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.

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Mr. Duncan Maclennan.

Bard - - Rev. D. MacEchern, B.D., Bower.
Piper - - Pipe-Major John MacDonald, M.B.E.

Bàrdachd is Cèol Shléibhte by Malcolm MacInnes, M.A., LL.B., Inverness, on 16th January, 1942.

Glenurquhart: Its Place Names and Field Names by Hugh A. Fraser, M.B.E., M.A., Glenurquhart, on 13th February, 1942.

Gleanings from Charter Chests of the Isles by Rev. Archd. MacDonald, D.D., Edinburgh, on 13th March, 1942.

SESSION 1942-43

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1942—J. J. Galbraith, M.D., D.P.H.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald Graham, M.A.
Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
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Rev. William Matheson, M.A.

Bard - - Rev. D. MacEchern, B.D., Bower.
Piper - - Pipe-Major John MacDonald, M.B.E.

Abhacas Nan Gàidheal (in Gaelic) by Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A., H.M.I.C.S., Inverness, on 20th Novembeer, 1942.

Place Names of Fairburn by James MacIntyre, Fairburn, on 11th December, 1942.

Ruthven Castle and Barracks by Dr. W. D. Simpson, D.Litt., Aberdeen University, on 8th January, 1943.

Pioneers of Christianity in Alba by Murdoch McIntosh, Inverness, on 29th January, 1943.

References to Hunting in Gaelic Literature by Fr. Cyril Dieckhoff, O.S.B., Fort Augustus, on 19th February, 1943.

Territorial Families connected with Aird of Inverness by Rev. Archd. MacDonald, D.D., Edinburgh, on 5th March, 1943.

Sgeulachdan Nan Uamh (in Gaelic) by J. C. MacLean, Gourock, on 19th March, 1943.

SESSION 1943-44

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1943—Rev. Archd. MacDonald, D.D.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald Graham, M.A.
Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.

Hon. Secretary

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Rev. William Matheson, M.A.
Mr. John Maclean, M.A.

Bard - - Rev. D. MacEchern, B.D., Bower.
Piper - - Pipe-Major John MacDonald, M.B.E.

James Macpherson and the Book of Dean of Lismore by Donald T. Mackintosh, M.A., Kingussie, on 12th November, 1943.

The Celtic Contribution to World Culture by Alex. Nicolson, M.A., Glasgow, on 10th December, 1943.

Social and Economic Conditions as Revealed in Gaelic Poetry by Fr. Cyril Dieckhoff, O.S.B., Fort Augustus, on 14th January, 1944.

Place Names of Strath by Rev. Duncan Campbell, M.A., Ph.D., on 28th January, 1944.

Medicine among the Gaelic Celts by Dr. J. J. Galbraith, D.P.H., J.P., on 11th February, 1944.

First Scottish Gaelic Grammarian by Donald T. Mackintosh, M.A., Kingussie, on 25th February, 1944.

(1) Notes on the Ancient Gael by Rev. Dr. Arch. MacDonald, Chief of the Society; **(2) Poems and Songs of the Kinlochewe Bard** by a Member, on 10th March, 1944.

SESSION 1944-45

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1944—Rev. Archd. B. Scott, D.D.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., F.E.I.S.
Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.

Hon. Secretary

Professor W. J. Watson, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.Celt., Edinburgh.

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Mr. John Maclean, M.A.

Bard - - Rev. D. MacEchern, B.D., Bower.
Piper - - Pipe-Major John MacDonald, M.B.E.

The Continuance of Celtic Britons in what became "Scot"-land by Rev. Dr. A. B. Scott, Helmsdale, Chief of the Society, on 24th November, 1944.

Some Representative Gaelic Poems with English Renderings by Donald T. Mackintosh, M.A., Kingussie, on 1st December, 1944.

The Canadian Boat Song by Edward McCurdy, M.A., Ashtead, Surrey, on 15th December, 1944.

Leth-Chiallaich a Bha ann An Ardnamurchan by Alasdair Cameron (North Argyll), on 12th January, 1944.

James MacPherson and His Editors by Donald T. Mackintosh, M.A., *Kingussie, on 16th February, 1944.*

Fionn Agus An Fhainn Am Beul-Aithris Mhuinntir Chois Fhairge ann An Iar Chonnacht by Calum I. MacLean, M.A., Dublin, on 9th March, 1944.

Structure of Piobaireachd by M. MacInnes, M.A., LL.B., on 23rd March, 1944.

The Robertsons of Struan by T. A. Robertson, F.R.G.S., London, on 13th April, 1944.

SESSION 1945-46

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1945—Rev. Dugald MacEchern, B.D.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., F.E.I.S.
Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.

Hon. Secretary

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Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, M.B.E., M.A.
Mr. Duncan Maclennan.
Rev. William Matheson, M.A.
Rev. Alex. Boyd, M.A.

Bard - - Mr. Samuel MacLean, M.A.
Pipers - - Pipe-Major Donald Chisholm.
Mr. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A., LL.B.

Place Names of Strathnairn by Rev. John Macpherson, M.A., Ph.D., Daviot, on 7th December, 1945.

Dippings into Dictionaries by R. Barron, M.C., M.A., Inverness, on 11th January, 1946.

The Druids by Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A., Inverness, on 8th February, 1946.

Notes on Obscure and Anonymous Gaelic Poetry by Samuel MacLean, M.A., Edinburgh, on 22nd February, 1946.

Extracts from Menzies Barony Court Books by Rev. Wm. A. Gillies, D.D., Kenmore, on 3rd March, 1946.

Further Genealogical and Other Notes from the Aird by Rev. Arch. MacDonald, D.D., Edinburgh, on 22nd March, 1946.

Lewis Families: 17th Century Immigrants by Rev. Wm. Matheson, M.A., Tobermory, on 3rd April, 1946.

SESSION 1946-47

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1946—Vice-Admiral Sir R. R. MacGrigor, K.C.B., D.S.O., R.N.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Rev. Alex. Boyd, M.A.
Mr. Duncan MacLennan.

Hon. Secretary

Professor W. J. Watson, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.Celt., Edinburgh.

Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian

Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson, 28 Queensgate, Inverness.

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Mr. Hugh A. Fraser, M.B.E., M.A.
Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., F.E.I.S.
Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.
Rev. Dr. John MacPherson, M.A.

Bard - - Mr. Samuel MacLean, M.A.
Piper - - Mr. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A., LL.B.

Some Aspects of the Revolution of 1688 from Gaelic Sources by Dr. J. A. MacLean, M.A., LL.B., Inverness, on 13th December, 1946.

Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair by M. MacInnes, M.A., LL.B., Inverness, on 24th January, 1947.

Celtic Glimpses by Very Rev. L. MacLean Watt, D.D., LL.D., Lochcarron, on 14th February, 1947.

Mairearad Nighean Lachlainn by S. MacLean, M.A., Edinburgh, on 28th February, 1947.

Baideanach. I by R. Barron, M.C., M.A., on 14th March, 1947.

Traditions of Alexander MacDonald (Mac Cholla Chiotaich) by Professor Angus Matheson, M.A., Glasgow, on 28th March, 1947.

SESSION 1947-48

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1947—Major-General D. N. Wimberley, C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Rev. Alex. Boyd, M.A.
Mr. Duncan MacLennan.

Hon. Secretary

Professor W. J. Watson, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.Celt., Edinburgh.

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Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., F.E.I.S.
Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.
Rev. Dr. John MacPherson, M.A.
Mr. Roderick Barron, M.C., M.A.

Bard - - Mr. Samuel MacLean, M.A.
Piper - - Mr. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A., LL.B.

Hanoverian Troops at Culloden by Norman Shaw, Oxford, on 5th December, 1947.

MacLeods of Garrabost by Rev. Wm. Matheson, M.A., Tobermory, on 19th December, 1947.

St. Finnan's Isle, Loch Shiel, by Alasdair Cameron (North Argyll), on 16th January, 1948.

Joseph MacDonald: His "Complete History of the Highland Bagpipe" by Miss Mairi A. MacDonald, Inverness, on 30th January, 1948.

Extracts from a Lewis MS. by Rev. Malcolm MacLean, M.A., Conon Bridge, on 13th February, 1948.

(1) Old Highland Records: A Miscellany Of by Rev. Dr. Arch. MacDonald, Edinburgh; **(2) The Keppoch Murders** by Arch. Campbell, Fortrose, on 27th February, 1948.

Skye Gaelic by Mr. L. MacKinnon, M.A., Fort William, on 12th March, 1948.

Effects of Anglicisation on Gaelic Place Names by Mr. J. M. Mathieson, M.A., Nethybridge, on 26th March, 1948.

Baideanach. II by Mr. R. Barron, M.C., M.A., on 9th April, 1948.

Translation into Gaelic, by the late John MacCormick, Glasgow, of Two Shakespearian Plays, by Mr. Edward MacCurdy, M.A., Surrey, on 16th April, 1948.

SESSION 1948-49

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1948—Sheriff John Cameron, D.S.C., K.C.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Rev. Alex. Boyd, M.A.
Mr. Duncan MacLennan.

Hon. Secretary

Professor W. J. Watson, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt.Celt., Edinburgh.

Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian

Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson, 28 Queensgate, Inverness.

Council

Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A.
Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., F.E.I.S.
Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.
Rev. Dr. John MacPherson, M.A.
Mr. Roderick Barron, M.C., M.A.

Bard - - Mr. Samuel MacLean, M.A.
Piper - - Mr. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A., LL.B.

Gaelic Sources of MacPherson's Ossian by Mr. Derick S. Thomson, M.A., Edinburgh, on 17th December, 1848.

Unfamiliar Words in N. Uist Dialect by Rev. Dr. J. MacPherson, M.A., Daviot, on 14th January, 1949.

Gaelic-Welsh Glossary by Mr. Wm. Hay, Caerns, Wales, on 28th January, 1949.

(1) "Hebridean Hamlets"—Migrations 1800-1850 ; (2) "Lochresort Side" by Major N. T. Macleod, M.C., D.C.M., Croydon, on 11th February, 1949.

Traditional Songs from Raasay by Calum I. MacLean, M.A., Raasay, on 25th February, 1949.

Lapsed Titles of Scottish Regiments by M. McIntosh, Inverness, on 11th March, 1949.

Bard of Novia Scotia by Rev. Donald Maclean Sinclair, on 25th March, 1949.

(1) Traditions of the Mackenzies by Rev. Wm. Matheson, M.A. ; **(2) The Verb in Modern Gaelic** by Alex. C. MacNeill, M.A., Glasgow, on 15th April, 1949.

SESSION 1949-50

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1949

General Sir A. F. Philip Christison, Bt., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., B.A.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Rev. Alex. Boyd, M.A.
Mr. Duncan MacLennan.

Hon. Secretary

Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A., Inverness.

Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian

Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson, 28 Queensgate, Inverness.

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Mr. Donald Graham, M.A., F.E.I.S.
Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.
Rev. Dr. John MacPherson, M.A.
Mr. Roderick Barron, M.C., M.A.
Mr. Nicol Campbell.

Bard - - Mr. Samuel MacLean, M.A.
Piper - - Mr. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A., LL.B.

The Celt in Orkney and Shetland by Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A., Dingwall, on 2nd December, 1949.

Unrecorded Words and Meanings in the Gaelic of Badenoch by Mr. R. Barron, M.C., M.A., Inverness, on 13th January, 1950.

Unfamiliar Words in the Gaelic of North Uist by Rev. Dr. J. MacPherson, M.A., on 24th February, 1950.

(1) Mary MacLeod: Her Family Connections and Her Forgotten Songs by Rev. Wm. Matheson, M.A., Tobermory; **(2) An Cubair Collach** by Eachann MacDhugaill, Glaschu, on 24th March, 1950.

The Plays of Donald Sinclair by Edward MacCurdy. M.A., Surrey, on 14th April, 1950.

SESSION 1950-51

OFFICE-BEARERS

Chief, 1950—Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A.

Chieftains

Mr. Donald J. MacDonald, M.A.
Rev. Alex. Boyd, M.A.
Mr. Roderick Barron, M.C., M.A.

Hon. Secretary

Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A., Inverness.

Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian

Mr. Alex. N. Nicolson, 28 Queensgate, Inverness.

Council

Mr. Murdoch McIntosh.
Rev. Dr. John MacPherson, M.A.
Mr. D. Maclennan.
Mr. Murdo MacLeod.

Bard - - Mr. Samuel MacLean, M.A.
Piper - - Mr. Malcolm MacInnes, M.A., LL.B.

The Celtic Languages and their Affinities by Dr. D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., M.A., on 8th December, 1950.

The remaining papers of this Session, read in 1951, have been recorded in Volume XLI.

INTRODUCTION

Memorial Volumes

At a meeting of the Society on 23rd March, 1945, the Council reported that Dr. J. J. Galbraith, M.D., D.P.H., J.P., Dingwall, Chief of the Society in the years 1939, 1940, 1941 and 1942, proposed to donate to the Society a sum sufficient to bring the Transactions up to date. This generous gift was made in memory of Mrs. Galbraith, who died in 1944, and who, along with her husband, provided the greater part of the cost of publishing Volume XXXVI of the Transactions.

The work on the first of these volumes, Volume XXXVIII, was laid aside owing to the appearance of the special Volume XLI in 1953. Volume XXXVIII appeared in April 1962 and preliminary work on the present Volume XXXIX/XL began in the Autumn of that year. It was decided by the Council that the papers in the period between that covered by Volume XXXVIII and Volume XLI could be published in a single volume, numbered XXXIX/XL, so that continuity could be maintained.

The Gaelic Society, in common with most societies of the same kind, finding it increasingly difficult to keep its publications up to date, is profoundly grateful for this magnificent gift. It honours the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Galbraith for many such acts of generosity to the Society, and for years of devotion to its interests.

Membership

At the time of going to press the Membership consisted of 4 Honorary Chieftains, 63 Life Members and 290 Subscribing Members, a total of 357 ; plus 44 Libraries—a grand total of 401.

It is gratifying that a number of those joining are younger people and that the attendance at meetings in recent years has been good. This membership must be maintained if the Society is to flourish and all members are asked to recruit fresh support.

The Society has a heavy annual expenditure in postages, rates and rentals, and all members are asked to pay subscriptions promptly. We thank those who send a donation when paying their subscriptions.

Obituary

Between February 1962 and the time of going to press, the following members of the Society have died:—

Ex-Chief of the Society—

Professor Angus Matheson, M.A., Glasgow University.

Chieftain—

Captain John MacLean, Inverness.

Members—

Major Archibald Fletcher, Bona, Dores.

Rev. Lachlan MacEdward, Grampian View, Spey Street, Kingussie.

Mr. Colin MacInnes, 29 Third Avenue, Glasgow, S.4.

Mr. Donald Macleod, 9 Aignish, Isle of Lewis.

Mr. Malcolm A. Macqueen, 66 West Gate Street, Winnipeg, Canada.

Dr. A. H. H. Sinclair, M.D., F.R.C.S., 22 Rothesay Terrace, Edinburgh.

Mr. John A. Stewart of Inchmahome, Bonaly, Clynder, Helensburgh.

Mr. J. A. K. Thomson, M.A., "Balvenie," Newtonmore.

Dr. Aymer R. Wilson, 5 Drummond Road, Inverness.

Dr. James Fraser, Grianach, North Kessock, Ross-shire.

Mr. Alex. MacFarlane, M.A., 12 Hamilton Terrace, Portobello.

Transactions

A complete list is given of the papers read to the Society in the period covered by this Volume and also of the Office-bearers in these years.

A number of the papers read are not available for publication in this Volume and some papers read outwith the period of the Volume are included.

There are still some back numbers of the Transactions from Volume XXVII onwards in stock and these can be obtained on application to the Secretaries.

We conclude by thanking contributors for their work and reviewers for the kindness with which they received Volume XXXVIII, and would stress that the full support of all members and friends is required if publication of Transactions is to continue.

HUGH BARRON,
FARQUHAR MACINTOSH,
Joint Hon. Secretaries.

Inverness, April, 1963.

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TRANSACTIONS

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM LIVINGSTON

By S. MacLean, M.A.

22nd March, 1940

In bulk the most considerable part of William Livingston's poetry consists of heroic medleys on historical, legendary, or imaginary pseudo-historical themes. Of these the two longest are 'Na Lochlannaich an Ile' and 'Blar Shunadail,' both of which deal with fighting between Gaels and Norsemen in Islay and Kintyre at a very hazy date and both of which have hardly a shred of even legendary basis. Three poems, 'Cath Thom Ealachaidh,' 'Blàr Dhail-righ' and 'Blàr Allt a' Bhannaich,' deal with the Wars of Independence, while 'Cath Monadh Bhraca' is on Mons Graupius, and 'Blàr Thràigh Ghruineart' on the clan battle between the MacDonalds and MacLeans in Islay in 1598. There is also a heroic piece on Alma and Balaclava, contemporary events.

Of the heroic poems I think 'Na Lochlannaich an Ile' is the most impressive, though it is much less uniform than some of the others, and more of a medley in form than any of the rest. It is a formless semi-epical fragment, in which the verse varies from strong adequacy to utter wordy formlessness, lit up occasionally by a striking image like that from the opening description of the MacDonald arms—

> 'Bradan 's a shlios mar bhoillsgeadh airgid gun smal
> Fo ghluasad samhladh sruth 'na chuisle bhras.'

But, as well as the pseudo-historical matter, there is the poignant theme that recurs almost everywhere in Livingston's poetry, namely the contemporary desolation of Islay in the matter of men, in spite of the permanent majesty of nature; the woes of the Gael at the hands of the "Coimhich gun iochd," the barbarian English landlord being a far more effective spoiler than the vanquished Norseman; the lowing

brutes lying on the floors of the Gael ; the glory of Gaelic hospitality and charity gone ; and Islay, 'cathair lagh nan Eileanan Gàidhealach,' forlorn ; and there is a direct, unveiled attack on the particular landlord, Ramsay of Kildalton. The Gaels are a remnant, but there is the proud assertion that there is still 'fuidheall nach salaich an t-òr 's nach lùb.'

The chaotic formlessness of much of the verse contrasts with parts where it is vigorous, metrically adequate, and even powerful.

'Bha 'm freiceadan air mùr Dhun Athad
Do 'm bu dreuchd an talla choimhead,
'S a chunnaic a' teachd o 'n iar-dheas
Cabhlach nam buidhnean fiata,
Sgaothan toirmisgt tìr na gaillinn
A bu tearc a stadadh sìon no doineann,
Creachadairean allta lìonmhor,
Iargalta, gun iochd, gun fhìrinn,
Dìorrasach, fuileach, coirbte, dàna,
A dh'fhàg basraich an iomadh àite
Air còrsan rioghachdan na h-Eòrpa
O'n Fhairge Mhòir gu Cuan na Reòtachd.'

The Norse are heroic barbarians, whose arms have a 'bear with a king in his teeth,' a typical Livingston touch, and the verse becomes more than adequate in describing their ships.

'Bha 'm brataichean am bàrr nan cranna
Le anail nan neul a' srannail,
Stiallan dubh ri fiodhrach seòlaidh,
Starcaicht ri fàraidhean còrcaich.'

Such stretches of well knit action verse contrast with the usual irritating formlessness of Livingston's heroic poetry. Not that anything in Livingston approaches real epic. I am afraid that Livingston suggests, at several removes, Walter Scott rather than Homer or the Ultonian Hero Ballads, but now and again there is, if not epic grandeur, a very striking turn of imagery. One hero's eyes flash

'mar phlathadh nam Fir-chlis'

and the messenger speeds 'mar luaths iolair gu dìoladh braid An t-sealgair 's e creachadh a nid.'

Livingston inserts lyric into the epic narrative and dialogue. One of these lyrics is the battle-cry of the Norsemen. It is on the whole worthy of its name, 'Ròc a' chasgraidh,' but it is spoilt by the refrains, 'Tuagh, tuagh!' and 'Sgian, sgian!'

'Cha téid fear a dh'innse sgeòil dibh,
Tuagh, tuagh ;
Cluinnibh na fithich a' ròcail,
Tuagh, tuagh ;
Nì sinne dhaibh cuirm d'ur spòltan,
Tuagh, tuagh.'

It merits, however, its first name and that other, 'caismeachd nan sgòrnan.' Blair, editor of Livingston, calls it 'a wild and vigorous lyric.'

Fergus, fortieth king of Scotland, appears in a heroic vision and speaks a lyric that is formally fine, with a sonorous clangour.

'Chi mi dreag o 'n iar ag éirigh,
Manadh an-iochd is creich mhòir,
Basraich bròin is tòir is claidheamh,
Nan Geintbach borb 'gar caitheadh,
Leis an aighear thu chreach mhòr.'

The narrative verse describing Fergus is typically formless.

Aig deireadh nam briathran so
Thionndaidh e aghaidh rium ;
Cha bu tannasg foilleil
An sealladh àigh ;
'S an crios a' boillsgeadh
Le spangan òir is neamhnaidean
Air a bhroilleach aibhseach.
Dhearc e orm le caoimhneas
A cheangail ris mi mar gum bithinn
Ann am bannan iarainn ;
Bha m' fhuil 'gam thogail
A dhol g'a fhàilteachadh
Nuair a tharruing e chlaidheamh,
Lann air fad is leud
Nach 'eil a leithid idir ann,
'S a' deàrrsadh mar ghathan nan reultan
An oidhche reòta.

Such is unfortunately typical of a great deal of Livingston's heroic verse, though at times, in epic and lyric, it is fully formed and powerful.

'Na Lochlannaich an Ile' has the epic council of chiefs, and at it Mackay of the Rhinns proves a tactician of a brand unknown to a genuine epic. Finally there is the battle itself, complete with epic single combats. Here and there are fine images.

'Chaidh a' cheann-bheairt, an claigeann 's an t-eanchainn
'Nan spreadan dearga gliongrach.'

There is a complete victory for the Gaels though the Norsemen have a ten to one superiority in numbers.

'Blàr Shunadail,' over 1200 lines in length, is somewhat longer than 'Na Lochlannaich an Ile.' It is an account of a fictitious war between a Norse king of Dublin and the men of Kintyre, Islay and Cowal, and it is full of Livingston's anachronisms. Livingston likes a good thing, and those early Gael-Viking wars are enlivened by the bodily presence of two famous rievers of a later date, Ailean na Sop and MacIain Gheàirr, who appear as fine patriotic Gaels. Indeed, the whole thing is amusingly absurd when MacIain Gheàirr is feelingly complimented by a mythical Griogar nam Bó from Cowal, whose cattle he has frequently lifted, and when Ailean is provided with faggots to indulge his well known love of arson at the expense of a Norse castle in Man. There is even better than that: Blair notes: 'It may be interesting to know that the Bard has taken the names of decent farmers and cottars who lived in the district in 1865 and transformed them into brave chieftains of the olden time.'

The verse of 'Blàr Shunadail' is mixed, like the verse of 'Na Lochlannaich an Ile.' Some of it consists of strong seven, eight, nine or ten-syllabled lines rhyming in couplets with penultimate assonance, which is Livingston's most successful narrative metre, but most of it is formally like the part I quoted from 'Na Lochlannaich,' that is unassonated verse so irregular in length of line as to be formless. The lines vary from four to fourteen syllables. Hence it is clear that Livingston did not solve the problem of an unrhymed Gaelic verse. Indeed his ear for rhythm is generally much poorer than his eye for the visual image, but even then it is

only seldom that his action verse has the sharp visual effects of older Gaelic poetry, notably Iain Lom's.

The battles in Islay and Kintyre are fictitious, or legendary, and Gaelic victory is assured, but in 'Cath Monadh Bhraca' (Mons Graupius) Livingston has to compromise with Tacitus by offering a drawn battle. The poem opens with a midnight soliloquy by a magnanimous and kingly patriot Calgacus, who ruminates on the depredations wrought by the barbarian bands of Rome in a verse that is metrically competent but not very distinguished in rhythm or in imagery, except in an occasional touch like 'stàirn nan sleagh air màillich liath nan sparrag dlùth.' Then Calgacus has the epic dream, in which he sees the doom to be averted from Caledonia. There is a melancholy grandeur about the vision for it is instinct with Livingston's feeling for Scotland and for majestic nature. The battle piece has the customary vigorous unassonated verse, but here it is better patterned than in most of the heroic narratives, the lines being more even in length. As usual, the unqualified declamation of Highland heroism is rather tiresome.

Blàr Dhail-righ celebrates Bruce's defeat at the hands of the MacDougalls of Lorn. It begins in vigorous compact verse with a conversation between the bard and his Muse, in which he exclaims upon her for dragging him from place to place in quest of historical material, never letting him rest. She answers:

'Thug mise dhuit mar gheall mi
Sealladh air glinn àigh 's air beanntan,
Air coirean fraoich is raointean alltach
'S lochain nach traoigh air gach meall diubh,
Muim altrum nan geadh 's nan lach,
Far am faigh am fiadh a dheoch
'S a lòn gu fial air leirg a mach
De mhìltibh lus ri gréin gu moch,
Air aonach farsaing nan eas caoir-gheal
A' steall-ruith troimh chlaisibh craobhach,
A' mire leum nan ceudaibh caochan
Nach do thruailleadh riamh 's nach caochail.'

and so on, rebuking him for his lateness in wooing her.

Livingston goes on to describe the battle much in the usual manner. The verse is all the more spirited because the poet's full sympathies are with both sides. They are all heroic Scots, and he does not question the rights or wrongs of either side, but he laments that Scots should fight Scots. Its verse is the most uniformly efficient of all the verse in the heroic poems.

'Cath Allt a' Bhannaich' is shorter and not so uniform, but it is a clangorous vituperation of the 'unclean, barbarous English.' There is no lack of strong sensuousness in Livingston's battle poetry but its rather self-smothering noise compares badly with the terseness of Iain Lom, nor does the vituperation have anything like the economy and bite of the earlier poet.

'Cath Thom Ealachaidh,' on one of Wallace's skirmishes, is shorter still and rather undistinguished, but it opens with a characteristic invocation of the glories of ancient Scotland, and a rebuke and incitement to contemporary Scots, and a piece of vigorous vituperation, presumably on the evicting landlords of his time.

> 'An toir gur neò-ghlan
> Nan gàrr mucach bhuat do chiall,
> Do mhaoin, do chòir is do Dhia?
> Eirich, a sheana mhàthair bhuadhach,
> Rìoghail, dhoirbh,
> Ardanach, aintheasach, threòrach, gharbh,
> Thig a mach le d' mhòrachd o shean,
> 'S cluinneadh do mhic
> Le seirm nam bàrd carson.'

'Blàr Thràigh Ghruineart,' like 'Blàr Dhail-righ,' describes the encounter of heroic Gael with heroic Gael. Hence, though Livingston's closest sympathies are with the Islay MacDonalds, there is much courtesy and mutual admiration in the poem. The greatest hero is not Sir James MacDonald of Islay but Sir Lachlan MacLean of Duart, who in actual history was probably a great warrior and very certainly a great rascal. In this poem, however, he is the very apogee of heroic Gael, a bit unreasonable in his demands on the Islay men but, nevertheless, bitterly mourned by the same

Islay men when he is killed by a bullet from the gun of a dwarf 'of the devil's spawn.' What the battle of Gruineart Bay was like no one will ever know for the MacDonald and MacLean accounts differ so completely, but Livingston makes it the occasion of the very highest European heroism. As a poem the account is indifferent, rhythmically weak and generally undistinguished, and by his frequent irritating over-repetition Livingston spoils even the concluding lyric, the corranach for Lachlainn Mór:

'Chan fhacas ad latha air thalamh
Na h-Eòrpa, na h-Eòrpa,
Air thalamh na h-Eorpa
Fear eile do shamhuil, do shamhuil,
Fhir àillidh, fhir àillidh,
Cha d' fhàgadh ad dhéidh dhuinn,
Ad dhéidh dhuinn, ad dheidh dhuinn,
O na rinneadh do d' chreubh
Caisil-chrò, caisil-chrò,
O na rinneadh do d' chreubh
Caisil-chrò!'

That seems to me what might have been a fine lyric gone wrong. I have heard in Raasay what purported to be part of a traditional lament for Lachlainn Mor.

'Cà facas air thalamh
Boinne fala a b' àille
Na 'n t-oighre bh 'air Dubhairt
Locha Buidh' agus Aros
'S iomadh bean a bhiodh réidh riut
Ach thu fhéin bhith air mhànran,
'S cha d' fhuaradh beachd-sgeul ort
Ach gun reubadh sa bhlàr thu,
Mo Lachlainn Mór.'

This was sung to the tune of "Mo rùn geal òg." Now the difficulty is obvious. Apart from the refrain 'Mo Lachlainn Mor,' these words are almost the same as a verse of the lament for Red Hector, who was killed at Inverkeithing in 1650. My informant's memory may have played her false and she herself may have inserted the refrain. At any rate,

Livingston is probably echoing either the lament for Red Hector or an earlier lament for Lachlainn Mór, which the lament for Red Hector is itself echoing.

Livingston's heroic poetry is complete with a piece on Alma and Balaclava. Of course, there is no mention of Englishmen, Irishmen, French or Turk. The battles are battles between hordes of brave but rather barbarous Russians and Sir Colin Campbell's heroic Scots. I suppose the imperialist rivalry of Britain and Russian meant very little to Livingston. As likely as not, he might well have been on the side of the Russians had the British Army not contained Highlanders. Provided he can prove the Gaels the world's greatest warriors, Livingston does not care much if the war has as little relevance to Scotland as the Crimean had. In verse it is a poor example of his heroic manner, but in all his heroic verse I am afraid that Livingston is merely doing in a poor way what Iain Lom had done splendidly in the 17th century.

Those nine heroic poems comprise more than half the verse in the collected edition of Livingston's poems. There are thirty-six other pieces of great variety in length, technique and quality. Of these there are two long poems, 'Cuimhneachan Bhraid-Alba' and 'Driod-fhortan Imhir an Ràcain.'

Blair, the editor of Livingston's poems, prefaces 'Cuimhneachan Bhraid-Alba' with a note on its matter. "This," he says, "is a sort of medley . . . the poem opens with an address to the country . . . the Bard descends into the glen. As he approaches a herd of cattle he hears the milkmaid's song, which is perhaps the sweetest piece in his whole works. The Bard approaches the shieling, where he is made welcome by a Highland matron, whose description he gives and whose praises he sings. . . . Then follows a lament for the desolations caused by strangers in the Highlands, and a coronach is played by the aged Harper on the same subject. The whole finishes with 'Big John's Testament,' which consists in a vow laid upon his son to stand by the language and customs of the Gael, and to see the Bard decently buried."

The poem is in a variety of metres. The opening address to the country is pleasant pastoral poetry in a form modelled on the modification of Sneadhbairdne used by MacDonald in

the Birlinn. Indeed a line like 'tomach gleannach' is pretty certainly an echo of 'garbhlach thomach' in the Birlinn. It is good verse but far below its use by the great MacDonald, of whom there are many echoes.

'A thalamh àrd nan coilltean uaine
'S nan sruth fìor-uisg,
Cuislean bras nan lochan domhainn
Nach gabh dìobradh ;
Caochain ghlan na doimhne móir
A' ruith air uachdar
Do bheanntan gorm, a thìr nan curaidh
'S nam ban stuama ;
Neoil ghlas m' a bharraibh stùc a' snàgadh
Is féidh 'nan langan
Ri creachainn a' dìreadh 's a' teàrnadh
Le lùth eangain ;
Coilich nan cneas dubh a' turraraich
Air do tholmain,
Is mìltean lus a' fàs 'nam maise
Le brìgh thalmhainn.'

The milkmaid's song, which Blair calls 'perhaps the sweetest piece in his whole works,' is in a verse form much more typical of the 19th century. It is certainly beautiful, but its beauty is of a kind fairly common in the century.

'Chaidh gruaim nan siantan a chadal
'S tha fèath air talamh 's air cuan ;
'S chaisg gaoth fhuaraidh na gaillinn
Gu sìth a h-anail o thuath ;
Tha neòil shoilleir na h-iarmailt
A' sgaoileadh cian air an cuairt
'S a' pògadh gathan na gréine
Chuir blàths a' chéitein a nuas.'

Even it lacks the limpid quality and sure rhythm of John MacLachlan and Neil MacLeod.

The description of the Highland matron is in Livingston's commonest metre for narrative and description, lines generally of eight syllables with penultimate couplet rhyme

occurring irregularly. It is idyllic and heroic, but in the address to Macnab there is a plangent autobiographical note.

> 'Ràinig thu leab a chruaidh-chàis,
> Dhiùlt thu teach mear na luathghair,
> Is an iargain loisgeach 'gam bhualadh,
> Bu tric agam 's b'ainneamh bhuam thu,'

and again:

> 'Is trom an t-eallach gaol dùthcha
> 'S fòirneart aindeoin.'

He goes on to a contemplation of the doings of evictors in Breadalbane.

> 'Braid-Alba le gamhlas foilleil
> Air a sguabadh:
> Sgamhlaiche gun iochd 'ga rùsgadh
> 'Na lom fhàsaich,
> 'S a mic laochail fad o'n dùthchas
> Ag caoidh na dh'fhàg iad.'

The Harper's lament follows in fine strophes:

> 'Cuimhne na bha
> Ghluais mi gu dàn
> 'S sinn claoidhte le cràdh fòirneirt;
> 'Gar sgiùrsadh le smachd
> Fo'n smàig nach do chleachd,
> 'S sinn gun dùthaich
> Fo reachd fògraidh.'

As a whole the poem is lit with Livingston's feeling for Scotland, pride in its ancient heroism and sorrow for its contemporary impotence and desolation.

> 'Alb, an seun thu mo ghlaodh,
> Nach dùisg thu, mhàthair mo ghaoil,
> Mun toir mallachd na daorsa buaidh ort:
> Na sean fineachan treun
> Air an sgapadh an céin,
> Sliochd nan saoi d'am bu bheus cruadal.'

Here the cadences of Mary MacLeod are echoed in the lament for the loss of what was Livingston's image of ancient Scotland.

'Cha robh de dheamhain san t-slochd
Le gur Shasuinn fo 'n smachd
Na chuir do shaorsa fo reachd nàmhaid.'

But now Gaelic Scotland is at the mercy of the later evictor.

Chithear comhachag bròin
Is ialtag nam fròg
Gun eagal an comhnuidh dhuaichnidh
Far an àraicheadh laoich,
Sliochd nan Criosduidhean saor
Tha a nis feadh an t-saoghail fuagaicht
Le màgaich ghreannach trù
Lior nan garrachain brù
'S nan crùin sliopach gun chliù
O'n dh'fhàs iad,
Pòr salach na foill
Ris an dubhairt ar n-athraichean Goill,
'S trom acain na roinn a dh'fhàg iad.

The masterly use of the strophes gives an edge reminiscent of Iain Lom or John Roy Stewart, an edge which the formlessness common in Livingston's verse fails to achieve. 'Tiomnadh Iain Mhóir' concludes the poem with Livingston's hopes for what is left of Scotland.

'Cuimhneachan Bhraid-Alba' is a very unequal poem but, on the whole, it is a fine expression of Livingston for into it he puts most of his vehement personality.

In content, 'Comhradh air Fàsachadh na Gàidhealtachd' is closely akin to 'Cuimhneachan Bhraid-Alba.' The poem is formless but it contains much of Livingston's fiercest anger against the Anglo-Saxon exploiter.

Faic a' chreag àrd chorrach ud thall
Air deis thir thonnaich,
Aon uair sealbh Mhic Dhomhnaill,
Am balla briste 'na chàrn,
An sàmhchair linntean fada
Gun ghuth ceann-feadhna no gaisgich,
Gun sgal miol-choin, gun fhoirm clàrsaich,

Ach lombair nàduir mu charraig an Dùin
A thug fasgadh 'na theinn do Righ Raibeart,
Sin ceart samhladh cor nan Gàidheal
San àite so anns nach eil iad a nis.
O shannt chruaidh-chridhich,
Càit am bheil crìoch do mhallachd
An aghaidh nan curaidhean dìleas!
Bheir firinn fhathast buaidh 'nan aobhar.

But the concluding speech, by Uilleam Ileach, is far stronger.

'Is gann a gheibhear air fad na talmhainn
Samhladh ghuir o 'n Diabhul
A rinn fàsach de Thìr nan Gàidheal.'

Those who have evicted the Gael are:

'Alach nan cràin Sasunnach,
Bior taghairm dheamhan is shiùrsach' and
'luchd comuinn chon;
Mic mallachd an t-saoghail fharsaing.'

It is Livingston's most angry complaint about 'cor muladach leth àrd na h-Alba.'

Though 'Comhradh air Fàsachadh na Gaidhealtachd' is formless, Livingston wrote at least one perfect poem on the same theme. 'Fios thun a' Bhàird,' a poem of fourteen octaves, is his finest poem, the poem in which his perennial theme was perfectly expressed. It is perhaps the finest poem of the century and, with 'Eirinn ag Gul' and passages from other poems, quite unmistakeable evidence that, whatever he generally was, Livingston is not a minor poet. In conception the poem is simple and usual; in it the permanent grandeur of nature is set against human desolation. Now Livingston's poetry of external nature is not generally arresting. The poetry of natural scenery had reached its climax in Macintyre and MacDonald: it had become a dynamic realisation, a realisation that is a great impressionism, and in that Livingston is not of the same order. In 'Fios thun a' Bhàird' there is an occasional magic touch like:

'Tha 'n linne sleamhainn sìochail
O'n a chiùinich strì nan speur.'

Admittedly, there is not much of this quality, but throughout the poem the description of nature has a fine gravity, and clearness of line, which, with the sonorous plangency of the description of human desolation, make it a perfect poem. Now there are a few poems of the Clearances, as for example MacLachlan's 'Dìreadh a mach ri Beinn Shianta,' that have a greater intensity than 'Fios thun a' Bhàird,' but its grandeur and perfection of grave music has a kind of finality that perhaps no other poem of the Clearances has. It may have no real originality of thought, image or even music, but its total effect of majestic sadness and restrained anger, grandeur and simplicity makes it, as it were, the last work on the theme. The poem is so well known that I need not quote, and also its excellence is uniform. I myself think the sixth, eighth and thirteenth stanzas especially fine.

In 'Eirinn ag Gul' there is essentially the same feeling, but this time for Ireland. This sympathy for Ireland is very rare in other 19th century Gaelic poetry. 'Eirinn ag Gul' has a greater economy than 'Fios thun a' Bhàird,' and it is even more fully charged with the burden of history, and is even more limpidly perfect in form. There is the same contrast between the lasting beauty of nature and human desolation, wrong and shame. Ireland is the green land of poetry, music and heroism, which has broken its own strength and has fallen a prey to the English foxes. There is a final blending of feeling for Ireland and for its neighbour, Livingston's own Islay. The poem has a wonderful evocative beauty of phrase and music very unusual in Livingston, and in a line like 'Luathghaireach sona mar sin' there is a fully charged magic. Though the last two quatrains are a remarkable echo of the pregnant simplicity of Iain Lom and John Roy Stewart, the whole poem is Livingston's own. Like 'Fios thun a' Bhaird' it is individual, and it, even more than the other, shows what evocative splendour Livingston could sometimes achieve when he curbed his formless abundance with brevity and rigid metrical form.

'Soraidh Dhonnchaidh do Chomhal,' on the same theme as 'Fios thun a' Bhaird,' has beauty of a kind more common

in the 19th century. It too shows that Livingston could use regular verse forms very well when he chose.

The worth of Livingston's poems on the contemporary state of Scotland is surely a very effective reply to the doubts as to the real worth of his nationalism expressed by his editor, Blair. If Livingston had been just an egocentric crank with a merely antiquarian feeling for Scotland, he could not have written such fine poetry on the Scotland of his own day, for Livingston is important to Scotland where he is dealing with contemporary themes and not where he is the amateur of the antiquarian heroic.

Anger and sorrow for the state of Scotland provoked Livingston's finest poetry, but he wrote a few poems in which there is a splendidly expressed joy. Such are the three fine expressions of delight in the sea to be found in 'Oran Bean a' Bhàird,' 'Tigh Chailein' and 'Rannan do Uilleam MacGhille Chriosda.' In 'Oran Bean a Bhàird' a fine old measure is used with the clear beauty that is so frequent in the sea poetry of the Scottish Gael.

'S fhad thu o linne nam beuc
Far an cluinnear séitrich thonn,
Cuisle sruth cuain 'na still
Ag cothachadh ri strì nan long.

A similar beauty pervades some of the verses of 'Tigh Chailein.'

O'n tha sinn ann, chan am gu stad e
Gus an tog sinn séisd an Rannaich,
Stiùradair na birlinn Ilìch
A dh'fhalbh a thoirt na ribhinn thairis.

Tha 'm bàta gnìomhach luath fo h-aodach,
A' dol 'na deann troimh chaoirean steallach,
Miann maraich a siùil gheala sìnte
'S bior-snaois a' snìomh ri ceann a saidhe.

Eibhneas eileanaich a' gluasad
Nuair thogas na fuaraidh a darach,
'S taobh an fhasgaidh leagt'a cròn an,
Fo chobhrach a sròin ag gearradh.

The third of these three poems, 'Rannan do Uilleam MacGhille Chriosda,' has a great vigour and originality of

rhythm, with something of the vivid visual and auditory effects of 18th century poetry. In this poem Livingston has made an addition of importance to the technique of Gaelic verse, and, strangely enough, it is to that type of poetry that realises dynamic nature, the type that is one of the chief glories of 18th century poetry. In the inset lyric, a traditional and simpler metre is finely used.

Besides a few elegies and humorous poems, there remain three or four occasional poems written in honour of various people and bodies. Such are the poem to 'Comunn nam Fineachan,' 'Rannan do Uaislean Comunn nan Gàidheal' and 'Comunn nam Fiann.' None of them is a notable poem, and they have nothing more than the usual expression of pride in ancient Scotland mingled with regret for its modern state, and some praise for good Gaels.

The elegies are finer poems. 'Rannan mu Bhàs Neill Strachan' is a noble sonorous poem in the best tradition of Gaelic elegy, the tradition of Rob Donn's 'Marbhrann Iain Mhic Eachainn' and Ewen MacLachlan's 'Marbhrann Sheumais Bheattie.' It shows Livingston's fine command of strict verse form when he chose to use it. 'Rann Marbhthaisg Dhonnchaidh Bhlair,' an impression of the contrast between permanent nature and mortal man, is formless. The poem on the death of the Arran stranger is full of Livingston's love for his own country. There remain two tributes to Gaelic poets of another day. 'Rann Marbhthaisg Iain Luim' is in the adjective-packing style. 'Leacan Uaighean nam Bàrd' records in the familiar couplet verse Livingston's admiration for Oisein, Deirdre, Crimine, Am Bard Aosda, Domhnall MacFhionnlaigh nan Dàn, Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh and Iain Lom. He adjures Mairi:

> Thoir do chàch mar is àill do dhìleab
> Ach tilg do thonnag air an Ileach,

but the best of it is the lines on Iain Lom.

> 'Teanga nach do ghluais ri càirean
> A leithid eile o'n latha dh'fhàs i;
> Their càch 'Iain Lom' ruit; ainm a b' fheàrr ort,
> Sùisde greadaidh Earra-Ghàidheal.

Livingston's temperament would not seem to have been eminently suited to humorous poetry, but he did write some humorous verse. His earliest known poem, 'Bran,' written to his dog when he was a shepherd lad, has rare grace and restraint in its unusual and ingenious humour, while the last verse is a notable animal picture drawn with a few strokes.

'Bheir mise dhuit teisteas sgrìobhte,
Thu bhith dìleas air mo chùl
'S nach innis thu gum bi mi cadal
No 'g iarraidh nead air an Dùn ;
Tha thu sleamhainn, dubh 's do chluasan
A' lùbadh a nuas mu d' shùil,
'S a dhaindeoin na their luchd an tuaileis
'S companach duin uasail thu.'

'An t-Oircean' has a similar neat grace. The last verse, and especially the last line, is notable.

'Chaidh gach bruach is gleann is allt
A rannsachadh le siubhal chas ;
'S mas fior an t-oircean gun fhaotainn
Thoisich caoineadh 's greadadh bhas.'

'Sùisde Chonain' is a strikingly humorous and kindly poem on an antiquarian who accumulates articles stolen from the Fiann, and 'Mocheirigh Fhinn' is similar. In it Fionn distributes Fingalian relics such as Diarmad's spear and Oscar's plaid among Livingston's worthy friends, and the description of Angus of Killin under a heavy load of Fingaliana is particularly good. All these poems are kindly in their humour, but in one, 'Eoghainn, bhuail thu' there is a characteristic triumph in an Islay man's discomfiture of a Lowland miller. Of the humorous poems, however, the most notable is that mystifying medley of farcical adventures, 'Driod-fhortan Imhir an Ràcain,' a poem of over 500 lines in a verse form that is well adapted to its amusing absurdity, an absurdity that is, however, expressed with a restraint and purity of idiom not seen in Livingston's heroic poetry.

Neither the elegies nor the humorous poems will count for a very great deal in the estimate of Livingston's place among Gaelic poets. He will be judged largely on those poems

that deal with the contrast between the old Highlands and the Highlands of the post-Clearance period, which is after all the most central theme in the poetry of his century. All the considerable Gaelic poets of the time, John MacLachlan, John Smith, Neil MacLeod, Evan MacColl, Calum Campbell MacPhail, Dugald MacPhail and Mary Macpherson, are full of this, but it preoccupied no one of the rest, except Mary Macpherson, as it preoccupied Livingston. In many ways he has an extraordinary individuality. While he had nothing like the tender intensity and lyric perfection of the best of MacLachlan's poetry, nothing like the large passionate intellectual humanity of John Smith, and nothing like the glowing intimacy and racy tenderness of Mary Macpherson, nor the polish of Neil MacLeod, he is at his rare best unapproached by any other of the 19th century poets in a terse, manly, indignant and sad eloquence, and always he gives the impression of a heroic personality to whom the sufferings of Scotland were sufferings that would not let him rest. This heroism is reflected in his life: his passionate researches into Scottish history, his struggles with languages like French, Greek, Latin and Hebrew, carried on with all the disadvantages of poverty, exacting daily work, and a very poor education in his youth, and all with the purpose of adding to Scotland's glory and protesting against her wrongs. There is nothing parochial in Livingston; everywhere he is national in interest and scope. I think it probable that his failures are in some ways due to his restless preoccupation with the advancement or maintenance of Gaelic culture. Probably it was this that led him to experiment with novel verse forms that he was not artist enough to make his own. The chaotic energy of most of his heroic poems probably reflects his nationalist, propagandist aim, for he had not the patience nor self-criticism necessary to find a satisfactory new technique. Thus Livingston is weak in the sphere in which most 19th century poets are at least competent. This common failure to achieve form so marked in Livingston's poetry is strange when set against his few triumphs. A few poems such as 'Eirinn ag Gul' and 'Fios thun a' Bhàird,' poems of splendid finality, stand out against great waste lands where there are only very rare blossoms of real beauty. The evocative economy of the two poems

I have just mentioned seems strange when set against the clumsy wordiness of 'Blàr Shunadail' and 'Na Lochlannaich an Ile' and the other heroic poems. It is not that there are no intermediate stages, for Livingston did write a fair number of poems that are all fine or contain fine passages, but the difference between the rare best and the great average is huge.

Livingston's poetry did suffer from his always feeling it incumbent on him to glorify Scotland, and especially the military virtues of the Scots, and it must be admitted that his poetry is very often crude and indiscriminate protestation, which is seldom even good argument. While all would agree with him that the sufferings of the Gaels in the 19th century could be ultimately attributed to the accession of strength landlordism received from its backing by the force of the English Empire, Livingston does not develop the theme but merely protests and not always very convincingly. Of course, it may be said that the development of political and economic argument is not the sphere of poetry, but Livingston is so obsessed with the theme that one would expect more than nationalistic vituperation from him. His nationalism ignores all factors but the purely national. Nor is his history very careful. Thus he is prepared to exalt Gaels like Lachlan Mor MacLean of Duart, whose doings in Ireland were flagrant treachery to the cause of the Gael that is championed in 'Eirinn ag Gul,' and he rejoices that Highland soldiers are smashing Sebastopol when, according to his own thesis, they ought to have been smashing Highland landlordism. Livingston is so intent on proving Highland heroism that he does not examine the exercise of this heroism. Thus his heroic poetry has little value in political content and is, at any rate, very poor poetry. In his elegies and humorous poems and in poems like 'Rannan do Uilleam MacGhille Chriosda' he did very well what others had done even better long before his day, but in a few poems his passionate contemplation of the actual state of the Highlands in his own day is crystallised in verse of noble and moving eloquence, which I think just misses being great poetry because it is slightly rhetorical, but I suppose that is a failing which is inherent in the nature of all political poetry. It remains true that Livingston made a

heroic attempt to enlarge the scope of Gaelic poetry in his day, and while his innovations were not successful enough to make a big contribution to Gaelic poetry, he did in a few poems reach a degree of perfection in traditional modes that warrants a claim that he was a considerable poet ; and in no other poet of his day is there such a sustained and passionate plea against the sad fate of the Gael in the 19th century.

BARD RATHUAIDHE

Le ALASDAIR CAMSHRON, "Taobh-tuath Earra-Ghàidheal."

An là mu dheireadh de'n Fhaoilleach anns a' bhliadhna, 1941

"Hi ho ró, mo rùn am fearann,
Hi ho ró, mo rùn am fearann;
Mo rùn a' Mharairne bhòidheach,
Far an robh mi òg 'nam bhalach.

Gur bòidheach dà thaobh Loch Suainneart,
Sròn an t-Sithein grianach, uaine,
Labhdail, an Gleann 's Rathuaidhe,
Far 'n robh 'n Dotair Ruadh 'na leanabh."

DONNCHADH MAC A-PHEARSAIN.

Có iadsan am measg Ghàidheal nan Garbh-chrioch, agus a' mhór-chuid de na h-Eileanan an Iar nach cuala iomradh air an Lighiche chaomh, agus am bàrd sàr-mhath, Iain MacLachuinn, á Rathuaidhe? Cha robh na b' iomraitiche anns na còrsachan 'na latha féin na smeòrach cheòlmhor Chloinn Lachuinn, is tric a chuir aighear an tighean a' bhròin! Chan e mhàin gu' robh cliù air mar bhàrd, ach bha mór-mheas air mar lighiche sgileil nach diùltadh, na'm b'urrainn dha, slàinte aiseag do bhean dhiùid no fear ainnis.

Rugadh Iain MacLachuinn an Rathuaidhe, an ceann tuath na Marairne anns a' bhliadhna ochd ceud deug agus a ceithir (1804). Bha e de theaghlach uasal Rathuaidhe a thaobh athar, agus a thaobh a mhàthar an càirdeas ris na Camshronaich, cinn armailtean nam buadh.

Ged nach 'eil a shloinneadh ach tearc r'a fhaotainn anns a' Mharairne an diugh, bha Clann Lachuinn gu math lionmhor ann aig aon ám; agus còmhla ri sin bha cuid dhiubh an inbhe glé chothromach.

Bha Gleann Créibiosdail aig Clann Lachuinn air son iomadh bliadhna. Is ann de'n teaghlach so, ar leam, a bha màthair bàrd ainmeil Chloinn Raoghaill, Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair. Ri latha an Dotair féin bha Labhdail aig Dùghall is Cailean MacLachuinn. Có a b'uaisle nàdur agus a b'iriosla dòighean na iad. Tha Eoghan C. MacGhill-Iosa ag innseadh dhuinn anns an roimh-ràdh a sgriobh e an ám a bhith a' deasachadh leabhar bàrdachd an Dotair gu' robh teaghlach Rathuaidhe de sheòrsa Dhun-ad, an t-àite sin a bha 'na chathair rioghail anns na linntean fada as; ach chan 'eil e a' toirt cùnntais air cuin a thainig iad do'n Mharairne bhòidheach, ghleannach.

Is e àite bòidheach, seasgar 'san d'fhuair an Dotair àrach. Thubhairt Donnchadh Iain Oig anns a' mharbh-rann a rinn e do'n Dotair m'a thimchioll—

"Rathuaidhe nan liosan,
'S an cinneadh na measan 's am pòr,
An gleann neòineanach, sgiamhach,
'S uaine, lurach a lianagan feòir."

Bha gach sealladh mu'n cuairt taitneach, agus cha robh glòir an t-saoghail 's na speur gu léir neo-ghann; uisge, muir is monadh ann an còmhdach dreachmhor, agus na beanntan àillidh — Beinn-a-Gormaig, Beinn na h-Uamha, agus Beinn Iadain nam fuaran fior-uisg, le biolair uaine an cois gach aon diubh, ag cur sgàil air gleannan aoibheil 's 'ga dhion o neart na doinionn.

Anns an sgàthan a bha fódhpa, Loch Suainneart, cho sèimh, ciùin ri ionad tasgaidh naomh nach dùisgeadh smuaintean diomhain, neo-tharbhach as ùr ach mar reul-iùil gu ùrachadh farachdainean a' bhàird, agus a neart-achadh na h-aigne gu cumhachd sòlasach milseachd na dàin a chur air ghleus ann an dòigh léirsinnich, fiosrach, saor bho uaill spioradail, neo-bhrìgheil.

Thubhairt Donnchadh Bàn, 's e a' seinn cliù Beinn Dòrain—

"An t-uisge glan 's an t-àille,
Th' air mullach nam beann àrda,
Chuidich e gu fàs mi,
Is thug dhomh slàinte 's fallaineachd."

Dìreach mar an ceudna—

"Uisge fallain, glan Beinn Iadain,
Ruith gu loch nam bradan lionmhor,
Chuidich e MacLachuinn ciatach,
Gu bhith làidir, fonnmhor, fearail."

Chaith e làithean sona a òige an comunn luchd-cuideachd còir, chionn bha tuath-cheatharn ghasda am fagus dha air gach taobh. Tha e féin, an uair a bha feasgar na beatha a' teannadh dlùth, a' toirt cunntais air so anns na briathran a leanas—

"Is iomadh òigear curanta,
A chunnaic mi 's a' ghleann,
Gu lùthmhor, làidir, fulangach,
Gun uireasbhuidh, gun mheang ;
Bu choibhneil, càirdeil, duineil iad,
Gu bàigheil, páirtean, furanach,
An sàr dhuin-uasal, urramach,
'Na churaidh air an ceann!"

"Nuair chruinneachadh an còmhlan ud,
An déidh trath-nòin fo bheus,
Gu'm b'fhonnar, binn na h-òigheannan
A' téiseadh ceòl nan teud ;
Chan ionghnadh mi bhith 'g osnaich,
'S mo chridhe bhith 's a' phlosgartaich,
Oir, nàile, gur a coltach mi
Ri Oisean 'n déidh na Féinn."

An uair a thainig e gu aois iomchuidh chuir a phàrantan e gu bhith air oileanachadh 'na dhotair an Oil-thigh Ghlaschu. Bha inntinn fhosgailteach, gheur-chuiseach aige gu nàdurra, agus chliùitich e e-féin mar sgoilear math air dhòigh 's an uair a thàinig e a mach 'na dhotair gu robh deagh theisteanas aige mar fhear-sgil air gach gnè eucail a bha cumanta anns an tir.

Goirid an déidh dha tighinn a mach 'na dhotair chuir dlùth chàirdean inbheach dha mu àite fhaighinn dha an aon de thighean-eiridinn Ghlaschu. Bha an ùine a' dol seachad, ach cha robh fios a' tighinn. Is ann mar a bhà gu'n do thòisich athair air a bhrosnachadh gu dol thairis

do na h-Innsean. Shuidhich e air sin a dheanamh, agus thàinig là an dealachaidh ; bha an long ullamh gu seòladh, is "fuireach cha deanadh feum ach falbh." Cha robh iarraidh aig an dotair air cùl cho buileach a chur ri Tìr nam Beann Arda. Dhùisg spiorad a' bhàird 'na aigne, agus a' mhaduinn sin féin chuir e an eagaibh a chéile an t-òran maiseach, blasda sin, "Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh," far a bheil e a' nochdadh a bheachd air na h-Innsean mar a leanas—

"'S mairg a mholadh na h-Innsean,
'S gach rioghachd mu dheas,
Far 'm bi cholann 's an inntinn
'Gar striochdadh le teas,
Far nach urrainn duit gluasad
Gun fhuathas is geilt,
Agus uamh-bheist 'ga chùbadh
Fo dhùiseal nam preas."

An déidh sin tha e a' luaidh air a ghleann 'san d'fhuair e àrach mar so—

"'S mi ghluaiseadh gun smalan ann an gleannan
an àigh ;
'S moch a shiùbhlainn do phreasan gun teagamh,
gun sgàth ;
Anns an òg-mhaduinn chùbhraidh, nuair bhiodh
'n drùchd air·gach bàrr,
Nàile, dhìrinn do stùc-bheinn gun chùram roimh
nàmh."

Bha am fortan fàbharach. Dìreach an uair a bha e a' dòrtadh a mach smuaintean brònach a chrannchuir ann am mìlseachd nan dàn, thàinig fios gu robh e a' faotainn an àite a bha e a' sireadh an Glaschu.

Tha e air a ràdh an uair a chuala athair an t-òran gu'n d'thubhairt e nach leigeadh e leis dol thairis co-dhiubh.

Chuir e seachad bliadhna no dhà ann an Glaschu. Thill e an sin dhachaidh do'n Mharairne, agus chuir e seachad a' mhór-chuid d'a bheatha a' frithealadh 'na lighiche do mhuinntir nan Garbh-chrioch agus cuid de na h-Eileanan, far an robh meas air aig an t-sluagh a bha sònraichte uile gu léir.

Is iomadh eachdraidh air sgil an Dotair, agus cho éifeachdach 's a bha a theachd do thigh na trioblaid, a chuala mi aig na seann daoine. Theagamh gu robh an sluagh bochd ag cur tuille 's a' chòir as a leth a thaobh aiseag slàinte, 's mar sin an uair nach cuireadh e stad air teachd a' bhàis, bhitheadh iad ealamh uairean air buille a' bhata a thoirt dhà gun aobhar.

Mar sin bhiodh càirdean is dàimhich de'n bharail uairean nach do rinn e na bha 'na chomas. Thubhairt boireannach a bha a' fuireach taobh Loch Suainneart ris, "Chaochail mo bhràthair, 's cha do rinn sibhse móran feum dha: có air bith a mholas sibh, cha dean mise bhur moladh." Is e an fhreagairt a thug a Dotair oirre; A bhoireannaich, am b'urrainn dòmhsa sgamhan ùr a chur 'nad bhràthair?"

Aig ám eile bha e a' frithealadh air gille òg air an robh am fiabhrus, agus dh'fhairtlich air teachd a' bhàis a chumail air falbh. Bha càirdean a' ghille de'n bheachd nach do rinn e na bha 'na chomas. Is è a thuirt e riutha, "Na'n do chuir sibh fios ormsa trì latha na bu tràithe theagamh gu'n deach agam air a leigheas; ach bha an t-eug 'san dorus air thoiseach ormsa!"

Na'n cuirte dorran air sheasadh e a chòir gu smachdail. Thachair dha bhith fad ochd no naoi làithean a' frithealadh air nighinn òig anns an Ruinn, an Ardnamurchan, air an robh a' chaitheamh. Bha cuideachd na h-ighinne an dòigh mhath, co-dhiubh, bràthair dhi aig an robh tigh-òsda 'san taobh deas. Chaochail a' chaileag. Goirid an déidh sin thachair an Dotair air a bràthair ann an Tigh-na-postachd an Cille-Chòmhghain. Dh'fhaighneachd an gille òg dheth dé a bha aige ri thoirt seachad air son e bhith mu'n cuairt air a phiuthair. Cha do chòrd dòigh a' ghille ris an Dotair; agus còmhla ri sin cha d'fhuair e coibhneas mór bho phàrantan a' ghille. Chuir e cagar an cluais fear-na-postachd, agus sgriobh e mach cùnntas air son seachd puinnd Shasunnach. Sheall an gille air a' phaipear is thubhairt e, "Is e airgiod an asgaidh a tha sibh ag iarraidh, chionn cha do rinn sibh ni a dh'fheum do mo phiuthair."

Ghabh an Dotair so gu h-olc; ghrad leum e air a chois is thubhairt e, "Thoir dhomh am paipear air ais agus dùblaichidh mi e!"

Cha do lean an gille an gnothach na b'fhaide, agus shìn e an t-airgiod do'n Dotair.

Ri latha an Dotair Ruaidh bha seann fhleasgach do'm b'ainm Iain Caimbeul 'na mharsanta an taobh tuath Ardnamurchan. Bha Iain 'na dhuine stòrasach, ach air a chùnntas gu math faicilleach m'a chuid maoin. B'aithne dha an Dotair glé mhath. B' ann de'n Eaglais Shaoir a bha Iain, ach cha do thréig an Dotair riamh a bhith dìleas do'n Eaglais Stéidhichte, agus gu minig an uair a thachradh an dithis, 'sann a' deasbud mu na h-eaglaisean a bhitheadh iad. Geamhradh a bha an so, ghabh Iain Caimbeul droch fhuachd, 's cha robh e a' faotainn cuidhte 's e mar a bu mhath leis. Chaidh teachdaire a chur air falbh a dh'iarraidh an Dotair. Fhuair iad e, agus bha e air a threòrachadh le solus lainntear thar cóig mile de'n mhonadh ; cha robh rathad mór ann aig an ám. Bha an rathad garbh, agus theireadh an Dotair a h-uile uair a thuislicheadh e ris na gillean — "Sud punnd Sasunnach eile á pòca fear an t-siùcair agus an tombaca!" Thuislich e ochd uairean, is b'fheudar do'n mharsanta pàigheadh d'a réir. Co-dhiùbh, cha robh sùil Iain as a dhéidh, a chionn fhuair e a shlàinte gun dàil.

Gu math tric am measg nam bochd bha e a' nochdadh uaisle a nàduir agus dùthchas càirdeil, oir is ann ainmig a ghabhadh e duais de sheòrsa sam bith bhuapasan nach robh làn mhurrach air sin a thoirt seachad. Thachair dhà bhith uair fad seachduin a' freasdal aig leaba-thinneis gille òig. An uair a bha an gille air taobh an fheabhais, 's an Dotair a' dol a dh'fhalbh, dh'fhaighnichd athair a' ghille dhe ciod a bha aige ri thoirt dhà. Thubhairt e nach robh aon sgillinn ruadh, gu robh e air a dheagh phàidheadh leis na fhuair e de choibhneas anns an tigh.

Tha tuille agus aon àite—dìreach mar a gheibh sinn mu thimchioll baile-breith Homer—ag gabhail còir air cuid de na naidheachdan a tha air an innseadh mu thimchioll an Dotair. Anns an àireamh so tha aon anns a bheil Sròn-an-t-Sìthein agus Port-righ (chan e Port-righ an Eilean Sgitheanaich idir) ag gabhail còir. Chan 'eil dearbhadh agamsa có dhiubh a tha ceart, ach bho'n is Suainneartach mi féin, is e taobh Sròn-an-t-Sìthein a bheir mi seachad.

Tha lèanag bheag, thioram, bhòidheach dlùth air Ceann Loch Suainneart ris an abrar "Dail-nan-Cearc." Aig aon ám bha e 'na chleachdadh aig na ceàird a bhith ag cur an àird an so an uair a bhiodh iad air chuairt. Chuireadh cuid dhiubh, ma-dh'fhaoidte, còrr is seachduin seachad ag obair air miasan, paileachan tin, is anns na seann làithean ri spàinean adhairc. Thachair uair a bha an so gu robh bean aon de na ceàird gu bhith air leaba-shiùbhla. Bhuail tinneas-cloinne oirre anns an oidhche. Cha robh dotair na b'fhaisge na an Sàilean, dusan mile air falbh; ach bha triùir dhotairean òga air chuairt dhìomhanais anns an Tigh Lunnainneach, mar a theirte ri Tigh-òsda Shròn-an-t-Sìthein aig an ám. Bha an ceàrd bochd air a chur m'an cuairt gu h-olc mu staid a mhnatha, agus ghabh a dìreach far an robh na tri dotairean òga. Dh'innis e dhaibh mar a bhà, agus ghuidh e orra dol a dh'eiridinn a mhnatha; ach bha mheud-mhór anns a h-uile aon dhiubh, agus dhiùlt iad buileach cobhair a dheanadh air. Tha an sean-fhacal ag ràdh an uair is tinne an gad gur ann is dòcha e briseadh.

Dìreach àn uair a bha cupan bròin an fhir-shiubhail da rìreadh ag cur thairis, có a thàinig an rathad ach Dotair Rathuaidhe. An uair a chuala e mar a bha cùisean dh'fhalbh e leis a' cheàrd. Thug e a h-uile freasdal a bha feumail d'a mhnaoi, agus chaidh leis mar bu ghnàth, gu sàr-mhath. Chaidh e an ath latha dh'fhaicinn ciamar a bhà iad. An uair a thainig ám falbh, thuirt an ceàrd gu robh toil aige a phàidheadh air son a shaothrach. Cha ghabhadh e sgillinn, is ann a dh'fhaighnich e de'n cheàrd an robh deise mhath aodaich aige. Thubhairt an ceàrd gu robh. "Matá," arsa an Dotair ris, "cuir mise gu dìnneir còmhla riut fhéin anns an Tigh Luinninneach, agus leig leam na trì dotairean a thoirt g'ad ionnsuidh."

Rinn an ceàrd mar a dh'iarr e, dh'òrduich e dinnear mhath. Thàinig an Dotair agus a chompanaich maille ris a' cheàrd gus a' chuirm, agus ghabh iad an deagh dhiota. An uair a bha iad uile làn riaraichte, dh'iarr an ceàrd an cùnntas air fear-an-tighe-òsda. Air dhà so fhaotainn chuir e a làmh 'na phòca agus phàidh e i an làthair na cuideachd. Cho luath 's a rinn e so, thionndaidh an Dotair ris na dotairean òga, agus thubhairt e riù—"Dh'itheadh sibh gun

naire ur seachd leòr de'n bhiadh a phàidh an ceard bochd air a shon, ach cha leigeadh a' mheud-mhór leibh freasdal air a' bhean aige."

Tha sgeul beul-aithris eile ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n d'thainig e uair gu tigh-òsda an aon de na h-Eileanan gu math anmoch. Bha coltas doilgheas agus bròn mu thimchioll an àite cho mór agus gu'n d'fhaighnichd e de'n t-searbhanta a thainig a fhrithealadh air ciod a bha ceàrr. Dh'innis i dhà gu'n robh bean an tighe ri uchd bàis, is gu robh na dotairean a bha a' freasdal oirre air toirt suas an dùil. Dh'iarr e fear an tighe fhaicinn. Thàinig an duine bochd far an robh e. Cheasnaich an Dotair e mu thimchioll a h-uile ni ; agus an uair a fhuair e làn fhiosrachadh mar a bha a' chùis, dh'fheòraich e am biodh dad aige an aghaidh dol a shealltainn air a mhnaoi. Fhuair e làn chead. Thug e àithne gheur seachad nach robh neach ri dol a stigh do'n t-seòmar maille ris. Cha robh e ùine mhór a stigh an uair a thìll e mach, agus coltas glé thoilichte air a ghnùis. Dh'iarr e air an t-searbhanta gairm air fear an tighe. Chaidh so a dheanamh gun dàil. Dh'innis an Dotair dhà gu robh a bhean sàbhailte, agus leanamh gille làimh rithe anns an leabaidh. Bha an duine bochd cho toilichte 's gu'n do chùnnt e fichead punnd Sasunnach dhà air a bhòrd ; ach cha d'thug an Dotair còir ach cóig leis.

Leis cho tric 's a bha an Dotair air chuairt am measg nan garbh-chrioch agus ionadan eile, cha robh cleachdadh agus caithe-beatha anns gach sgireachd is baile-tuath nach robh e mean-eòlach air. Ri a latha cha robh loch, camus no geodha mu'n cuairt na h-àirde an iar nach biodh an sgadan a' tadhal annta. B'e buntàta is sgadan am biadh a bu chumanta ri fhaotainn am measg an t-sluaigh. Bha Loch-iall aig an ám so sònraichte math air son iasgach an sgadain, agus b'e an t-iasgach so prìomh chosnadh beò-shlaint nan daoine a bha còmhnuidh air gach taobh dheth. An uair a chruinnicheadh iad gu céilidh anns an oidhche fhada gheamhraidh, is ann mu thimchioll iasgach an sgadain a bhiodh an conaltradh. Leis a' chùis a bhi mar so, bha an Dotair còir ag ràdh gur e an ceud fhacal a labhradh pàisdean taobh Loch-iall, "sgadan, sgadan." A rithist bha muinntir na sgleat daonnan a' mathachadh nan croitean aca le feamainn no ròd, mar a their cuid ris.

Bhiodh iad daonnan a' bruidhinn air "ròd" an uair a thachradh iad còmhla, agus am beachd an Dotair is e "ròd" an ceud fhacal a chanadh clann na sgleata.

Chunnaic an Dotair móran atharrachaidhean anns a' Mharairne 'na linn. An làithean òige bha gach gleann, còmhnard is machair làn de thuath-cheatharn, Gàidheil ghasda a bha an sinnsridh anns an tìr bho chian. Tha e air a ràdh gu robh dà mhìle pearsa aig an ám so anns a' Mharairne.

Ach thàinig là nan caorach bhàna. Chaidh an Gleann-a-geall 's a' mhór chuid de 'n Leathair-Mharairneach a chur fo chaoraich, 's na daoine a bha ann fhògradh, cuid thar sàile, 's cuid do bhaile na daorsa, far an do chuir iad seachad móran de'n làithean, gun mhaoin 's gun lòn. An còmhlan beag a dh'fhuirich dhiubh, mar a thuirt Dòmhnall Ruadh MacFhionghuin, bàrd Marairneach eile e, fhuair iad seòrsa de lòn "fo sgiathan an ròin Lunnainnich an Doire Dhubh Loch àluinn."

Chuir fuadach a luchd-dùthcha móran farrain air an Dotair; agus is ann mu thimchioll am fògraidh agus gach àbhaist nan gleann a chaidh a chur air fuadach, a bha cuid de na duanagan a b'fheàrr a rinn e. An aon de na h-òrain so tha e a' toirt cùnntais dhuinn air fàrdaichean nan gleann anns na briathran maiseach a leanas—

"Ach chì mi d'fhàrdach a' dol sìos,
'Na làraich fhalamh, fhuair;
Chan fhaic fear-siubhail thar nan stùc,
Na smùidean 'g éirigh suas.
Do ghàradh fiadhaich tha gun dreach,
Gun neach gu cur ann sìl,
Le fliodh is fodh'nain ann a' fàs,
'S an fheanntag 'n àit an ròis."

Agus anns a' cheart òran tha e ag caoidh luchd comuinn na h-òige.

"O, c'àit a bheil gach caraid gaoil,
Bu chaomh leam air do learg,
A chuireadh fàiltean orm a' teachd,
Is beannachd leam a' falbh?"

Is e an fhreagairt a thug e air a cheist fhéin—

"Tha chuid is mò dhiubh anns an ùir,
'S an t-iarmad fada bhuainn ;
Dh'fhàg mise 'm aonaran an so,
'Nam choigreach nochdte, truagh."

Cha robh spéis sam bith aige do na cìobairean Gallda no do an cuid chleachdaidhean, mar tha e a' leigeil ris dhuinn 'na bhàrdachd mar so—

"Chan fhaic mi ann duine, ach cluinnidh mi 'n Gall,
A' sgriachail r'a chuilein air a' mhullach ud thall,
Is chì mi na caoraich, 's muilt mhaola nach gann,
An àite nan curaidh 's nan cruinneagan donn.

Cha chluinn mi 's chan fhaic mi na b'aithne dhomh uair,
Ach na cnocan 's na h-easan 's na creagan ud shuas ;
Bu chaomh leam an sealladh aon choileach air dùn ;
Ged a b'éiginn dhomh 'bhreabadh, cha bu bheag orm an cù!

Ag ionndrainn nam feara, a' cheatharna chòir,
A bheireadh dhomh cuireadh le furan gun ghò ;
Cha chluinn mi 's chan fhaic mi na fleasgaichean òg,
Dol cruinn air an achadh le'n camain 'nan dòrn.

'S iad a chuireadh an iomain 's a leanadh i teann,
Cho luath ri buic-earba feadh garbhlaich nam beann,
A bhuaileadh na buillean gu curanta, cruaidh,
Ag còmhstri r'a chéile gun bhréine, gun ghruaim."

Cha do phòs e riamh ; ach tha móran de òrain ghaoil r'am faotainn 'na bhàrdachd. Bhuail doilgheasan a' ghaoil glé throm air, agus sgar an t-eug bhuaith a leannan dà uair. Mar chuimhneachan air so dh'fhàg e againn dà chumha anns a bheil faireachduinean a chridhe brònach air an dòrtadh am mach.

B'e ainm a cheud leannain a thug saighead chruaidh a' bhàis bhuaithe, Sìne NicNeachduinn, nighean do Eoghan MacNeachduinn, fear a' bhùth anns an t-Sàilein Shuainn-

eartach. Is ann dhise a rinn e cumha de bheil an ceud dà rann mar a leanas—

" Is uaine 'm fòd fo'n d'adhlaic iad
An ainnir chaomh 'san ùir,
Le sóbhraichean 's le neòineanan
Am measg nam feòirnean dlùth ;
Ach spiolam nuas an fheanntag so,
Tha coimheach, feanntaidh, gnù ;
Cha shamhladh air an ainnir thu
'Gan robh an aigne chiùin.
Nach deanadh lochd 's nach togadh beum,
Nach nochdadh eud no tnùth ;
Bha seirc is gràdh is bàidhealachd
Gu h-àillidh ann ad ghnùis.
Có chunnaic thu gun ghaol thoirt dhuit ;

B'i a dhàra leannan a chaochail piuthar do " Mhinistear Mór na Marairne." A réir beul-aithris bha e féin agus i so glé dhlùth air latha am pòsaidh a bhith air a chur a mach an uair a bhuail a trioblaid i. Their cuid gu'n do rinn a bàs móran coire dhà a thaobh a ghiùlain is a chaithebeatha ; seadh, nach d'fhuair e riamh thairis ceart air an acaid a chuir e 'na chridhe.

B'ann dhise a rinn e a' chumha, " O, 's toil leam an nìonag," far a bheil e ag cur an céill ann an cainnt shimplidh, dhùrachdaich a thuigeas gach neach a smuaintean brònach. Chan e mhàin sin, ach tha smior na fìrinn 'na briathran. Thubhairt e mu thimchioll a bàis an aon de na ceathramhnan—

" Chuir thu mise gu smaointinn
Nach innis mi dhaoine ;
'S mairg chuir ùigh anns an t-saoghal,
'S iomadh caochladh teachd òirnn."

Gu deimhin tha an fhìrinn anns a' chuid mu dheireadh de'n rann so, agus nach iomadh neach a dh'fhaodas a ràdh 'ga thaobh fhéin.

An uair a bha an Dotair 'na ghille òg, bha ar leam sia teaghlaichean ann an Eilean Chàrna. Thuit gu'n do ghabh e mór thlachd de nighinn òig an sin do'm b'ainm Nic-a-

Phearsoin. Bhiodh e a' dol a choimhead oirre, agus is ann a' snàmh a' chaolais eadar an t-eilean is tir-mór a bhitheadh e. Bhiodh tarbh Rathuaidhe a' dol do'n eilean air a' cheart dòigh gun fhios do'n Dotair ; gun teagamh sam bith cha b'ann a shuirghe a bha an tarbh a' dol ann, ach a ghabhail deagh shuipear de'n fheur mhilis a bha a' fàs anns an eilean. Oidhche a bha an so, 's an Dotair air an t-snàmh a nunn chon an eilean, chunnaic e coltas uile-bheist eagallach a' tighinn 'na chòmhdhail. Ciod an uile-bheist a bha ann ach an tarbh 's e a' tilleadh dhachaidh. A réir mar a dh'innis sean bhoireannach còir a mhuinntir an eilein, a tha fathast an làthair, is a' fuireach an Cille-Chòmhghain, an Ardnamurchan, dhòmhsa, ghabh an suiriche an t-eagal, is thìll e dhachaidh. Ged nach robh an t-suirghe aige uile gu léir cho tubaisteach ri té a' Bhàird Luideagaich, is coltach nach deach an Dotair tuille a shealltainn na cruinneig.

Is ann air son gille òg a mhuinntir na Marairne a rinn e "Seinn an Duan so." Bha an gille so, Alasdair Moireasdan, an déidh air nighinn òig, ban-Stiubhartach á Ardnamurchan, agus chuir e mar fhiachaibh air an Dotair òran a dheanamh dhà air a son. Phòs i féin agus Alasdair, agus bha iad fada a' fuireach an Acha-ghabhail, anns a' Ghleann-dubh anns a' Mharairne. Chaochail iad le chéile, is tha iad an tiodhlacadh an cladh beag do'n ainm Cill-Mhàiri, faisg air Labhdal, taobh Loch Suainneart.

Tha òran eile, ach chan 'eil mi uile gu léir cinnteach ciod am fear, ged a tha mi de'n bheachd gur e "Ni mi duan do'n ghruagaich bhanail," a rinn e anns an Tigh-òsda anns an t-Sàilean Shuainneartach.

Is e duine deas gu pearsanta a bha ann, agus bha iomhaigh fior thlachdmhor aige.

Dh'innis caraid dhomh a chunnaic tric e gu'n robh e a' seasamh cho dìreach air a chasan, 's gu'n canadh neach ma bha dad idir ann gur ann an comhar a chùil a bha e a' dol. Is e gille glé làidir, sgairteil a bha ann an uair a bha e òg. Bhiodh e gu math tric uair sam bith a bhiodh e aig an ugh as a' Cholaisd, a' dol air chéilidh do'n tigh-òsda an Sabhairidh.

Is ann aig Rob Mac-an-Léigh a bha an t-àite, no Rob MacDhòmhnaill Mhollaich, mar theireadh na h-eòlaich ris.

B'e so a' cheart Dòmhnall Mollach a shàbhail Bratach nan Stiùbhartach air Blàr Chulodair. Is e mac-mar-an-t-athair a bha ann an Rob ; cha robh móran a b'fhoghaintiche na e anns a' Mharairne. Còmhla ri sin thachair dha bhith glé dheas leis na dùirn, na'm b'fheudar e. An uair a bhiodh Iain MacLachuinn a' tilleadh dhachaidh rachadh Rob pios de'n rathad leis. Mu'n dealaicheadh iad bhiodh an Dotair daonnan air son gu'm fiachadh iad spàirn. Ach bha Rob daonnan a' faotainn leisgeul, gu aon fheasgar chaidh na fir 'na chéile, is dìreach mar a thachair aig Banais Chiostal Odhar, thug iad air a chéile "cnagan." Ma bha an Dotair math, bha Rob neo-ar-thaing, 's cha d'fhuair Iain dealachadh ris as eugmhais a bhith ag giùlan dhachaidh suaicheantas na spàirn. Cha robh duine air a chois an uair a ràinig e Rathuaidhe, agus fhuair e sàmhach d'a sheòmar-cadail. An uair a dh'éirich a mhàthair chaidh i suas far an robh e. An uair a chaidh i a stigh do'n t-seòmar thug i an aire do shùil ghorm an Dotair. Thuig i gu gasda ciod a b'aobhar, agus thuirt i ris, "Shaoil leam nach robh duine anns a' Mharairne a dheanadh sin, a mach bho Rob mac Dhòmhnaill Mhollaich." Is è an fhreagairt a thug an Dotair, "Nach fhaodadh Rob fhéin a dheanadh."

Mu dheireadh, mu'n deach e a dh'fhuireach do Thobar-Mhoire, bhiodh e ri móran siubhail feadh nan eòlach. Thàinig e feasgar gu tigh dhiubh so agus có a bha air thoiseach air a' tàillearachd ach fear ris an abradh iad Eachann Tàillear, agus an àitean Eachann "Be Dork." B'ann a mhuinntir Thiriodh a bhà e. An uair a chaidh an Dotair a stigh, thachair do Eachann a bhith a' fuaigheal air bòrd aig uinneag an t-seòmair. Dh'ullaich bean-an-tighe bòrd mollach air son an Dotair, is an uair a thug i cuireadh dha g'a ionnsuidh thubhairt i ris, "Saoil am bi cuinnean air Eachann mur a sir mi e a dh'ionnsuidh a' bhùird" ?

"Nach iarr sibh air tighinn" fhreagair an Dotair.

Is ann mar a bhà gu'n d'thàinig Eachann a ghabhail a bhidh còmhla riu.

An déidh a' bhidh shìn an Dotair e féin anns an leabaidh, is thòisich an tàillear air fuaigheal. An uair a shocraich

Iain MacLachuinn e féin anns an leabaidh, arsa esan, "A bheil cuinnean ort Eachainn? " ma thà éisd so—

" Tha Eachann Tàillear cuinneanach ;
Eachann Taillear, fear mo ghràidh,
'Na shuidhe taobh na h-uinneige,
Is druimean air a' fuaigheal.
'Na shuidh' aig bòrd nan luideagan ;
Na shuidh aig bòrd a' fuaigheal clòdh,
'S gur coltach e ri budagoc,
Is currac air a chnuaic-cheann."

Is e duine crosda a bha an Eachann. Thilg e an t-aodach bhuaithe, 's an nall a ghabh e 's bhuail e dòrn air an Dotair. Anns an ám thainig bean an tighe a stigh. Thionndaidh an Dotair rithe, "A bheil an t-snighe agaibh? " arsa esan. " Chan 'eil," thuirt ise. " Is e a tha orm," arsa esan, " cha robh mi cinnteach co-dhiubh is e boinne snidhe na buille tàilleir a dh'fhairich mi an sud."

Chuir e seachad a' chuid mu dheireadh d'a làithean ann an Tobar-Mhoire, far an do chaochail e anns a' bhliadhna 1874. Chaidh a thiodhlacadh anns a' Chill anns a' Mharairne. Tha aite-tiodhlacaidh Chloinn Lachuinn Rathuaidhe aig ceann deas a' chlaidh, far a bheil togalach de sheann bhalla mu thimchioll air cóig slatan gach rathad. Chan 'eil mullach idir air, ach sgriobhte air an àrd-dorus tha na facail—

" The Burying-Place of the MacLachlans, Rahoy."

Ceithir bliadhna an déidh bàs an Dotair chaidh oidhirp a chur air bhonn gu airgiod a thrusadh air son clach-chìnn a chur suas ann. Mar bhrosnachadh do'n ghnothach so, rinn Donnchadh Mac-a-Phearsoin na rannan so—

CLACH-CHINN DO DHOTAIR RATHUAIDHE.

" Cuiribh clach aig ceann an uasail,
Iain MacLachuinn á Rathuaidhe,
Rogha bhàird nan dàn 's nan duanag,
'S lighich' an taoibh tuath r'a linn.

Nis, a ghillean òg' na Marairne,
Ruibhse tha an ni so 'n earbsa:
Cuiribh clach, 's na sòraibh airgiod,
Aig ceann an laoich tha marbh 'sa chill.

Rachaibh duineil ceart mu'n cuairt air,
'S cuiridh càch an càrn a suas leibh,
Ardnamurchan, Muile 's Suainneart,
Mùideart 's an taobh tuath gu léir.

'S lìonmhor bantrach bhochd bha 'm fàilinn,
Do'n d'thug e d'a sgil gun phàidheadh;
'S gheibh thu beannachdan nan Gàidheal,
Anns gach àit am bi iad cruinn.

Anns a' gheamhradh bidh sinn còmhla,
'G aithris air do chliù le sòlas,
Seinn do luinneagan is t'òrain,
Bidh gach gruagach òg 'san tir.

Cridhe mór, le gràdh cur thairis,
Teanga gheur nam briathran tairis,
Smeòrach cheòlmhor, bhinn Chlann Lachuinn,
'S tric chuir aighear anns na glinn.

Bu tù 'm flath am measg nan ceudan;
Chan fhaca mise riamh fear t'eugais,
Iarmad cuirmeannan na Féinne,
Sgiùrs na Ròimhich bhreun thar thuinn!

Cuiribh clach aig ceann an àrmuinn,
'S a' Chill-Mhóir, os cionn Loch Aluinn;
Gearraibh 'ainm oirre 'n dà chànain,
Is gu bràth bidh e air chuimhn'."

Cha d'thainig an oidheirp gu feum sam bith. B'e an t-Urramach Dòmhnall MacPharlain, an uair a bha e 'na mhinistear anns a' Mharairne, a thug air clachairean a bha ag obair timchioll na h-eaglais clach-chinn a chur suas air an uaigh. Is e granite a tha anns a' chloich, agus tha i mu

chóig troidhean air àirde, is a dhà air leud. Sgriobhte oirre tha na facail,

"Clach air càrn
Iain 'ic Lachuinn,
Lighiche ainmeil,
agus Fior Bhàrd,
1804-1874."

Chuala mi gu'n deach beagan airgid a thrusadh feadh na sgire air son an obair a phaigheadh.

Mu chóig ceud slat bho Thigh Rathuaidhe tha càrn beag. Tha a' chlach is motha anns a' chàrn de éiteag gheal, agus a réir beul-aithris b'e an Dotair féin a thug a' chlach an so. Their daoine ris a' chàrn so "The Luck of Rahoy," agus so agaibh an sgeul a tha fuaighte ris. Chaidh a' chlach gheal so a ghoid no a toirt air falbh do Thobar-Mhoire. Chuala dà bhràthair anns an àite mu dheidhinn; dh'fhalbh iad is thug iad a' chlach air a h-ais do'n chàrn.

Dhealaich iad an so is chaidh iad le chéile do America, far an do bhuannaich leò gu fior mhath.

Mar sin smaointich daoine eile gur ann an tàilibh na cloiche a thoirt air ais a bha a leithid de shealbhachadh orra, is thug iad an t-ainm so air a' chàrn.

Chuir an t-uachdaran, Comanndair M. G. Newton nach maireann, geàrrd de wire callaid mu'n cuairt air a' chàrn, a chùm 's nach rachadh aig neach sam bith air clach a thoirt as. Tha tobar os cionn an tighe far am biodh an Dotair a' deanamh suas nan cùngaidhean leighis. Is e uisge fior mhath a tha anns an tobar. Tha e air a ràdh gur ann an lagan uaigneach an so os cionn Tigh Rathuaidhe a rinn e mòran d'a bhàrdachd a dheilbh.

Nis, bho'n a tha 'm paipear air fàs gann,
Is m'aigne féin ag cinntinn fann,
Air Dotair Ruadh nan duan 's nan rann,
Cha sgriobh mi dhuibh an còrr 'san ám.

Anns a' chomh-dhùnadh bu mhath leam taing a thoirt dhaibh-san a chuidich mi an doigh air bith: gu'm biodh gach sonas agus àgh orra.

Is e mo dhòchas an uair a thig crioch an là gu'm bi àite dhaibh an Glòir.

SGEULACHDAN NAN UAMH

le IAIN C. MAC'ILLEATHAIN, Goraig,
air an 19 mh là de'n Mhairt, 1943.

A mhnathan 's a dhaoine uaisle,

Chan 'eil fhios 'am an cuala sibhse riamh mu eachdraidh Iagain Iain Thearlaich, no Iagan a' Mhammie mar a theirteadh ris. An uair a bha Iagan 'na bhalachan cha leigeadh a mhàthair as a sealladh e air chor an uair a rainig e ìre gu bhi 'na làn dhuine, bha e cho diuid, socharach is gu'n ruitheadh e astar mìle na'n robh e a' smuaineachadh gu'n tachradh nighean òg sam bith ris, agus na'm bruidhneadh te ris, chan fhàgadh e an tigh fad seachduin 'na dhéidh.

Cha robh gramalas no duinealas idir ann. Bha e cho nàrach is nach robh duin' idir a' tadhal air 's a' bhothan bheag far an robh e a' fuireach leis fhéin. Co-dhiubh, chan 'eil agam-sa air no dheth dhuibh ach ioghnadh nan ioghnaidhean — phòs Iagan agus Bealag a' Bhobaig, boireannach cho mor, leathann, geur-theangach, smachdail 's a bha riamh 's a' bhaile. Bha iad ag radhainn gur ann a rinn i gréim air Iagan an déidh bàs a céile, Somhairle. Cha b' fhada gus an do chuir Bealag gu bruidhinn e. Chòrd an gnothach gu math is gu ro-mhath ris an toiseach ach an ceann beagan ùine bha port eile aige. Latha de na làithean, gu dé a thachair ach gu'n do thachair caraid ris nach fhaca e bho'n a fhuair Bealag a làmhan air. "Seadh, Iagain," ars' esan, "is tha thu pòsda. Theid agam-sa a radh a nis mar a thuirt Eachann Crionnda ris a' chuideachd air latha a bhainnse, 'Faodaidh sibhse a bhi a' bruidhinn ach chan 'eil dad coltach ri bean a bhi aig duine dha fhéin.'" "O, tha e math gu leòir dhuit-sa a bhi ri feala-dhà," fhreagair Iagan, "ach ma bheir Dia maitheanas dhomh-sa an uair so, cha dean mi a rithist e."

Tha mise car coltach ri Iagan a' Mhammie bho'n latha chaidh m'ainm a phòsadh ris an òraid so agus mór agus

leathann 's gu robh Bealag a' Bhobaig, chan 'eil coimeas idir aice ri meud agus farsuingeachd mo chuspair a nochd, oir gu cinnteach, a chàirdean, tha eachdraidh nan uamh co-ionnan ri eachdraidh an t-saoghail agus air m' fhacal dhuibh, ma gheibh mi maitheanas an uair so cha dean mi an rithist e.

Tha na feallsanaich a bhios a' sgrùdadh is a' rannsachadh teachd agus gluasad mac an duine bho thùs a' leigeil ris dhuinn gur ann an uamhan a bha ar ceud athraichean ag gabhail dion bho gach fiadh-bheathach is gach cunnart a bha a' bagairt orra, gu dearbh bha tràth ann an eachdraidh ris an abrar Linn nan Uamh. Air an laimh eile tha gu leòir de iomraidhean againn bho'n a fhuaireadh sgeul a' chruthachaidh anns an Fhirinn air gu dé a bha fasgadh nan uamh ag ciallachadh do dhaoine bochda—allabanaich thruagha ré gach ginealaich, agus tha an sgeul ceudna fior eadhon gus an latha 'n diugh.

Is iongantach mar a tha an saoghal ag cur nan car dheth is gach caochladh a tha a' tighinn an lorg sin, ach am measg gach atharrachaidh tha nithean ann a tha cha mhór buan-mhaireannach. Is iomadh rud a tha cho sean is gu bheil an ceud iomradh is am feumalachd air a dhol cha mhór a cùimhne dhaoine agus a tha eadhon a chum mór stàth dhuinn 'nar n-éiginn gus an latha 'n diugh. 'S ann dhiubh sin a tha na h-uamhan.

Ar leam gu'n do dhearbhadh gu soilleir bho'n a thòisich an cogadh so gu bheil teurainteachd nan uamh a cheart cho iarrtach 'san dearbh am 's a bheil sinn beò 's a bha riamh ann an eachdraidh.

Bithidh fios agaibh uile air mar a thachair do Shodom is do Ghomorroh — chaidh an sgrios le pronnasg is "teine frasach." Saoil sibh nach 'eil aithne aig a' mhór chuid againn an diugh air gu dé th' ann an "teine frasach" agus nach fhaod muinntir nam bailtean móra againne a ràdh mar a tha sgrìobhte 'san Fhirinn "gu'n deach deathach na tìre suas mar dheathach àmhain." Chaidh Lot a shaoradh a chionn 's gu'n do 'ghabh e còmhnuidh ann an uamh, e-fhéin 's a dhithis nighean. Nach 'eil móran an diugh a dh' fhaodadh an nì ceudna a ràdh. Chan 'eil againn ach sealltuinn air mar a thachair an Ramsgate is Malta agus iomadh ait' eile far am b' e fasgadh nan uamh a thug

teurainteachd is dion do'n t-sluagh 'nan càs is 'nan éiginn.

Tha aon nì eile eadar sean is nuadh a tha ag co-fhreagairt ri chéile ann an dòigh a tha ro-iongantach. 'S e sin na bhà is na thà ri phàigheadh air uamh. Chan 'eil uamhnan lionmhor gu leòir do gach aon leis am b' àill fear a bhi aige dha fhéin an diugh, ach, mar a tha fios agaibh gu math, dh' iarradh oirnn uile fa leth slochd domhainn a chladhach, agus aon de bhothain stàilinn Mhic Aindreis a chur ann, an ùir a chur mu thimchioll is os a chionn, agus toll beag de dhorus fhàgail gu faighinn a stigh ann, agus tha agaibh an sin uamh cho teurainte 's as urrainn do mhac an duine a dhealbh. Chosgadh sin a suas ri fichead punnd Sasunnach, ceithir cheud bonn airgid. Air an laimh eile phàigh Abraham ceithir cheud secel airgeid do Ephron an Hiteach air uaimh Mhacpilah. Ach fàgaidh sinn an taobh sin de'n sgeul aig a sin fhéin an ceartair.

Is fior ri ràdh gu'n do chuir àrd is ìosal, bochd is beairteach feum air teurainteachd nan uamh bho'n cheud iomradh a th' againn, air mar a theich cóig rìghrean nan Amorach do'n uaimh am Macedah 'gam falach fhéin bho chorruich Iosua, an déidh an ionnsaigh a thug iad air Gideon. Is lionmhor prionnsachan is rìghrean na h-Albann a lean an t-eisimpleir sin.

Tha cuimhn' agam air sean duine còir air am b' eòlach mi an laithean m' òige a bha ag ìnnseadh dhomh an tigh na céilidh air mar a thachair do'n Bhrusach a thug a' bhuaidh air na Sasunnaich aig Allt a' Bhonnaich. Bu tric dhà-san roimhe sin a bhi air allaban agus is iomadh uair a b' fheudar dha e fhéin fhalach bho'n na gamhlasaich a bha an tòir air. So agaibh an sgeul a fhuair mi air bho'n t-seanachaidh. An déidh mar a chuir na Dughallaich 'na chabhaig e aig Dail an Rìgh, thàrr e as rathad Srath Fhaolain. Rinn e air an Linne Fhalach far an do ghabh e an aiseag gu Creag Throstain a chum 's gu'n cuireadh e loch is monadh eadar e fhéin is iad-san a bha 'ga shireadh. Am beul na h-oidhche rainig e Sgir Bhochanain, faisg air Sruibhlea. Chaidh e stigh do uamh an tha an sin, agus air dhà a cheann a chur ri làr cha b' fhada dha gus an do chuir sgitheas a shiubhail gu trom chadal e. Dhùisg e mu'n tainig glasadh air an latha le cinnt nach robh e na's fhaide leis fhéin. Bha rud-eigin, no cuid-eigin, 'san uamh

maille ris. Cha b' urrainn dha a thuigsinn gu dé bh'ann. Rinn e ionnsuidh air a' chlaidheamh a bh' aige ri thaobh a lomadh as an truaill ach bha eagal air gu'm brathadh gliong no fuaim sam bith e. Laidh e gu balbh, tosdach is e ag amharc gu geur-shuileach faiceallach feuch an lorgaicheadh e gu dé a bha eadar e is beul na h-uamha. Mar a bu treise a bha an solus a' fàs 's ann bu mhotha a ghabh e de iongantas. Bha e cinnteach an toiseach gur ann neo-shaoghalta a bha an t-uamhas a bh' ann, ach mean air mhean an uair a dh' éirich gathan na gréine ri faobhar na beinne thug e fa-near nach robh ann ach gobhair. Dh' ùraich so a mhisneach, is bha e cho toilichte, ged a bha lamh dhaoine 'na aghaidh, nach robh e uile gu léir leis fhéin, ged a b' e na h-ainmhidhean a mhàin a chum cuideachd ris. Bheireadh iad-san rabhadh dha air nàmhaid sam bith a dh' fhaodadh tighinn an rathad. 'S e thachair gu'n do dh' aithn' e reachd a chum 's gu'm bitheadh ionaltradh ghobhar saor bho mhàl bho sin a mach. Tha an uamh so a rèir mar a dh' innseadh dhomh, aithnichte fhathast mar Uamh Rìgh Raibeirt.

Cha mhór sgìreachd anns a' Ghaidhealtachd 's nach do chuir am Prionnsa Tearlach 's a' chàirdean dìleas luchd na tòrach air seachran seilge, nach 'eil uamh air ainmeachadh 'na dhéidh.

B' fhiach gach aon dhiubh sin roinn mhath de dheich mìle fichead punnd Sasunnach, a duais bhrathaidh nach gabhadh aon de ar daoine. Chan abair mise ach a' bheag mu dhéidhinn nan uaimhnean sin, no na h-uaimhnean a bha 'nan tearmunn do gach ceann feadhna do'm b' fheudar a cheann a thoirt fodha air son a dhealais is a sheasmhachd do na nithean a bha e a' faicinn a bha ceart, cothromach agus urramach. 'Am measg nam prionnspalan sin bha saorsa a bha aig ar daoine an guth a thogail mar shluagh am measg chinneach eile agus a ràdh gun gheilt gun cheilg có bu rìgh dligheach dhaibh ; saorsa gus am modh riaghlaidh fhéin a chumail, seadh sochairean a b' àirde luach dhaibh na anail na beatha. No dearbh nithean sin is aobhar na còrach aig uile shaor shluagh an t-saoghail gus an latha 'n diugh. B' e so priomh linn nan uamh ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba agus ged is muladach an sgeul e is mór a mheudaich na thachair cliù mhaireannach ar daoine.

Saoil sibhse am b' e rabhadh a bh' ann gur ann air tràigh Loch nan Uamh a chuir am Prionnsa Tearlach cas air tìr mór na h-Albann air son na ceud uaire?

Bu mhuladach gu dearbh an sgeul a tha ri innseadh mu na làithean sin. Faodaidh càch an roghainn a radh ach tha mise de'n làn bheachd nach do dh' fhuiling sluagh eile fòirneart, lamhachas làidir, cruadal, ana-cothrom, mar a dh' fhuiling na Gaidheil bhochda an déidh là Chuil-fhodair na dunach. Cha robh tròcair ann eadhon do na leointich; bha'n tìr air a lomadh agus chuireadh tighean dhaoine 'nan lasair is 'nan smàlan. Ar leam nach d' fhuair a' Ghàidhealtachd riamh os cionn na thàinig an lorg buaidh Chumberland agus chan 'eil aon teagamh agam-sa gu bheil na rinneadh oirnn mar shluagh an déidh Bliadhna Thearlaich 'na mhàthair aobhair air cor agus staid ar daoine aig an tigh gus an latha'n diugh.

Cha robh ann do'n Phrionnsa agus iomadh ceann-feadhna ach falach chnoc, ghlac is bhac a dheanamh air feadh mhonaidhean, gharbh-chriochan agus eileanan na Gaidhealtachd. B' e nan-uaimhnean a bu mhotha a rinn còmhnadh riutha agus a thug còmhnuidh dhaibh 'nan éiginn. Bha cuid na h-oidhche aig a' Phrionnsa an Uamh Choradail an Uidhist a Chinne Deas. Chuireadh luingeas chogaidh Shasunn air seachran-fairge an ám dha a bhi anns an Uamh an eilean beag Ubhaidh. Sheas an Uamh 'san acarsaid Fholach gu math dha cuideachd is mar an ceudna an Uamh am Baile nan Cailleach. B' ann an còs aig Scudaburg a chaidh e am falach air dha dol air tìr 'san Eilean Sgìtheanach. Seadh agus b' fheudar dha a bhi a' cheart cho cùramach air tir-mór is na saighdearan dearga is a naimhdean ag geur amharc air a shon anns gach cùil is fròg. Bha na rathaidean móra air an toirmeasg dha. Cha robh aige ach cleas an t-sionnaich a dheanamh agus mur a b'e dìlseachd a chàirdean, cha d' thugadh e e-fhéin as gu siorruidh. Threòraich Clann Fhionnghain an t-Srath e gus an d' fhuair iad a chur fo chùram Domhnullach Mhorair. Ghabh esan ris agus an rithist b' e Uamh a b' ionad taimh dha. As a sin thugadh e do Arasaig agus chuir fear Bhorradail e am falach ann an uaimh eile rud beag os cionn an tighe mhóir. Cha robh sin sàbhailte gu leòir. Bha tuille 's a chòir de choigrich a' tighinn an

rathad agus b' e an ath cheum a thoirt gu Uamh MhicLeoid a bha na b' uaigniche is e na's fhaisge air mullach a' mhonaidh. Uidh air n' uidh, rinn e Gleann Moireasdan dheth is an sin chaidh e gu talamh an rithist ann an Uamh Choire Dhò an Sgur nan Conbhairean is astar beag bh' uaithe bha Uamh Ruaraidh na Séilge far an robh seachd fir threuna Ghlinn Mhoireasdain a' faire is a' toirt a mach dioghaltais air na fòirneartaich agus air na cealgairean carach a bha ag cumail companais ris na naimhdean. A bharrachd air na dh' ainmichear, tha iomradh againn air a' Phrionnsa a bhi an uamh am Meall an Spardain, faisg air Druim Cosaidh a tha os cionn ceann Loch Cuaich, an Cnoideart, is am fear eile anns a' choille an Gleann Srath Farrair. Tha mi cinnteach gu bheil móran eile ann is a sgeul fhéin aig gach aon fa-leth. Nach bu ghasda an gnothach na'n gabhadh cuid-eiginn os laimh làn chunntas a thoirt dhuinn air na th' aca ri innseadh. Bu mhor a chuireadh e ri eachdraidh ar dùthcha. 'S ann mar a tha, tha e air a theagasg do ar cloinn gu'n do chuireadh Blar Chuil-lodair anns a' bhliadhna seachd ceud deug dà fhichead 's a sia, agus gu'n d' thug na Sasunnaich a mach a' bhuaidh. Tha tuille na sin ri innseadh, is ged a chaill na Gaidheil an latha is cinnteach nach do chaill iad an cliù. Chumadh a mhór roinn dheth sin ann an uaigneas nan uamh agus 'nuair a bhios fior eachdraidh ar dùthcha air a sgriobhadh bheirear àit' urramach do na tha aig na h-uaimhnean sin ri radh.

Chan 'eil àireamh uamhnan nam pìobairean móran air dheireadh air uamhnan a' Phrionnsa. Tha iad pailt cho lionmhor agus gheibhear iad anns gach cearn bho Thigh Iain Ghròit gu Maol Chinn-tìre. Cha mhór nach 'eil iad uile air an aon sgeul. Mar is trice tha am pìobaire is cù leis a' dol a stigh do'n uamh. Tha a chàirdean a dh' fhàgadh 'na dhèidh gu dùrachdach ag éisdeachd is an ceòl a' fàs fann mar a tha esan is an cù ag astrachadh na's fhaide 's na's fhaide do'n dorchadas. Mu dheireadh, tha aon sgal oillteil ri chluinntinn mar a tha e-fhéin is a phìob, gu h-obann, a' toirt suas an deò. Chan 'eil an còrr iomradh air a' phìobaire ach an ceann beagan ùine tha an cù ri fhaicinn a' màgarnaich a mach le uamhas an eagail 'na shùilean a tha gu leum à cheann. A bharrachd air a

sin tha an cù air a lomadh ionnan is nach 'eil uiread is aon ròinnean fhéin air fhàgail air. Tha sibh uile eòlach air sgeulachdan de'n t-seòrsa sin. Gheibhear iad anns gach àite. So a'rèir mar a dh'innseadh dhomh-sa briathran a'phuirt aig a' phìobaire ann an an Uamh an Oir, ceithir mìle á Dun-bheagain:

Cha téid mise
Cha till mise
A Uamh an Oir;
Cha ruig mise
Cha till mise
A Uamh an Oir;
Cha till mise
Cha ruig mise
A Uamh an Oir;
Bidh na mìnn bheaga
'Nan gobhair creige
Mu'n tìll mise
A Uamh an Oir.

Chuala mi cuideachd mar a leanas:

Cha tig mise;
Cha till mise;
Mu'n tig mis' á Uaimh an Oir,
Bidh na minn bheaga
'Nan gabhair chreagach,
'S a'chlann laga 'nam fir àir,
Is cianail mise
Triall fo gheasaibh,
Bidh mi'm feasd an Uaimh an Oir.

Tha Uamh Mhic Cruithein am Port Ruigheadh, ach tha car beag aca 'san sgeulachd am Muile. Is coltach gur e dà phìobaire a ghabh ris an ionnsuidh an so. Tha e air aithris gu robh iad air an rathad dhachaidh an déidh a bhith aig banais, is ma's aithne dhuinn bainnsean 's na seann làithean, bhiodh na gillean is fonn math orra. Co-dhiubh, rug an oidhche orra mu'n d' rinn iad an ceann-uidhe dheth, ach gu dé dheth sin? — Bha uamh an sud is gu dé a rinn na seòid ach ceum a thoirt suas gu fasgadh na h-oidhche a bhith aca an sud. Chan 'eil agam-sa air no dheth dhuibh,

a chàirdean, ach mar a chuala mi, agus 's e sin air a bheò no a mharbh, cha robh lorg tuille air na pìobairean. Cha b' fhada gus an robh an gnothach am beul nan uile. Mu dhéireadh chuir dà fhear dheug de ghillean calma Chloinn-Fhionnghainn rompa gu'n rannsaicheadh iad-san an uamh feuch gu dé idir a thachair, agus rompa a ghabh iad. Faodaidh sibh a bhi cinnteach gu'n robh pìobaire 's a' chuideachd agus maille ris bha cù. Air adhart iad, mata, le an cairdean air talamh cruaidh os an cionn, 'gan leantuinn le comharran a' chiùil. An uair a ràinig a' chuideachd ceann iomall na h-uamha, dhearbhadh sin do an càirdean air uachdar na talmhainn le tionndadh sònruichte 's a' phort a bha 'ga chluich. Mar a bha na gillean air an rathad air ais mhothaicheadh gu'n robh am pìobaire fo throm chùram ; bha an-shocair is iomagain 's na meòir a bha a' toirt ciùil as an t-sionnsar ; bha cor na h-inntinne ag cur cabhaig 's a' cheòl nach robh idir ag co-fhreagairt ri allaileachd a' phuirt. Mu dheireadh chual' iad aon sgal eagallach mar gu'm biodh gach beò-chreutair 's a' chruinne gu léir a' toirt a suas an osna dheireannaich. Thug iad, ged a bu chruaidh leotha is an t-eagal 'gan léireadh, aon roit a stigh do'n uamh feuch gu dé idir a thachair, agus ma bu luath an imeachd bu luaithe an tilleadh air dhaibh aon sealladh fhaighinn air a' phìobaire. Bha e 'na laidhe sìnte fuar air a mhilleadh 's air a bheubanachadh gu h-olc. 'S e a bha air a ràdh gu'n do ghabh ban shìthiche an caramh nan gillean is chuir i as do dh' aon an déidh a chéile dhiubh ach am pìobaire a mhàin. Feumaidh gu'n robh an deagh chluas chiùil aice. Bha a' chead aige-san cho fad 's a chumadh e ceòl ris an òinsich. Dheanadh e dheth mar a b' e 's gu'n robh an rathad garbh tuisleannach gun uiread is leus soluis a shoilleiricheadh a cheuman dha. B' fheudar striochdadh mu dheireadh. Ach gu dé mu'n chù? Dh' éirich dhà-san mar a dh' éirich do gach cù eile a bha a' dol a stigh do uamhnan mar so le pìobairean. Cha robh riob fionnaidh air fhàgail air, ach a' bharrachd air a sin tha e air aithris gu'n do chaill e a ghuth. Cha chualas gu'n do rinn e aon chomhart riamh tuille an déidh sin.

Bha car de'n sgeul cheudna aca mu Uamh an Cill-Sheathain, an Ceann-Tìre. Ach tha so de dh' eadar-

dhealachadh ann, gur e pìobaire taibhseach a bha 'san uamh an Dùn-dà-ràmh. Bhiodh iad ag cur as a leth gur ann mar bu ghruaimiche an oidhche gur ann a bu chaithreamaiche am port. Air oidhche ghreannmhor gheamhraidh is an fhairge air bhoil, 'na caoirean-geala a'toirt an aghaidh air na sgeirean is air an tràigh air son dol air adhart na gaoithe, is ise, a' ghaoth, a bha cho caoin shuarach is gu'n robh fead shunndach aice is i a' teicheadh thar choill is bheannaibh is còmhnuidh dhaoine. Bhiodh am pìobaire an sin is port lùthmhor siùbhlach aige dhà fhéin, port a bha mar aon le boil chuthaich nan siantan. 'S e rud a b' eagalaiche, mar a bha an fhairge ag co-fhreagairt dha, is a' séisdeadh is ag càrn bhualadh a stigh do'n uaimh — a' drummaireachd is a' dannsadh le àbhachd mallaichte. Chan ioghnadh idir ged nach rachadh duine 'na chiall fhéin rathad na h-uaimhe sin. Ach aig isle-mara is an t-slighe réidh, an am do'n phiobaire a bhi 'na thosd bhiodh a' chlann bheag a bha a' ruith na traghad air an tàladh le iongantas agus ioghnadh na h-òige a stigh do'n uamh. B' e sin an sealladh mu dheireadh dhiubh. Chan 'eil iomradh air gin dhiubh a bhi air am faicinn gu siorraidh tuille. Cha robh ann ach aon doigh gu cur as do'n phìobaire thaibhseach so. Cha deanadh aon eile ach an seachdamh mac do'n t-seachdamh mac de Chloinn Ghriogair an gnothach. Dh' fheumadh esan port cruinn-eachaidh a chinnidh a chluich an teis-meadhoin na h-uamha. Latha bha sud mata, thaining fear a bha de'n bheachd gu'm bu chomasach dhà-san gach cumhnant dhiubh sin a choimhlionadh. Bha e làn misnich, is a stigh a ghabh mo laochan. Chuir e na duis an ordugh réidh, is cha b' fhada gus an robh e air shiubhal gu foirmeil sgairteil is mac talla gu beothail sunndach a' toirt freagairt do sheirm is do bhinneas a' chiùil. Chan 'eil cunntas cinnteach againn co-dhiubh a chuir e crioch air a' phort no nach do chuir, ach tha so fior; thuit dorus na h-uamha mar bheum sléibhe is mar sin dhùnadh e le glasan siorruidh, air chor is gu bheil pìobaire Chloinn Ghriogair an sud fhathast. Cha robh tighinn as ann dha. Feumaidh gu'n robh e fhéin is am pìobaire taibhseach a' tighinn air a chéile gu math oir bha iad ann a bha a' bòideachadh gur iomadh port math a chuala iad an am

dhòibh a bhi dlùth air ionad na h-uaimhe so air do'n ghaoith a bhi ag cleasachd ris an fhairge is theagamh a' toirt a' char á daoine. Fàgaidh mi 'n còrr de'n t-seòrsa sgeulachd agaibh-se gu bhi ag cur riutha mar is math is urrainn dhuibh. Chan 'eil romham 'gan earrann so de'n òraid ach a bhi 'gan cur 'nar cuimhne. Feumar so a ràdh, ged tha, gu'n robh moran de sgeulachdan de'n t-seòrsa sin 'gan innseadh gu bhi a' saodachadh dhaoin' air falbh bho na h-ionadan uaigneach sin far am biodh ar n-athraichean ri obair dhiomhair na poite duibhe. B' ann mar sin cuideachd do na cùl-mhùtairean is a' mhuinntir a bha ag gabhail ri bathair a bha air a thoirmeasg dhaibh gun chìsean trom a phaigheadh air. Ach a bharrachd air a sin uile saoilidh mi gu bheil rud-eigin mu na sgeulachdan sin a tha a' nochdadh dhuinn an tomhas co-dhiubh na beachdan dùthchasach a bh' aig ar daoine bho thùs agus, ma dh' innseas sinn an fhìrinn, a tha gu math an uachdar 'nar n-inntinn eadhon gus an latha an diugh. Gu de their sibh ris a so?

Tha uamh ris an abrar an Uamh Ruadh an ceann a tuath Dhiùra, astar beag bho Choire Bhreacain. Tha cuid ag radh gur e so Uamh 'Ic a Phì, ach chan i idir. Tha an uamh sin 'san do dhearbh an cù dubh gu'n robh a latha air tighinn rud beag na's fhaide mu dheas. 'S e an rud a tha do thuigsinn mu'n Uamh Ruadh gu'm bheil claigeann duine innte, claigeann cho mór is a chunnaic duine riamh is gun aithne aig aon sam bith cia mar a thàinig e ann. Chan 'eil lorg air gu dé a dh'aobharaich dha a bhi sud, có bh' ann, no dad idir mu dhéighinn. Tha e gu h-àrd air sgeilp 's a' cheann as fhaide stigh. Is iomadh aon a chaidh a dh' aon ghnothach a shealltuinn air a' chlaigeann so ach cha d' rinn iad dad dheth. 'Nam measg bha coigreach uaibhreach —Sasunnach a bha a' deanamh tàire is ag cur an suarachas gach seann sgeul a bh' aig na bodaich mu'n chlaigeann so. Thàinig an Sasunnach an am na seilge agus bu tric dha a bhi a mach 's a' bheinn cho tràth 's a' mhaduinn 's a b' urrainn dha. Feasgar bha sud chuir e roimhe an oidhche chur seachad 'san Uamh Ruaidh gu bhi air ghluasad aig glasadh an latha. Dh' innis e do'n ghille a bha a' frithealadh dha gu dé a bha roimhe, ach aon cheum de'n ghille no de dhuin' eile cha rachadh leis. Thug iad dian chomhairle

air an Uamh a sheachnadh ach comhairle cha ghabhadh e; 's ann a theann mo laochan ri fanaid orra. 'Nan comharraicheadh iad an t-slighe dha leigeadh esan fhaicinn dhaibh cho gòrach aineolach 's a bha iad a bhi ag creidsinn ann an gisreagan gòrach mar sin. Cha b' e aon chlaigeann no bòcan a chuireadh eagal air-san. 'S e thàinig as gu'n deach an gille leis a dh' ionnsaidh beul na h-Uamha, ach na's fhaide na sin cha rachadh e. Rinn an coigreach gàire magaidh agus air dha dol a stigh do'n Uamh thug e nuas an claigeann. Chuir e bhoineid car mu leth thaobh air gu gogaideach, is cha bu mhotha a' bhoineid sin na bairneach air creig, agus ag cumail a' chlaiginn astar laimhe 'uaithe is a' sealltainn air, rinn e glag gàire. 'S e an gnothach a bha ag còrdadh ris. An déidh dha ball fanaid a dheanamh de'n chlaigeann is a sheachd leòir de spòrs a bhi aige chuir e air ais air a' sgeilp e far an robh e roimhe, ach an àite a bheulaobh a bhi ris an dorus chuir an Sasunnach aghaidh ris a' bhalla. Bha an gille ag geur amharc air fad na h-ùine, ach cha d' thuirt e diog, is an uair a fhuair e a' chead thog e air dhachaidh ag gealltuinn gu'n tilleadh e tràth an ath mhaduinn. Ach cha robh feum sam bith aige air mocheiridh, oir bha an Sasunnach air ais mu'n tug an oidhche tionndadh do'n latha; a choslas mar dhuine do'n tug an aois sealladh nam bliadhnachan is e fhéin 'ga dhìteadh. Bha a shùilean a sior amharc dìreach roimhe mar gu'm biodh e a' faicinn gach dóruinn a bha ri teachd; aodann seargte seachte ionnas gu'n saoileadh sibh gu'n robh gach boinne fala air tràghadh á chòm. Bha e mar neach ris an do ghabh an aois mar aon d'a cloinne fhéin is ris an robh i ag gairm. Ma bha e ri feala-dha roimhe, dh' fhàg e sin far an d' fhuair e an t-eagal. Sheas e, is ma bha guth 'na cheann cha chuireadh a theanga fuaim ris. 'Nuair a thìll cainnt 'ga ionnsuidh chan abradh e ach "An claigeann, an Claigeann" is cha b' ann ri aon eile ach ris fhéin a bha e 'ga ràdh. Mu dheireadh beag air bheag fhuaras 'uaithe sgeul air gu dé e thachair 'san Uamh Ruaidh.

Air do'n ghille dealachadh ris, laidh e sios air an urlar agus leis gu'n robh e sgìth cha robh e fada gus an robh e 'na shuain chadail. Car mu mheadhoin oidhche thàinig dùsgadh a cadal mar theas a na gréine. Dhearbh grùn-

sgal nan con is iad ag crùban air a chùl gu'n robh rud-eigin neònach am fagus dha. Dh' fhairich e crith iongantach air fheòil is bha am falt air cùl a' chinn mar gu'm biodh e a' seasamh suas dìreach. Bha rud-eigin neo-chneasda air ghluasad gun fhios gu dé bh' ann—mar rud-eigin ris an do ghabh an uaigh ach nach do ghabh rithe.

An ceann tacain thog e a cheann is e air chrith le fuachd, ged bu bhlàth an oidhche. Bha a' ghealach làn a' dearrsadh a stigh air an dorus. Cha robh gluasad idir ri fhiosrachadh. Bha sàmhchair ann mar gu'm biodh an cruinne uile 'na thosd is ag éisdeachd. Cha b' urrainn dha carachadh agus cha mhór gu'n fhaireachduinn dha chunnaic e fàmhair mór de dhuine a' tighinn am fradharc dha. Bha am fàmhair so an làn éideadh gaisgich le lùireach air gu shàiltean, cloigead loinnearach air a cheann, claidheamh da laimh ri thaobh aig an robh gliong glang air gach ceum a bheireadh e is e ag gabhail roimhe. Ghabh e null le ceuman móra troma ri taobh an t-Sasunnaich. Sheas e os a chionn. Thog e sgàil shùla na clogaide is sheall e a nuas air an duine bhochd le sùil chorrach, cholgarra, ach cha d' thuirt e diog. An sin chaidh e a nunn far an robh an claigeann. Thog e 'na laimh e ; thionndaidh e e bho thaobh gu taobh mar gu'm biodh e a' sealltuinn an deach milleadh sam bith a dheanamh air. An uair a bha e riaraichte gu robh e slàn mar a bhà, shuath e a làmh thairis air is chuir e air ais e le aghaidh ri dorus na h-uamha. An déidh sin dh' amhairc e air car tacain is rinn e gu falbh cho stòlda socrach 's a thainig e stigh. Ghabh e seachad air an t-Sasunnach mar nach robh e idir ann, ach 'nuair a ràinig e an dorus sheas e ; thionndaidh e mu'n cuairt is sheall e air a' choigreach le mallachd eagalach 'na ghnùis agus na sheasamh mar sin chaidh e as an t-sealladh cho clis is a thàinig e.

Cha do dh' fheith an Sasunnach ris a' chòrr. Leum e air a chois is air falbh a ghabh e cho luath 's a rinn e riamh. Cha do leig e anail gus an d'ràinig e tigh a' ghille. Bha an duine truagh ach gann a mach as a chiall is cha mhór nach do chuir e an dorus a stigh leis mar a bha e a' bualadh air le dhà laimh. As a sid cha d' rachadh e gus an robh an latha ann is daoine a' bhaile air ghluasad. Thog e air an sin is ged a bha seachduinn no dhà aige

fhathast de'n aonta a ghabh e air an t-seilg, bha e air falbh dhachaidh mu dheas agus cas dheth cha do thill tuille do'n eilean.

Chuir an gnothach a bh' ann mór ioghnadh air daoine, is 's e a thàinig as gu'n deach buidheann dhiubh a suas còmhla a dh' ionnsuidh na h-uamha. Bha an gille maille riutha. Chuala iad mar a thachair agus cho fior is a dh' innis an Sasunnach dhaibh bha an claigeann an sud air a sgeilp agus aghaidh ris an dorus. Abradh sibh-se na thogras sibh ach sin agaibh sgeul a' chlaiginn, mar a fhuair mis' i bho charaid a bha gu math suas an eachdraidh an àite. Bha e fhéin 'ga creidsinn is cha d' fhuair mise aobhar riamh gu breugan a chur as a leth. Chan 'eil fhios agam gu dé a their sibhse ris a sin, ach tha so fior co-dhiubh, gu bheil a' cheart chlaigeann sin 'san Uamh Ruaidh fhathast.

Chan 'eil teagamh nach bi daoine a' toirt móran a chreidsinn orra fhéin air uairean. Tha mi a' smuaineachadh gu bheil a' mheud is a tha iad buailteach a bhi air am mealladh a rèir an t-suidheachaidh 's a bheil iad. Bhitheadhmaid uile buailteach ruith a' leigeil do ar n-inntinn 'nan robh sinn mar a bha aon air an cuala mi iomradh a bha ag caithris nam marbh ann an uamh na Corpaich. Tha an Uamh so an Ceann a Tuath Dhiùraidh agus b' e a b'aobhar do'n ainm gur ann 'san Uamh so a bha an luchd giùlain ag cur seachad na h-oidhche is iad air an rathad do Eilean I no Orfhasa le cuirp nan righrean is nan ceann-feadhna. Tha dà sheòmar ann an Uamh na Corpaich agus b' ann 'san t-seomar a b' fhaide stigh a bhiodh a' chuideachd ag cadal. Bha fear daonnan air fhàgail 'san t-seòmar eile gu sùil a chumail air a' chiste, a bha 'na laighe air bac a bha air a gearradh as a' chreig. Aig tiodhlacadh a bha sud is coltach gu'n robh na gillean gu math sunndach. Bha am fear faire air a dheagh ghabhail aige mar a bha an còrr is bha gach ni a' dol gu gasda leis gus an d' thug e fa'near, mar a shaoil leis, gluasad fo'n bhreacan a bha ag cuartachadh na ciste. Sheas e is dh' amhairc e le ioghnadh. Bha gluasad ann ceart gu leoir. Cha do ghabh e eagal ged a chuir e ioghnadh air. "Leig dheth," ars' esan, "chan 'eil an aiseirigh ann fhathast." Stad an gluasad ach an ceann tacain thòisich e an rithist: "A Mhic na

mollachd," ars' am fear faire, "nach leig thu dheth. Cha bhi saoithir an diomhain agam-sa 'gad thoirt an so, agus mar a robh thu marbh roimhe bithidh a nis," agus leis a sin thug e aon chruinn-leum a nunn agus shàth e a' bhiodag do'n bhreacan. Cha robh an còrr air gus an robh na fir a' togail orra 's a' mhaduinn. Thugadh an aire nach robh am breacan sgaoilte mar a bhà, agus 'ga thogail gu chur ceart, gu dé a chunnaic iad ach béist dubh, a bha a nis mar a bha am fear a bha 's a' chiste, a' féitheamh ri latha na h-aiseirigh.

Tha uamh faisg air bail' an Obain Lathurnaich a bha fo fhior dhroch cliù. So an eachdraidh a fhuair mis' air, agus is duilich leam nach 'eil an eachdraidh sin cho coimhlionta agam 's a bu chòir. Nach bochd an gnothach e cho beag suim 's a bha sinn ag gabhail de sgeulachdan nam bodach. Is tric a chuala mi iad a' bruidhinn air an uamh so, is ged nach urrainn dhomh-sa ainm a chur air aon aig an robh ceangal ris na thachair, faodaidh e bhi gur ann do theaglach nan Dughallach a bha iad. Co-dhiùbh, so dhuibh mar a dh' innseadh dhomhsa. Bha gill' òg an sud agus aig bàs athar bha a bheatha fhéin an cunnart. Cha b' è a bu docha le sheanair agus bha brathair athar is spòg aige-san 's a' ghnothach. B' fheudar do'n ghille teicheadh, is thog e air do Eirinn far an do dh' fhuirich e gus an d' thàinig e gu ìre. Chuir e roimhe tilleadh gu dùthaich a bhreith is fhuair e còmhlan ghillean a dhol maille ris gu dioghaltas a thoirt a mach. Cha b' ann mar sin a thachair. Chaidh a bhrath, agus air do bhirlinn bualadh air cladach leum cuideachd brathar-athar air agus chairich iad ann an uamh e, is dh' fhagadh an sin e gus an d' rinn am bàs fuasgladh air. Bha e air a ràdh gur ann le fiabhras a chaochail e. Fad ùine mhór cha rachadh duine 'sam bith a steach do'n uaimh so. Bliadhnachan an déidh sin is an gnothach air dol gu beul aithris bha fear an sud a chuir roimhe gu'n tugadh esan ceum a stigh, theagamh gu'm biodh ullaidh is rud-eigin a b' fhiach an t-saothair ri fhaighinn. Sin a rinn e, ach 's e na fhuair e bata air an robh ceann òir agus bràisde briagha airgeid. Thug e leis iad is ma thug bu bheag fois a dh' fhàg iad aige. Cha robh latha nach robh tubaist no drid-fhortan ag éirigh dha, agus ré na h-oidhche bha e air a bhuaireadh le bruadar anns an robh e a' faicinn coslas

duine a' tighinn do'n t-seòmar. Bha an duine so mar gu'm biodh e an còmhnuidh ag coimhead airson rud-éigin a bha air chall air. Cha mhór nach robh an gille a' dol as a chiall, is mu dheireadh chaidh e far an robh duine aig an robh fiosachd. Dh' innis e gach nì do'n fhiosaiche gun aon dad a cheiltinn. Dh' éisd an duine ris gu dùrachdach agus thug a dhà mar chomhairle dol do'n chill, toll a chladhach agus na thug e as an uaimh a chur ann. "Dean ùrnuigh mu falbh thu" ars' esan, "oir b' ann le mallachd a fhuair an neach do'm buineadh na fhuair thusa am bàs. Chan 'eil e aig fois is cuiridh e dragh ort gus an cuir thu uat iad agus thu fhéin a chur fo chùram an Tì as àirde. Rinn an gille mar a dh' iarradh air agus bh' uaithe sin chan fhaca e dad tuille agus na's motha na sin cha do thachair nì sam bith dha ris nach cuireadh e aobhar.

Tha cuid eile de sgeulachdan nan uamh a' leigeil ris dhuinn cho innleachdach inntinneach 's a bha na seann daoine ag cur aobhar air iomadh rud nach robh iad a' tuigsinn. Mur a robh làn eòlas aca mar a th' againne air cuisean, bha mac meanmna aca, agus bu ghrinn a chuireadh iad dealbh air cion-fàth an seanachais. Ma bha gisreagan is saobh-chreideamh aca cha robh ann ach rud a fhuair iad mar dhìleab, agus ma bha leigheas is fuasgladh ann an orrthan is cinnteach gu'n robh éifeachd aig seuntan. Chuala sibh uile:

Uan firionn gun ghaoid, air aon dath gun chearb
Leig a mach ris an raon, fhuill chraobhach na tearb ;
Ma mhaireas a' chraobh air an fhraoch le barr dearg
Bi mo shealbhtreudan gun ghaoid fad 's nach caochail mi'n t-ainm.

Agus a rithist:

Bho gach gruagach is ban-shìth
Bho gach mì-run agus bròn
Cuidich mi a chuidich Thi
Fad 's a bhios mi'n tìr nam beò.

Tha eachdraidh agus saobh-chreideamh air am measgachadh fior thaitneach anns an iomradh a fhuair mise air Uamh an Oir an taobh an Iar-thuath Siorrachd Rois. Tha e air a radh gu'n robh birlinn mhór Lochlannach a bha luchdaichte le ionmhas de òr is seudan luachmhor air a mhuir.

Air dhith a bhi dlùthachadh ri caladh thàinig stoirm a mhill a' bhirlinn gu dona. Dh' amais an sgioba air a toirt gu cladach ach cha robh teurainteachd innte tuille. Cha robh an còrr air ach an t-ionmhas a thoirt aisde is a chur am falach an àit'-eigin gus am biodh cothrom air a thoirt air falbh. Tha feadhainn eile ag radh gur e muinntir an àite a ghabh 'nan caraibh agus a spuinn uapa na bha fo'n cùram. Biodh sin mar a thogair, tha e air aontachadh gu'n deach an ulaidh a chur am falach ann an Uamh. Dhruideadh beul na h-uamha le seun gus am freagradh e orra am maoin saoibhreis so a thoirt air falbh. Cha b' ann mar sin a bha. Chaidh am fear aig an robh an seun a dh' fhosgaileadh an dorus a mharbhadh agus cha ghabhadh dad deanamh ach suil gheur a chumail, oir bha latha sònruichte aig uair shònruichte anns am biodh an uamh ri fhaicinn. Is iomadh neach a bha gu math dichiollach an tòir air a' stòras so ach cha do shoirbhich leotha. Latha bha sud bha fear a mhuinntir an àite a mach 's a' mhonadh agus gu dé ach gu'm faca esan coltas uamha. Chaidh e stigh agus chunnaic e an sin a' leithid de shealladh òir is airgeid nach fhaca duin' eile riamh. Ruith e dhachaidh gu cuideachadh fhaighinn ach mu'n do dh' amais e air tilleadh bha a' ghrian a' dol fodha ; bha an latha gu bhi seachad agus mar sin chaill e a chothrom. Bha an uamh dùinte. A réir an sgeòil tha an uamh a' fosgladh na h-uile seachd bliadhna air an dara latha fichead de'n Og-mhios. Chan urrainnear a radh cuin' a thig ceann nan seachd bliadhna oir chan 'eil cuimhn' aig duine an diugh gu dé a' bhliadhna air an d' fhosgail i mu dheireadh.

Tha Uamh "Smoo" shuas ann an Siorramachd Chataibh is tri seòmaraichean innte agus sgoltadh neònach, le allt a' ruith a sios troimh'n sgoltadh so. Is cinnteach gu'm biodh sgeul aig na seann daoine air a sin. Thachair mi air fear a bha eòlach an eachdraidh an àite. Dh' fharraid mi dheth an robh dad de dh' iomradh aig' air. So mar a dh' innis e dhomh.

Is coltach gu'n robh Dòmhnull Dùghall MacAoidh ainmeil 'na latha is 'na linn air son cho ealanta 's a bha e air cleasan na sgoile duibhe. Tha e air aithris mu Dhòmhnull an uair a bha e 'na oileanach gu'n d' thug e an car as an Diabhal e-fhéin. Cha robh aon idir de na

fòghlumaichean eile a bha maille ris a bheireadh bàrr air Dòmhnull. Chuireadh e an dubh air an dath agus an dath air an dubh. Bha e cho seòlta 's gu'n do chuir an Diabhal roimhe gu'm feumadh e fiachainn ri gréim a dheanamh air agus a chumail dha-fhéin. B' e Dòmhnull an t-aon mu dheireadh a bha a' fàgail agus shaoil leis an Diabhal gu'm faigheadh e a chothrom air 'san dealachadh. Ach bu mhath a thuig Dòmhnull gu dé a bha am beachd an fhir eile, agus sid e seachad air cho clis ris a' ghaoith. Luath 's gu'n robh an Diabhal cha do rug e ach air faileas Dhòmhnuill. An déidh sin bha e air a ràdh nach do thilg MacAoidh faileas tuille. Thill e dhachaidh agus latha bha sud bha e fhéin is a ghillean ann an Uamh Smoo. 'Nuair a chaidh e do'n t-seòmar a b' fhaide stigh thuit na gillean 'nan clod. Bu mhath a thuig Dòmhnull gu dé a b' aobhar is cha robh e claon 'na bharail oir có bha roimhe ach an Diabhal. Shaoil leis gu'n robh Dòmhnull aige an sàs a nis. Cha strìochdadh MacAoidh dha agus sid iad an gréim 'na chéile. Bha iad ag gleachd is a' sàr ghleachd ach aon cha tugadh géill. Dh' fhàs an latha fann is chaidh e laidhe fo bhrat na h-oidhche ach lean an spàirn. Bha an latha gu dùsgadh an rithist an uair a fhuair MacAoidh car de laimh an uachdair is chaidh e eadar an Diabhal is an dorus agus aig a' cheart ám sin ghairm an coileach. Cha robh dol as ann do'n Diabhal, ach togail air mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn dha. Thug e aon sgreuch as a bha ri chluinntinn os cionn sgàineadh na creige is e a' teicheadh suas troimh sgoltadh a rinn e. Mar 'eil sibh ag creidsinn sin rachaibh suas is faicibh an sgoltadh air bhur son fhéin agus na'n robh sibh eòlach air Tearlach Aonghais a dh' innis an sgeul dhomhsa cha chuireadh sibh teagamh 'na bhriathran oir bha e-fhéin 'ga làn chreidsinn.

An uair a bha neart a' ghàirdein mar chomharradh air uachdranas 'nar tìr is 'nuair a bha a' chòir mar a ghleidheadh i, bha rudan a tachairt a thug éis á spéis. 'S na làithean sin 'sann aig Camshronaich, Sliochd Shomhairle Ruaidh, a bha Gleann Neibhis. Bha an t-ainm aca a bhi 'nan daoine ciallach, tuigseach, neo-bhuaireasach 'nan giùlan. Cha ghabhadh an nì ceudna a ràdh mu'n mhór chuid de na fineachan eile, gu seachd sònruichte mu lasgairean Chloinn Chatain. Bha iad-san mar a' ghaoith

ag iarraidh puirt, agus b' e am port sin cuid dhaoin' eile. Bha Somhairle Ruadh air son sìth is deagh-ghean a shocrachadh is a dhaingneachadh eatorra. Gu sin a thoirt gu buil dh' ullaich e coinneamh is cuirm a chum is gu'm biodh gach aobhar aimhreit air a dheasbud is air a chur air chùl. Sin mar a thachair. Thàinig triath Chlann Chatain le àireamh thaghta d' a dhaoine maille ris. Chaidh gach nì gu math is gu ro-mhath. Dh' aontaicheadh gamhlas a sheachnadh is a bhi an co-bhonn suairceil ri càch a' chéile. Cha robh duine na bu toilichte na Somhairle Ruadh. Dh' iarr Somhairle air a' phìobaire a' phìob a chur air ghleus is port urramach a thoirt do na tuathaich 'san dealachadh. Chan 'eil fhios gu dé an donas a chaidh cearr air a' phìobaire, ach gu dé a rinn e ach "Cruinneachadh nan Camshronach" a' spreigeadh gu fonnmhor. Ghabh an fheadhainn eile fior dhroch dhiumb dheth so. Bha iad cho mór-chuiseach 's gu'n do ghabh iad ris mar thàmailt dhaibh. Dh' fhalbh iad, ach cha deach iad fada. Stad iad air cùl a' chnocain a tha 's a' bhadan coille dlùth ri far an robh Tigh mór a' Ghlinne. Chuir iad an cinn ri chéile is chuir iad rompa gu'm fàgadh iad-san port aig na Camshronaich air an cumadh iad cuimhne. Tha an cnocan far an do sheas iad aithnichte mar "Chnocan na Mì-chomhairle." Thill iad mu mheadhoin oidhche. Chaidh iad dìreach a suas gu tigh Shomhairle. Bhrùchd iad a stigh is theann iad ri milleadh is marbhadh air chor nach d' fhàgadh beò ach an naoidhean 's a' chreathail. Bhiodh esan 'san t-siorraidheachd cuideachd mur a b' è 's gu'n d' rinn gille MhicShomhairle, Iain MacDhomhnuill 'Ic Raoghnaill a sgioblachadh leis. Bha an fheadhainn eile cho trang 's nach tug iad an aire dha. Theich Iain do'n Uamh a tha air ainmeachadh an déidh an leanaibh gus an latha 'n diugh. Chan 'eil fios có-dhiùbh an ann an ám a theicheadh no air a thilleadh an déidh laimh a fhuair Iain gréim air na còirichean, ach fhuair e iad có-dhiùbh agus maille riutha, spàin bhriagha airgeid.

Bha céile posd' Iain an dùil gu'n deach Iain a mharbhadh le càch, ach an ceann latha no dha gu dé a thachair ach gu'n d' thàinig an cù aige dhachaidh. Chuir e ioghnadh oirre càit an robh e is gu dé a chum air falbh e. Thug i

gréim bidhe dha agus chaidh e ris mar gu'm biodh e air fannachadh. Cho luath 's a dh' ith e a leòir thog e air gu falbh an rithist. Chuir ise roimpe gu'n leanadh i e. Rinn i sin ach thug Iain an aire dhi a' tighinn. Ruith e 'na coinneamh mar dhuine air a' chaothach, mu'n d' fhuair i faisg air an Uamh. Mhaoidh e oirre a bhi falbh as a sid air neo gu'n éireadh na's miosa dhith. Shaoil leatha gu'n deach e as a rian is théich i 'na deann. Bha eagal air Iain an uair a leigeadh na mnathan ruith le'n teanga nach biodh fada gus an tigeadh luchd tadhail an rathad. B' e sin an rud mu dhéireadh a b' àill leis. Cha robh fios aig duine mu'n phàisde agus bha cunnart ann dha fhathast. Thog e air as an uamh is cha do thill e gus an robh i cinnteach gu'm biodh gach aon a thigeadh an rathad, brad-shuileach 's gu'm faodadh iad a bhi, riaraichte nach robh a choltas air duine a bhi 'san uamh ud.

Chaidh na bliadhnichean seachad is an uamh mar an aon dachaidh a b' aithne do'n phàisde a bha a nis a' fàs 'na bhalachan gasda. 'S e bha ag cur air Iain cia mar a bha e dol a thoirt fòghlum iomchuidh dha. B' e piuthar athar a' bhalaich a bha pòsd' aig Fear an Achadh Riabhaich is smuainich Iain gu'n gabhadh iad sgriob a nunn far an robh i gun dad a leigeil air có iad feuch gu dé a thachradh. Thog iad orra. Ràinig iad an tigh. Dh' iarr is fhuair Iain mias bhrochain. Thug e sin do'n ghille. Bha bean an tighe ag gabhail iongantais có a bh' ann is air dhith a bhi ag amharc air a' ghille thug i an aire do'n spàin leis an robh e ag itheadh. Dh' aithnich i i mar bhall-sinnsearachd a bh' aig a bràthair nach maireann. Sméid i Iain a nall do sheòmar eile is cheasnaich i e gu cruaidh teann. An uair a thuig e gu'n robh bàigh aice ris a' ghille dh' innis e dhith gach ni a thachair. Lion a cridhe le truas. Leig i ris dha gu'n gabhadh ise cùram dhiubh le chéile. Thug i bothan seasgair dhaibh agus lean Iain agus Somhairle òg ri bhi a' fuireach còmhla mar athair is mac. Dh' fhàs an gille gu bhi 'na fhleasgach smiorail agus air dha tighinn gu ìre dh' innseadh dha có e. Goirid an déidh sin ghairm Lochiall coinneamh de na cinn-fheadhna aige. Thubhairt Iain ri Somhairle gu'm bu dligheach dha-san a bhi sin. Thog Iain air. Cha do dh' aithnich Lochiall an coigreach agus dh' fhoighnich e: "Cia as a thàinig am beadagan

balaich? " Fhreagair Somhairle e:

Cha choigreach mi anns an tìr
B' iad mo shinnsir a leanadh an tòir;
'S cha mho a chaidh saighead am cheum
A' toirt an spreidh a Torr nan Còrr.

Tha Torr nan Còrr os cionn a' Ghearasdain is thuig na bha an lathair leis na briathran so nach bu choigreach idir am "beadagan balaich." Bha cuspair ris nach robh dùil aca ri dheasbud a nis, agus gu sgeul ghoirid a dheanamh dheth, dh' aontaich iad gu h-aon-ghuthach gu dé bha ri dheanamh. B' e sin oighreachd athar a thoirt air ais do Shomhairle. Sin agaibh mata mar a chaomhnadh Mac Shomhairle mar naoidhean is mar a fhuair e àrach ann an uaigneas 'san uamh air an d' fhàg e ainm.—Uamh Shomhairle.

Cha mhór nach fhaodar a cheart seòrs' sgeòil innseadh mu Dhòmhnull nan Ord, aon de Stiùbhartaich Inbhir na h-Aighle. Thàinig na Caimbeulaich le Cailean Uaine air an ceann orra ré a' mheadhoin oidhche agus mar a b' e is gu'n d' thug a bhan-altrum an naoidhean leatha a mach air an dorus chùil, cha bhiodh aon idir de theaghlach Inbhir na h-Aighle air fhàgail. Bha ionndrainn is iarraidh air-san gun fhios càit' an robh e. Chuir a bhan-altrum am falach e ann an uamh a tha 's a' mhonadh air chùl an tighe. Phaisg i e an rusg caora le crioman geire ceangailte ri òrdag na laimhe deise aige a b' urrainn dha a dheothail 'ga chumail o bhi caoineadh. Bha e sin fad' dà latha is oidhche gus an d'fhuair i a thoirt leatha do Ard-nam-murchann. Dh' fhàs e suas gu bhi 'na dhuine mór làidir. Fhuair e thogail le fear a bha 'na ghobhainn. Dh' ionnsuich e a' cheàird agus bha e cho foghainteach 's gu'n rachadh aige air bualadh le òrd mór anns gach laimh. 'S ann mar sin a fhuair e an t-ainm Dòmhnull nan Ord. Thill e do'n Apuinn. Sgiùrs e Cailean Uaine is a chuideachd air falbh agus bha e iomraiteach 'na latha is na linn mar shàr ghaisgeach. Is e esan a bha air ceann nan Stiùbhartach a bha 'san strìth aig Blar Pinkie. Bha sin 's a' bhliadhna coig ceud deug dà fhichead 's a seachd. Tha càrn-cuimhne air fhéin is air na daoine a bha maille ris 's a' bhlar so air a chur suas 'san Apuinn.

Cia mar so a bha mu Chluanaidh? Cha robh ach gann

duine ann am Bàideanach aig nach robh fios far an robh an uamh 'san robh e 'ga fhalach fhéin. Bha prìs air a cheann, is suim mhór de airgiod a Phrionnsa, seachd mìle fichead Punnd Sasunnach, an earbsa ris, eadhon sin cha do bhrathadh e. Tha e air aithris gu'n robh aon de na gillean frithealaidh aige latha bha siud a' toirt sgonn sithinn 'ga ionnsuidh an uair a rinn na saighdearan dearga gréim air. Mhaoidh iad a' bheatha air mar a comharraicheadh e dhaibh far an robh Cluanaidh. Dh' aontaich an gille gu togarrach agus fad an t-siubhail bha e a ghnath an cuideachd an drummair a bha 's a' chòmhlan. Shuidh iad a leigeil an anail oir bha ceum cas ris a' mhonadh. Dh' fharraid an gille gu dé an seòrs' beathaich a bha am broinn an druma. Rinn iad glag mór gaire. Shaoil leotha nach robh e uile gu léir ann, agus gu'm bu mhath an cothrom beagan spòrs a bhi aca. Sheall iad dha mar a ghabhadh am beathach dùsgadh is mar a fhreagarradh e iarrtas a' mhaide. Thug an gille sùil air agus a' deanamh gréim air na maidean, ars' esan—gu'm bu mhór am beud a' leithid de bheathach a bhi 'na chadal gu sònruichte an ám dha bhi cho suilbhireach 'na dhùisg, is leis a sin thug e dararaich air an drumma a dhùisg MacTalla air feadh gach glac is bac 's na seachd sgìreachdan. Chan 'eil ach ri ràdh a thaobh Chluanaidh gu'm fac' iad rud is an cùlthaibh ris. Cha robh aca saoithir an diomhain gun uiread is an gad air an robh an t-iasg.

Is cinnteach nach d' thug mi iomradh air an Uamh an Eige far an do mhortadh dà cheud de Chloinn Dòmhnuill. Fàgamaid sin mar rud a thachair. Is docha le muinntir an àite a bhi ag cuimhneachadh gur ann 's a' cheart uamh so a bha a chòmhnuidh aig an naomh Donan, agus na teachdairean a thàinig leis gu bhi ag cur an céill sgeul a' mhór aoibhneis do na h-Eileanaich. Tha Uamh eile an Eige agus ri thaobh, aig an dorus, tha comharradh na croise agus croisean beaga eile ri fhaicinn 'na mhullach. Ri taobh na croise aig an dorus tha eag far an robh iomhaigh Moire Màthair agus am Pàisde. Am broinn na h-Uamha tha sgeilp creige. B' e sin an t-altair agus sgeilp eile a bha 'ga cur gu feum mar chrannaig no cùbaid. 'S ann an so a bha na h-eileanaich ag aoradh ri linn do'n gheur-leanmhuinn a thàinig an lorg an ath leasachaidh.

Mur a d'thubhairt mi dad mu Uamh nan Dòmhnullach an Eige, faodaidh mi a ràdh nach b' e sin a' cheud uair a chaidh cleas an fhraoich fhliuich fheuchainn. Cha d' fhuair na Dòmhnullaich ach beagan de na dh' fheuch iad fhéin air na Leathanaich an Uamh nan Ceann a tha dlùth air Tobar Mhoire. Ghabh mu leth cheud de na Dubhartaich dion anns an uamh so. Lorgaich na Dòmhnullaich iad Ghearr iad fraoch ; chuir iad téine ris is 'nuair a bha e a' losgadh gu bras rinn beagan uisge smùid dùmhail a chur a stigh do'n uamh. B' fheudar do na Leathanaich ruith a mach no bhi air an tacadh. 'S ann a' ruith iad gu am bàs. Cha robh aon dhiubh nach do mharbhadh. Thachair sin anns a' bhliadhna ceithir cheud deug is ceithir fichead.

Nis, air dhuinn a bhi a' bruidhinn air uamhan, tha sinn mar is tric ag amharc le suil na h-inntinne air seòmar dorcha ri aghaidh creige no ri aodann monaidh, ach rachadh sgeul nam bodach gu math na's fhaide na sin. Chitheadh iad-san is chuireadh iad dealbh an cainnt air nithean aig an robh am bith an saoghal neo-fhaicsinneach a' chuain. Bha mi ag cainnt air a' cheart chuspair so ri seann duine latha bha siud is thug e dhomh a' sgeulachd so a bha sean an uair a fhuair esan i.

Bha gill' òg shuas an Gallaibh aon uair. B' e iasgair a bh' ann. Bha e bochd oir is fior bheagan de chuid an t-saoghail a thàinig 'na rathad. Latha de na làithean is e a' dol a dh' ionnsuidh a' chladaich, thubhairt e ris fhéin gur e bhiodh sona dheth 'nam biodh aige dìreach na dh' fhóghnadh dha gu ceann a latha. An uair a ràinig e an cladach chual' e an ceòl a bu bhinne a chuala duine riamh. Thug e sùil mu'n cuairt agus gu dé a chunnaic e air rudha, rud beag uaithe, is a ag cìreadh a fuilt buidhe bhàn, ach maighdean mhara a bha cho briagha 's nach bu chomasach do bhàrd cainnt a chur air a bòidhchead. Sheas e is dh' amharc e oirre, is mar bu mhotha a dh' amhairc e, 's ann bu mhotha ghabh e de thlachd dhith. Bhruidhinn e rithe is bhruidhinn i ris, agus is e thàinig as gu'n d' aontaich iad coinneachadh an rithist. B' e sin daonnan toiseach leannanachd.

Aig gach coinneimh bha i a' toirt dha de sheudan luachmhor a bha ri fhaighinn as na luingeis a chaidh fodha an sruth cas a' chaoil Arcaich, is gu'n robh ainm is a

chliù air dol am fad is am farsuingeachd mar dhuine saoibhir. Thog e tigh mór briagha. Cha robh lùchairt no caisteal nach robh fosgailte dha, is cha robh bantighearna nach cuireadh urram air is nach toireadh làmh a nighinn dha. Rinn e suas ri nighean an uachdarain. Thug e dhith de bheartas is gu'n robh ise cuideachd iomraideach air feadh na tìre uile air chor 's gu'n robh an gnothach am beul gach duine. Thàinig e mu dheireadh gu cluasan na maighdinn-mhara. Lion foill a' ghille fuath 'na cridhe dha. B' e sannd a bu ghalar dha. Thuig i nach fóghnadh dha-san ach na gheibheadh e. Chùm i coinneamh ris mar a b' àbhaist. Latha de na làithean thug i dha mar nach tug i dha roimhe is thubhairt i ris gu'm b' fhearr gu mór dha nan tigeadh e leatha. Gheibheadh e an sin a' mheud 's a bu chomasach dha a thoirt leis. Dh' aontaich esan. Thàinig i air a shon ann am birlinn cho briagha eireachdail is a shiùbhail cuan. Cha robh ràmh innte no feum orra oir shnamhadh i cho aotram socrach ri oiteag ghaoithe. Leum e a stigh is air falbh a ghabh iad is ise a' seinn oran tàlaidh a bha cho tiamhaidh ri bròn mathar. Ràinig iad teis-meadhoin a' Chaoil. Stad a' bhirlinn is dh' iarr a' mhaighdean mhara air sealltuinn sios agus dìreach fodha chunnaic e uamh mór farsuing le éisg na mara de gach dath is seòrs' ag cur nan car dhiubh is ag cleasachd ri thaobh. Cho fad' 's a chitheadh e 'na bhroinn bha e làn oir is airgeid mar gu'm bitheadh uile bheartas an t-saoghail air a thasgadh an siud. Dh' earalaich i e gun eagal sam bith a bhi air: "Na biodh cùram ort," ars' ise, "Lean mise is chan éirich beud dhuit, is bithidh do thilleadh slàn." Leis a sin a ràdh siud i thar na cliathaich is sios a ghabh i do'n uamh. Thug na chunnaic e misneach dha agus 'na déidh ghabh e, agus ma chunnaic e beartas roimhe bu bheag sin ris na bha aig a laimh a nis, is cha robh aige ach a thogail. Lion e gach pòca loma-làn is rinn e gu falbh, ach air falbh chan fhaigheadh e, oir bha easgann mhor ghrannda le craos fiaclach fosgailte a' faire air dorus na h-uamha, is 'nuair a sheall e mu'n cuairt cha robh mìr de'n mhaighdean mhara ri fhaicinn. Cha do chuir sin cùram sam bith air, oir bu taitneach leis a bhi a measg a' leithid de stòras is a bhi a' leigeil leis ruith mu chorragan, ach cha bu toigh leis mar a bha an easgann is i

cho mór reamhar grannda a' sìor amharc air is ag cumail a shaorsa 'uaithe.

Cha robh mothachadh aige air gu dé bha tachairt an saoghal dhaoine no gu dé an ùine bha e 'san uamh. An ceann tacain, mar a shaoil leis-san, thill a' mhaighdean mhara is dh' fhalbh an easgann. Ghabh i a leth-sgeul airson a bhi cho fada, agus 's e na bha cuimhne aige mu'n do thuit e 'na chadal gu'n do sheinn i òran dha a bha cho milis drùideach is gu'n do thug a shùilean thairis le binneas a' chiùil. An uair a dhùisg e, bha e air cladach corrach 'na sheann duine, ìe feusag fhada liath air, is a' bhàta leis am b' àbhaist dha a lòn a chothachadh air grodadh is 'na mhìrean. Bha am baile uile air atharrachadh. Cha robh duine ann a b' aithne dha no do'm b' aithne e. Chomhairlicheadh dha dol a dh' ionnsuidh seannachaidh a' bhaile. Rinn e sin is dh' innis e do'n t-seannachaidh có è is mar a dh' éirich dha. Chuala an seannachaidh mu a' leithid de dhuine. Bha iomradh aca air ri linn a sheanar. 'S e an sgeul a bh' ann gu'n deach a chall is gu'n robh e air a bhàthadh. Am b' urrainn dha-san dearbhadh sam bith a thoirt dhaibh gu'm b' esan an duine sin? Chuir e làmh 'na phòca gu cuid de'n òr is de'n airgiod a thug e leis as an uamh a shealltuinn dhaibh, ach 'nuair a dh' fhosgail e a làmh cha robh aige ach bàirneach, faochagan is feusgain. Thug bean an tighe sùil air agus, ars' ise le uamhas: "Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia sinn." Leis na briathran sin a ràdh chrion esan air falbh 'na lùb mór uisge agus, rud a tha iongantach, cha do thiormaicheadh an t-ùrlar gu ceart riamh an déidh sin.

Bha rannan de òran na maighdinn-mhara aig mo charaid agus is duilich leam nach b' urrainn dha ach na ceathramhnan a leanas a thoirt dhomh:

Hùbha is na hoireann hùbha
Hùbha is na hoireann hi
Hùbha is na hoireann hùbha
'S ann le foill a mheall thu mi.

A mach air bharr nan stuadh ri gaillionn;
Fuachd is feannadh fad o thir;
Bha mo ghaol dhuit daonnan fallain
Ged is maighdeann-mhara mi.
Hùbha is na hoireann hùbha.

Ged tha mo thamh am measg nan stuadh
Is gairge sgread air creagan cruaidh ;
Gur tric leam bhi an uamh nan seud,
Far as grinne fuaim nan teud.
Hùbha is na hoireann hùbha.

Seall is faic an grunnd na fairge,
Uamh an airgeid 's òir gun dìth;
Lannaireachd 's chan fhaca sùil e
Ann an cuirt na lùchairt Rìgh.
Hùbha is na hoireann hùbha.

Hùbha is na hoireann hùbha
Hùbha is na hoireann hi
Hùbha is na hoireann hùbha
'S ann le foill a mheall thu mi.

Bha uamh cuain eile aig bun Coire Bhreacain far an robh a' Chailleach a' fuireach. Cha robh dad a thogadh corraich na cailliche na a' ghaoth an iar a bhi ag cur a taic ri sruth bras an lionaidh. Bha an ràn a bheireadh i aisde an sin ri chluinntinn miltean air falbh. Chan e sin ged tha uamh Choire Bhreacain. Tha i so f'a chomhair na cuairteig air tirmór. 'S e so an uamh do'n tug an cù corp Bhreacain, am Prionnsa Lochlannach a chaidh a bhàthadh a chionn is nach do ghabh e feairt de ràn na caillich.

Tha sean-fhacal ann a tha ag ràdh gu'n aithnichear duine air a' chuideachd 'sam faighear e. 'S e a bhi 'nam stiùbhart air bàtaichean luatha Chluaidh a bu chosnadh dhomhsa. Is iomadh sgeul thaitneach a fhuair mi bho'n luchd-siubhail, ach cha do thachair mi air duine' idir a bheireadh bàrr air Calum na Briogaise a bha 'na sheòladair leinn an uair a bha mise 'nam Ruaraidh òg. Cha robh de choire air Calum ach gu'n gabhadh e smùidean gasda. Latha bha siud thàinig e nall far an robh mi-fhéin is tasdan aige 'na dhorn. . . . "Seadh, a Chaluim," thubhairt mi ris, "a bheil dad agad dhomh an diugh?" "Chan 'eil," fhreagair Calum, "ach ma tha dad agad-sa 's math agam-sa 's fhearr uat-sa e. Sin do chuid is tha sinn le chéile riaraichte." Cha ruigear a leas a radh gu'n robh Calum an déidh oidhche mhór a bhi aige.

Feumaidh gur ann car de'n cheart shliochd ri Calum a bha fear air an cuala mi iomradh. Ghabhadh esan daoraichean móra agus 'nuair a bhiodh e air a dhalladh theagamh gu'm biodh e latha no dhà mu'n tilleadh e dhachaidh. Air a thilleadh bhiodh Fransaidh Bheag a phiuthar a' tighinn air gu searbh salach. Latha bha siud, thog e air gu lùth-chleasan an Obain leis na fir eile. 'S e latha mór a bha so, is ged a thill càch cha do thill Tearlach. Mu dhéireadh thàinig e agus mu'n d' fhuair Fransaidh uiread is a beul fhosgladh thòisich e air innseadh dhith mu na h-uaislean a thachair air-san. Cha robh air ach gu'm feumadh e dol leotha do'n Ghreat Western Hotel, an Tigh-Osda a bu mhotha a bha 's a' bhaile. Cha ghabhadh iad sgillinn ruadh is cha leigeadh iad air falbh e. Cha d' thubhairt Fransaidh diog ach an ceann latha no dha có thàinig a dh' ionnsuidh an doruis ach cailleachag bheag pheallach, shalach ; ultach chanaichean aice ri taobh is naoidhean air a' phasgadh ri druim. Thug i bualadh air an dorus is dh' fharraid i gu modhail am b' ann an so a bha Tearlach a' fuireach. Thug Fransaidh sùil oirre agus an sin ghlaoidh i ris an fhear a bha stigh. "A Thearlaich, 's fheàrr dhuit tighinn a dh' ionnsuidh an doruis. So aon de dh' uaislean an Ghreat Western Hotel air tighinn a shealltuinn ort." Bhe deagh fhios aig Fransaidh có iad na h-uaislean leis an robh Tearlach ann an Uamh nan ceard.

Bha fear eile an sud a bha cho caol, crionnda, biorach teann ri da cheann snathaid. Ghabhadh e dram ach cha tugadh e dram. Cha robh duin' idir a' faighinn cuiridh a dh' ionnsuidh a thighe. An uair a bha sinne 'nar cloinn bha sinn a làn chreidsinn gu'n robh sìthichean ann an Uamh na Glaice Móire. Bha gille gun lochd gun ghò 'nar measg. Bha e car a dhìth. Bhiodh e ruith nan gnothaichean is cha robh tigh anns nach fhaigheadh e fàilt' agus aoidh. Thachair e ris an fhear spiocach a bha a' tarruing as latha bha siud. "Seadh" ars' esan ris a' ghille, "is tha thusa daonnan trang." "Tha," fhreagair an gille, "Am bi thu a' tadhal air na sìthichean?" "Bithidh" ars' an gille, "Gu dé tha iad-san ag cur ris an dràsd?" "O tha iad trang a' buain is ri obair an fhoghair." "Saoil thu an tigeadh iad a thoirt làmh chuideachaidh dhòmh-sa?" "O thigeadh," fhreagair am balach. "Ciamar a tha thu a' smaoineachadh

a gheibhinn gréim orra?" "O chan fhaod thu gréim a dheanamh orra," ars' am balach, "ach ma bheir thusa dram no cuireadh dhaibh thig iad luath gu leòir."

Nis tha eagal orm, sìthichean ann no as, nach toir sibh cuireadh dhòmh-sa tuille gu cuideachadh leibh ann an obair na buana ann an raon litreachais na Gàidhlige anns a bheil a' leithid de chliù agaibh mar chomunn. 'S e na th' agam mar lethsgeul air son 'ur cumail cho fada nach e sgeul na h-aon oidhche tha so. Cha d' rinn mise ach seòrsa de shop as gach séid a thoirt dhuibh air cuspair inntinneach a 's urrainn dhuibh uile a thogail is a mheudachadh. Cuimhnichibh gu dé a bha na h-uamhan ag ciallachadh do ar n-athraichean. Tha iad an siud anns gach ceàrn le'm beul craosach daonnan fosgailte, agus mar is tric a chuala sibh 's e am beul fosgailte as motha a dh' innseas.

Cuimhnichibh cuideachd an uair a thig latha a' chruaidh-fhortain is na h-éiginn oirnn mar shluagh gur h-ann as an uamh a thig diùlnaich an Féinne. An abair sibh gur ann le fuaim torra is le sgàineadh creige an ám do dh' oibrichean ùra a bhi 'gan cur suas a bhios an Fhéinn air an làn dùsgadh. Beannachd leibh, a chàirdean.

MEDICINE AMONG THE GAELIC CELTS

By Dr. J. J. GALBRAITH, D.P.H., J.P.

11th February, 1944

I found considerable difficulty in determining how best to approach this subject in such a way as to interest the members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness who are not necessarily interested in those aspects of Gaelic medicine which one might call purely scientific, or even in the historical side. It has for long seemed to me that one of the objects of the Society is to educate the present generation in the cultural aspect of Celticism and to make it realise before it is too late that it is the heir to a civilisation, which in art and literature, in timber construction, and metal decorative work was at least the equal of the contemporary Teuton. In law it had a code of its own, and in medicine it kept abreast of contemporary advance, at a time when the civilisation was in a period of eclipse. To put it shortly, our past culture is something to be proud, not ashamed, of. I, therefore, intend to glance rapidly, though perhaps superficially, over the whole field, rather than restrict myself to any one department.

The study of medical knowledge and practice among the Gaelic Celtic nations raises many issues and contacts of interest. Medicine as an art was everywhere originally a priestly function. It was literally the province of the Medicine Man. In old pagan days the Medicine Man had all the dignity without the blatant superstition of the savage.

He first appears in clear daylight in the Code of Laws of Hammarubi, the Mesopotamian contemporary of Abraham some four thousand years ago. At that early date he had already made strides in medicine and surgery. Even then medicine and surgery were not novelties. Trephined skulls belonging to persons who survived the operation are found in

Stone Age deposits. These show no mean technical skill when one considers that the only instruments available were flint knives, saws and scrapers. The doctor was paid by results. If his cure fails after an operation, he has the same performed on himself. He pays the forfeit for failure. The same principle appears in early Celtic law. When the patient fails to recover through carelessness or want of skill he pays the same " eric " as if the wound had been inflicted deliberately as in conflict between laymen, and he is bound to return his fee if he has been paid any, rather a handicap on the experimentalist. I am inclined to think that the principle of responsibility came in through Mesopotamian sources, through how many intermediaries, if any, I cannot say.

The next signpost on the road of progress is the introduction of the Greek scientific method, associated with the names of Greek practitioners which are familiar in medicine to-day. Hippocrates, commonly known as the father of medicine, described signs and symptoms of disease which are still recognised by his nomenclature and description. His works ran into many volumes. Some of these were without doubt his own, others produced by members of his school, as publications of what we would call class notes by members of his school. Hippocrates was born in Cos about 460 B.C.

The foundation of Alexandria about 300 B.C. with its university attracted philosphers from Greece, Macedonia and other regions, including physicians of the school of Hippocrates. This brought about an infiltration of Greek learning into Asia, as far as the approaches of India, which was accentuated by an edict of the Emperor Justinian, about 500 A.D., expelling the Orientals from Alexandria. This was the cause of the foundation of the so-called Arabian School of Medicine. As a result of its success a ring of teaching medical schools was formed round the Mediterranean, including Monte Casino, Montpelier and Salerno, this last the most famous came to be known as " Civitas Hippocratica," the City of Hippocrates.

You may ask, " What has this to do with Gaelic medicine?" Martin, writing about 1700, records in his description of the Western Isles, of Uist, " Fergus Beaton hath the following ancient MSS. in the Irish character; to wit, Avicenna, Averroes, Joannes de Vigo, Bernardus Gordonus (a French-born Scot) and several volumes of Hippocrates."[1] This means that in the most out of the way corner of Gaelic Scotland, the standard works of the Arabian School were treasured and studied. Gaelic medicine was not a separate Celtic art, but was in the mainstream of scientific advance, this at a time when history books which, I am sorry to say, are still in circulation, describe the Celt as an abysmal savage. On the contrary the Celt had a system of medicine, abreast of the European standards, and in some respects ahead of them. They made use of their own accumulated experience, and the Beaton family, of whom more anon, had a Gaelic MS. which included the best teachings of the European School, with exact quotations, and, what is more important, the gist of their own experience. I think I may fairly claim that this is another of the largely neglected lines of approach to the study of our ancient Celtic civilisation.

Medicine is conservative and perhaps a trifle superstitious, and the medical graduate of to-day signs, as the price of admission to the profession, the Hippocratic Oath. Apart from my friend Dr. Brock of South Queensferry, who, by the way, is sufficiently interested in Gaelic to have learned the language, signed the oath, and being a Greek scholar of note, made a translation of it from the original, I cannot remember anyone who bothered to read it.

The modern doctor still begins his prescriptions with a capital R with a stroke across the tail. This is said to be an abbreviation of Recipe, or take, but as a matter of fact, it is the sign of Jupiter, and means, may Jupiter avert the evil effects of any mistake I have made in prescribing or dispensing.

[1] Western Highlands. Martin, p. 89.

Might I suggest that those who have pinched for domestic purposes the magic word Recipe from the doctors, make their concoctions with an equally pious wish. I mention these survivals so that the pharmaceutical modernist may be charitable before calling the practitioners of folk medicine quacks and incantationists.

That the Gaelic physicians highly valued the books is proved by the following:—from one of Professor MacKinnon's lectures to his Celtic class in Edinburgh University. A copy of the " Lilium Medicinae " by Bernard Gordon, who taught at Montpelier in the early 14th century, was presented to the Royal Scottish Society of Antiquaries in 1784 by the Rev. Donald MacQueen of Kilmuir. A memorandum on the flyleaf states that it was the property of Farquhar Beaton of Husabost, who valued it so highly that on one occasion, in travelling to Dunvegan, he sent the book by horse for safety, as he himself was travelling by boat. Most, if not all, of the Gaelic MSS. contain quotations from this and other standard works, showing that the compilers were up to date in their knowledge and practice.

The Beaton School as evidenced by their MSS. laid chief stress on physiological methods, e.g., special foods and diets, baths and rules for regulating health and life in general. In addition use was made of charms and incantations as well as drugs, potions, and other material adjuvants. Some at least of the charms acted on diseased states through the mind and consciousness, or as the most advanced modern schools would call psychiatric methods. In each and all of these there were factors derived from lore, religion, geographical position, climate and vegetation determining the range of drugs and herbs which were available.

The Organisation of Gaelic Medicine

The laws and rules governing medical practice go back probably to a remote past and are recorded in the ancient

Brehon Laws of Ireland. The whole system in operation can be traced among the people of Scotland, especially in the North and West. The similarity is so close that we can with certainty say that the source is the same, though the legal evidence on our side is fragmentary. As there were no universities, the course of training was of the nature of an apprenticeship to noted members of the profession. This method of entering the profession was not peculiar to the Celts, and persisted in England and Scotland till the 19th century as the clinical part of the course, supplementary to the classes and teaching given at the various colleges and universities.

In the absence of teaching corporations, the art of medicine, like the Abbacies of the Celtic Church, became hereditary in certain families, many of whom are known in Ireland, and several in Scotland, the most famous being the MacBeths or Beatons. Their name varies from time to time, and is found as far back as the marginal Gaelic notes in the Books of Deer in the 11th century, when it takes the form of MacBead, and is succeeded by MacBethe, 1408; Beatone, 1511; MagBeth, 1563; MacBethadh, 1587; MacBeath, 1609; Beaton, 1638; M'Bethadh, 1657; Betonus, 1677; Beda, 1680; MaigBheta, 1701; MaigBhetha, 1708.[3] Many other variations occur, Peutan becoming Peden in Lowland Scots and Biotun. Their exact descent is a matter of conjecture. One branch claims descent from a niece of Cardinal Beaton whose family were domiciled in Fife. As Gaelic was then a spoken language in Fife they may not have been adrift from Celtic culture. Whatever their ultimate origin, the family were for several centuries physicians to the courts of Scotland, the Lords of the Isles. Documentary evidence of this goes back to 1379 when Farquhar, Medicus Regis, got from the Wolf of Badenoch a grant of lands in Melness and Hope, and in 1386 Ferchard Leiche, almost certainly the same person, got from Robert II certain grants of lands in the islands extending from Jura

[3] Regimen Sanitatis. Dr. H. Cameron Gillies, 1910, p. 2.

in the south to Rhu Stoir in Assynt and Rhu Armadale in the north of Sutherland.

Some confusion occurs in genealogical tables because many are known by patronymics, one is styled MacDhonnaichidh, doubtless because his father's name was Duncan, but he is described as a descendant of Ferchair Lighiche. The name was common, as many occur in the roll of Glasgow University in Latinised form. Documentary references continue down to 1719. It is not my purpose to trace out individually the story of the family but to point out that what was practically a medical school was perpetuated in the Hebrides. The MacDonald Lords of the Isles, to whom the Beatons were physicians, charged themselves with public health in the Isles, which as Professor MacKinnon points out, " was put out of question by a charter of James IV, and adds not a little credit to that princely house."

The lore of the Beatons has left us quite a considerable body of MSS. in the British Museum, the Scottish National Library, and other collections. What the original bulk of this literature was, we can only conjecture, but judging by the wholesale destruction of the evidences of Celtic civilisation it must have been pretty considerable. The source from which it derives its information was the literature of the Alexandrian and succeeding continental schools whose methods they adopted and developed. Many of them were translated into Scots Gaelic, and some few have survived.

These physicians derived their knowledge from MSS. which included the works of Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, Averroes, and others of the Arabian School, as well as compilations such as the " Lilium Medicinae " by Bernard Gordon dated 1303. They were familiar with the whole learning of the Alexandrian School and its various offshoots, as judged by the selection which has survived in Ireland and Scotland. That the Hebridean School was in the front rank of contemporary medical science is indicated by the fact that the Beatons were physicians to the court of Scotland and the Lords of the Isles

for several centuries. How long the school existed as a going concern before it appears in contemporary documents it is now quite impossible to say, but it cannot have leapt into fame all of a sudden. Celtic medicine traced back to the Greeks through the Alexandrian, and by its pre-eminence contributed largely to the popular medical lore of Scotland as a whole and Celtic areas in particular.

Here as elsewhere we have to lament over what has been lost during centuries of oppression and consequent decadence. That the popular lore was an offshoot of the orthodox is indicated by Martin in 1700 of a herbalist or what we should call a quack doctor in Skye. He says " the illiterate empiric Neil Beaton in Skye; who of late is so well known in the Isles and Continent for his great success in curing several dangerous distempers, though he never appeared in the quality of a physician, until he arrived at the age of 40 years and then also without the advantages of education . . . he extracts the juices of plants and roots after a chemical way, peculiar to himself, and with little or no charge . . . he has formed such a system of curing diseases as serves as a rule on all occasions of this nature. He treats Riverius's Lilium Medicinae and other practical pieces that he has heard of with contempt; since in several instances it appears that their method of curing has failed, where his had good success. Mr. Beaton pretends (and this is significant and important) to have had some education from his father, though he died when he himself was a boy." He no doubt was brought up to the hereditary art and had the sense to cleave to that which was good. For his want of orthodoxy and his adhering to the practical results of experience, he certainly deserves credit. Martin was acquainted with him personally and concludes, " I left him very successful."[4]

From various sources, lists of plants, herbs and other medicaments can be compiled. These lists are by no means complete, as I have myself come across several which do not occur in the lists I have read. Martin, a Skyeman, gives the

[4] Western Isles. Martin, p. 197-8.

names of some 30 plants in an extended list of diseases with the appropriate cures. Most of these can be identified, as Martin seems to have been a bit of a botanist and most of the Latin equivalents which he gives are still in use, and can be identified. Some of these cures are still in use. In Cameron's " Gaelic Names of Plants " over 60 separate herbs are noted as being used in medicine, with, generally, a statement as to the source of the information.

One Beaton MS. in the British Museum, the Regimen Sanitatis, or Rule of Health, which was published in 1911 by Dr. Cameron Gillies, is most interesting because it contains the Lore of the Lilium and other mediaeval MSS. together with the author's personal opinions and observations. It was probably the work of several generations of the Beaton family. It was in fact the family vade mecum. It was given by John Beaton to an Irish scribe O'Ceanndain to copy. The date is given by Dr. Gillies from the writing, contractions, and the Gaelic of the text as 15th century, but this undoubtedly was its final form, and we have no means of knowing the period during which the matter was accumulated.

It divides the Regimen or Rule into three parts — Conservatium or maintaining the health by foresight and regulation of the life and habits; Preservatium or the more strict application of this by those who, we should say to-day, were "off colour"; and Reductium, or leading back to health when disease has actually set in. " To the healthy it is a right, to those who have got the length of debility it is a duty, and to those who have become diseased it is a necessity!" This aspect of medicine is only now coming into its own. If the root causes of disease were attended to, then life would be something very different. Then, with the elimination of bad housing and improper rather than deficient diet, the present-day rage for patching up ruined constitutions with artificially produced vitamins would become unnecessary. Many of the aphorisms are still commonplace quotations from Aristotle—" Dum adhuc apetitus durat manum retrahe " or in the old Gaelic of the

MS.—" Tarruing do lamh chugatt ocus in tochlughadh ar marthain agat!"

Of the use of wine the MS. gives the following very impressive description:—Clean wine will give you nine comforts, " Ataid naoi socamhuil do bheir in fion glan duit, Indaighi na brigha." It will increase the powers, which Dr. Gillies with a possible constriction of vision, calls " strength." " Lagaid na hinde linnta," It will relax the full intestine. " Nertighe in gaili," It will strengthen the stomach, " ocus an intinn," and the brain, or perhaps better, the mind. " Do bir in croidhe subaltach," It will give the merry heart. " Do ni danacht," It will make courage. " Togairmidh an t'allus," It will call forth the sweat. " Geuraigi in t'indlecht," It will sharpen the intellect, better perhaps the wit, " ocus do ni foirbheartas do na cairdibh," It will make stimulus to the friends, or friendship. This is all very sound and proper, but he concludes, " but let moderation be along with it, so that its working may not be perverted, for all these good effects will be undone without moderation." All through the Regimen are similar passages not unknown at the present day and well worthy of study and being put to practical use.

Bloodletting at this time and for long after was a panacea, and full directions are given regarding methods. " It should be done at chosen times, Spring and Autumn, and therefore those err who would let blood about the feast of Stephen, and about the feast of John Baptist, through the coldness of one time and the heat of the other. But it should be let sometimes about Christmas, to save from the illnesses, which come of the filling, accustomed to be done commonly in that season. It should be let for old men when the moon is old, and to the young when it is new."

After very sound directions as to what and when to eat, he says, " The moderate abstinence is a very high treatment and it is therefore that Galen says — ' Commedo ut vivam, non viva ut commendam,' that is, ' it is to be in life that I eat and not for eating that I live,' " which is still a familiar aphorism.

It is noteworthy that the MS. contains few references to drugs, but many to foods and vegetables. From this and other sources we learn that many fruits and foods were imported, e.g. spices and almonds, while numerous references are found in literature to many vegetables, which in the 19th century were unknown, or practically so among the common people. In Joyces' Social History of Ireland[5] the kitchen garden " lubgort " is said to have been a common appanage of the homestead. Cabbage, leeks, onions and garlic are mentioned in early Irish literature, with carrots, and parsnips. Watercress, Biolar, was eaten as salad. Dulse was eaten as a salad or cooked, as well as several other sea algae, for example Carrigeen which was much prized as a food in the west of Sutherland, one hundred years ago, cooked in milk, but to-day is practically unknown. Among the fruits eaten, apples, nuts, sloes and whortleberries are mentioned, as well as strawberries.

Here again one must emphasise that in the matter of drugs medical lore affords only a fragmentary record of what was in general use. This is indicated by the fact that I have encountered herbs and plants used as medicine, here and there, to the present day, that do no occur in any of the lists.

The lists are interesting because of what they do not contain. The willow, which is the origin of all our anti-rheumatic drugs, is not mentioned while the foxglove, one of our most highly prized drugs, is mentioned but seems to have been used only as a poultice. I have previously told the Society of an instance of the use of the thyroid or brisgein by an old woman in Kintail, in the eighties of last century in treating children who " did not grow up " or in modern language had myxoedema, or congenital absence of the gland. The woman who used it was then old and her use of the gland must have antedated the use of the first glandular extract of modern medicine. More details of the use of the thyroid, which I suspect came

[5] Smaller Hist., p. 365, et sig.

from the same original source, can be found in the Carmina, Vol. IV, p. 200.

As regards the simples and herbs, I am up to a point in agreement with Dr. Donald Morrison, the son of Gobha na Hearradh, who said that after chemical investigation of the plants that " the Highlander had cures for all the common ailments which were never misapplied and their ingredients are those now used in more concentrated form by modern practitioners."

One of the most widely used herbs was the Lus Chaluimcille or St. John's Wort in English. This plant contains allantoin, a substance which causes proliferation of tissue, and was in consequence used as a dressing for wounds.

The active principles of plants vary in concentration at various times during their yearly cycle of growth. This may be the origin of the practice of gathering them during certain months and at certain phases of the moon, etc., though these came to be associated with astrological and astronomical influences. The plants were gathered to the repetition of many beautiful hymns and charms which were no doubt often sung. Some of these are to be found in the Carmina. Besides these plants which had definite therapeutic properties there were certain which were on account of their magical properties. I have known, for example, of a broken arm which was put in splints by the doctor, and as soon as his back was turned, a cross of rowan twigs was constructed, and bound at the crossing with red wool and this was again tied round the limb over the splints with the same red worsted thread. This, of course, got the credit of the success of the treatment.

The value of sweating as a means of treatment was recognised. Tighean Folluis still exist in Ireland, and Martin gives a detailed description of the method employed. Without mentioning any special building for the process, he describes how the earthen floor is heated by fire and then covered with damp straw, raising a moist heat in which the patient is shut. This is followed by the immersion of the patient in cold water.

Anybody familiar with the Turkish bath and modern hydropathic methods will recognise the similarity.

It is curious and interesting that inflammation was attributed to a Ghrid which is best translated as microbe. That is the disease was said to be caused by a minute living organism; an almost exact anticipation of modern science, though of course not arrived at by any physical methods. It is described in *Eolas na Ciche*, from Gairloch in the Carmina.

Bha Iosa agus a Mhathair a'siubhal slighe, agus anns an dol seachad chaidh iad a steach do thaigh a leigeil dhuibh an *sgeith*. Co bha comhnuidh anns a bhothan ach bantrach bhochd agus triuir dileachdan gun chli gun treoir. Agus bha a bhantrach a fulang cradh cruaidh le at ciche, agus a chioch fein air *spreadhaidh* le at. Sheid Criosd anail bhlath a bheoil air cioch a chraidh chruaidh, agus shin e le a lamh chaoin a null os cionn na ciche agus thubhairt e:—

Ditheachd dha do chich,
Dutheachd dha do at,
Suitheachd dha do chich,
Suitheachd Righ nam feart, etc.

Extinction to thy ghrid, Extinction to thy swelling, Peace to thy breast. The Peace of the King of Power.[6]

Grig, Grige, Grid, Gride, are all used in various charms for inflammation. They are all similar in meaning and denote a mite, a tiny insect or animalcule, in short a microbe, in the original sense. We meet with Grig an neonain, grig niosgaid and grige lionnrachaid. The microbes of styes, boils, and general suppuration. " Mar a bha mhathair-ghuir ghrige toir a nios a droch ail, ag adhbharachadh buirb agus coirb ann am fuil agus ann am feoil dhaoine " — " How the hatching mother of the grig brought up her bad brood, causing gall and venom in the blood and flesh of people."[7] This seems not a bad popular exposition of microbic infection and blood

[6] Carmina Gadelica, Vol. IV, p. 195.
[7] Ibid, p. 218.

poisoning. I have no doubt that there are genuine specimens of the Eolas or knowledge of the mediaeval school of Hebridean physicians, and anticipate in a vague fashion many modern theories.

Having given snatches, here and there, from the MSS. and Eolases it might be well to compare the writers of these MSS. and the practitioners of their system with the description of the Doctour of Physik in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer describing the various personages who travelled in the convoy to the shrine of St. Thomas.

> Ther was also a Doctour of Physik,
> In al this worlde was ther non him like
> To speke of phisik and of surgerye;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He knew the cause of every maladye,
> Were it of cold, or hete, or moyst, or dryem
> And where they engendred, and of what humour;
> He was a very parfit practisour.
> The cause one knowen and his right measure,
> Anon he gaf the syke man his cure.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Wel knew he the old Esculapius
> And Deiscorides, and eke Rufus;
> Old Ypocras, Haly, and Galien;
> Serapyon, Razis, and Avycen;
> Averrois, Damascen, and Constantyn;
> Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertyn,
> Of his diete mesurable was he,
> For it was of no superfluitee,
> But of gret norishing and digestible.
> His studye was but litel on the Bible.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He kepte that he won in pestilence,
> For gold in physik is a cordial;
> Therefore he loved gold in special.

This was written in or about 1380 and the authors of the

Regimen or the Beaton of Uist might well have sat for the portrait.

The character of the old Highland doctor was well summed up by Dr. George MacKay of Edinburgh in a paper on the ancient medical MSS. " I trust I have said enough to prove to you that the old Highland doctors who prepared and owned these MSS. were not quacks nor incantationists, but men abreast of the science of their day. They ought to be kept in remembrance."

The lore of the Beatons and others like them is I believe the basis of the folk medicine of the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. It became mixed with incantationism and magic, no doubt largely pagan in origin. Having considered the methods and materia medica, as well as other items in their armamentarium, there is still another source of information regarding medical knowledge in our Gaelic-speaking districts, and that is the nomenclature of disease. This was the subject of a contribution by Dr. Cameron Gillies to the Caledonian Medical Journal.[8] He gives a list of names of diseases and diseased states, which extends to over 200 Gaelic names with 166 English equivalents. Many of the duplicates are regional names, others are quite possibly translations of the English equivalents. The remainder are names descriptive of the diseases as known to the Celts, whether of local application or universal.

It is interesting that the commoner diseases have usually the largest number of alternative names, many of them quite distinct from the English equivalents. Diseases are occasionally personified, notably smallpox. It was not considered lucky to speak of " am Breac " in front of the patient. It was called " Am Bean Mhath." Diarrhoea has at least nine names. The basis of many is ruith, and varies according to locality from Ruith gu Cladach to Ruith gu Monadh, as the case might be.

[8] S.M.J., 1898.

The terms Galar and Tinneas are, I think correctly, distinguished by Dr. Gillies, Galar having the significance of disease, while Tinneas even now is restricted to diseases with the underlying idea of astringency or constriction. This suggests a far-off reflection of the mediaeval humours and a diatheses. The study of disease names makes it sometimes possible to identify those of late introduction. In these the name is a translation of the English equivalent. Dr. Gillies' pamphlet well repays study both from the point of view of etymology and the light it throws on the disease, but the few points I have touched on will suffice to strain the limits of the patience of a lay audience.

The earliest survey of the diseases of Scotland which can, in any sense, be called comprehensive is contained in the old Statistical Account of date 1790-1795. It labours under the disadvantage of being compiled almost entirely by the ministers to whom stipends and glebes are generally of more importance than matters of the public health. In spite of that limitation it sheds valuable light on the common diseases. Smallpox is universal and accounts largely for the high infantile death rate. But for smallpox the history of Scotland might have been very different. The extent to which inoculation against smallpox was practised, comes as rather a revelation. On the whole, inoculation is as extensively practised in the Highlands as in the Lowlands. In the Kintail country it is almost universal. The opposition was almost entirely on religious grounds, and was strongest in the districts where the Calvinistic theology of the Church was strongest. It was impious to interfere with Providence by doing anything to prevent a disease which might be a divine chastisement. Consumption was comparatively rare which rather indicates that the present fatality of this disease in certain outlying districts is due to lack of immunity in the population, owing to the disease being of comparatively recent introduction. Measles, for example, when introduced into the islands of the Pacific by traders proved more fatal than even smallpox in Britain. That the

Highlander has not lost the art of intelligently observing disease, is shown by the St. Kildan name for a common cold, Cnatan nan Gall, as epidemics always started after the arrival of the first tourist steamer of the season.

In what I have said I have insisted on the good sense shown in Gaelic medicine, and have not emphasised the magical features which crept in, or perhaps in many instances survived from pagan times, and became more obvious again with the corruption and decay of the civilisation during the Middle Ages.

That the headquarters of the Court Physicians of Scotland were in Islay, Mull or Skye, proves the esteem in which these practitioners were held, and indicates that they were not inferior in skill to their contemporaries elsewhere, and were representatives of a lore which we have no reason to be ashamed of, and which, with our laws and art, constitute the basis of a noteworthy civilisation.

THE CONTINUANCE OF THE CELTIC BRITONS IN WHAT BECAME "SCOT-LAND"

By Rev. ARCHIBALD B. SCOTT, D.D., Chief of the Society

24th November, 1944

The unconquered Celtic Britons held, occupied and ruled what became "Scot-land" at the time of the retreat of the Romans, A.D. 410. Their territory extended from Hadrian's Wall to the Shetlands. The rule of their successive Sovereigns and provincial chiefs was not interrupted until A.D. 839. British society included Hunters, Pastoralists, Agriculturalists, Artificers, a privileged Army, and the clergy of the Ninianic Church.

What happened to these Northern Britons?

The answer intruded into history is—KENNETH (MAC ALPIN) DESTROYED THEM*. This lie was intended to lie the Northern Britons out of existence. Kenneth struck at the army and the ruling-caste of the Britons, but he did not "destroy" the working Britons. His design was to preserve them, and to turn them into serfs to maintain his Dalriad soldiery, the Irish mercenaries and his Romanised Irish clergy. Besides, Kenneth's control extended only to parts of Fortrenn—Perth, Angus and Fife.

Even the Scandinavian Vikings, who gave Kenneth his opportunity, though they made havoc of the British fighting men in many widely separated districts, did not "destroy" the working Britons, but drove them inland, off the coasts, and then usually for a season except as in Orkney or Shetland where they had bases. Large parts of what is now Scotland were not disturbed either by the Scandinavians, or by Kenneth's Dalriads with their Irish allies.

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* Quos, ut diximus cinadius delevit. Addition to the "Pictish Chronicle," Collertine M.S. usually called "A."

If Kenneth had "destroyed" the Northern Britons, the period would have been between A.D. 842 and 848, and the contemporary chronicles would have made some record of such a monstrous achievement; but the lie was not recorded until about A.D. 1300, although it was vaguely hinted at among the Irish Romanist clergy in Scotland about A.D. 1100*. Two hundred and fifty years after Kenneth's time can safely be taken as the date of the rise of the falsehood.

GRAFTING THE LIE INTO HISTORICAL RECORDS

The delicate task of grafting the lie into the historical records was performed by the English Romanists who were the facile agents of the Romanised Irish. It was copied, C.A.D. 1320, by Robert, a scribe of the Archbishop of York, from a motive-tainted addition to the Brechin manuscript of the "Pictish Chronicle." This addition had been made shortly before A.D. 995†.

The authors were the Iro-Romanist clergy, acting in the interests of their patrons, the Dalriad Gaelic Kings, and from their desire to Irishize the Britons of the North in the eyes of other peoples.

The English, taught by Romanists, like Robert of York and Ranulph of Chester, swallowed the fiction, because it suited their own political and ecclesiastical pretensions. These English did not wish to acknowledge that there had been a Brittonic State and an organised people with rights of their own. Also, in their own ecclesiastical sphere, they had no wish to revive the memory that it had been a Christian State ministered to by the clergy of the Ninianic Church before either the Gaels or the Angles emerged from heathenism. Indeed, the first Christian teachers to the Gaels and Angles had been ministers of the Ninianic Church of the Britons.

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* See St. Berchan stanza 18.

† In the reign of Kenneth Mac Malcolm who "consigned" the Brito-Celtic Church of Brechin to the successors of the Irish Romanised clergy who had been brought in by Kenneth Mac Alpin 150 years earlier.

The audacity of the lie about "destruction" of the Britons is shown by the Irish Romanists themselves. In the record where it occurs they state that not until A.D. 995—Kenneth Mac Malcolm reigning—were the Gaels and their Irish Clergy able to establish themselves in the "great" City of Brechin. This city had been a "great" centre of the Brito-Celtic Church centuries before a Gael had set foot in Northern Britain. If it took over one hundred and fifty years for Scotic authority to reach from Fortrenn (Perthshire) to Brechin in Angus, Brittonic resistance, so far from being "destroyed," was very active and strong. Kenneth Mac Malcolm intruded his Romanist clergy into Brechin, but the adventure cost him his life, at the instigation of a member of the British ruling family, Cincar's daughter.

THE KENNETH MAC ALPIN OF HISTORY

When first viewed, shortly before A.D. 839, Kenneth is lurking on the shores of Argyll, nursing the idea of reviving the Kingdom of Dalriad Argyll, picturing himself as its "king." The British governor of Argyll, Aed, and his Sovereign Owain were in the way. He had gathered into his following rebel Dalriads with Irish sympathies, and he had Irish mercenaries from Oriel, but prospects were darkening, because other Dalriads had designs on ruling Argyll.

Suddenly the prospect cleared. In A.D. 839 a Viking fleet raided the shores of Tay. The "Men of the Earn"—direct descendants of the Brittonic Caledonians who had fought the Romans—lined up to drive the Teutonic heathen back into the sea. The "Men of the Earn" were led by Owain, Sovereign of the Federated Britons, assisted by Bran, his brother, Aed, the sovereign's deputy in Dalriada, and others. The Britons were defeated. Their leaders were slain. The remnant of the army fell back.

This disaster was Kenneth Mac Alpin's golden chance. Before the ashes of the Scandinavian burnings had cooled, Kenneth Mac Alpin, with his Dalriads and Irish Caterans,

rushed into Fortrenn from the rear and completed the discomfiture of the "Men of the Earn" for the time being. No petty kingship in Dalriada now for Kenneth; he proclaimed himself "King" of Fortrenn—not, be it noted, Sovereign of the Federated Northern Britons.

In this lucky venture Kenneth "destroyed" very little. The Vikings had already achieved this, and mainly fighting men perished.

The Britons of the Central province were not finished. Kenneth had a new title, but his position was not secure. The Britons rallied in Angus under Ferad (Wrad), the newly-elected Sovereign. From A.D. 839 to 842, Kenneth tried to keep his footing in the East of Perthshire. Briton and Gael had fought indecisively at Pitscandby, in Angus, A.D. 841. Negotiations were proposed. The Britons from the Earn and Angus elected a Judge-President to act with Ferad, the Military leader. A "friendly Council" at Scone followed, but treachery was in the air. Kenneth saw in the Council an opportunity to get rid of the British leaders. As the joint Council sat down, the British leaders were precipitated into a pit and slain, "in the midst of Scone of the high shields" *.

"The foul deed was foully done." Kenneth had "destroyed" the British delegates to a Council, but not the Britons.

Kenneth imagined that the Britons would now be his easy victims. He proceeded to carry out his policy of using the British workers to feed his indolent Dalriad and Irish garrison. It did not succeed, because "twelve times" during his reputed reign of fifteen years the Britons resisted him in pitched battles. Supplies were at times so short for Kenneth that he was impelled to send raiders down the Valley of the Forth to plunder the English in the Lothians.

Kenneth kept court at Forteviot, not daring to live at Scone with its memories of his treachery against the Britons. Around him were the Irish Romanist clergy, tireless in their aim to Irishize the Britons, and incidentally to make them good subjects of Kenneth, their patron.

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* St. Berchan, Stanzas XIX-XX. (Skene's transcript).

EFFECT ON THE GOVERNMENT OF NORTH BRITAIN

The irruption of the Dalriad Gaels and the kindred Irish into Fortrenn (Perthshire) disrupted the Federation of the Northern Britons, but it did not "destroy" the local government of the remaining Provinces.

Recall what the government of the Northern Britons had been when Kenneth appeared. Each of the eleven Provinces of Britain north of Antonine's Wall had been ruled by a Chief with full local power under the Sovereign. These Provinces had been united in a Federation. The Sovereign of the Federation was elected by the Chiefs of the Provinces from their own number while meeting in Council. The Council might be, and were, assisted by the Judges and the learned men. Only men of pure British blood could sit in the Council. The nominee for the Sovereignty was required to have a mother who belonged to the ruling-caste of the Britons. In long periods of peace the Sovereign might be Judge-President of the Federation, but when the State was threatened he became Military leader.

Kenneth Mac Alpin disrupted Federal action. To prevent the British Provinces from acting together, he settled his Iro-Dalriad garrison along the line of the river Earn, and cut Northern Britain into two political halves. Each Province was compelled to take its own line of procedure under its own Chief.

If times had been normal, the Britons of the North and those to the South could have risen simultaneously and crushed Kenneth between their forces. But times were not normal, because the Scandinavians Vikings with their lightning raids were keeping the Provincials tied to their own defences. Kenneth discerned that the Scandinavians were aiding his plans for frustrating British unity. So did the Scandinavians themselves, and they made Kenneth and his successors pay tribute to them. Two years after the death of his brother and successor, A.D. 864, the Scandinavians took hostages* in Fortrenn in pledge of the tribute. Two years later the Scandinavians again raided

* Duald Mac Firbis. Fragment III.

Fortrenn and took hostages* in pledge of tribute. This time, as the Gaels had defaulted, the tribute was exacted from the Britons who, so far from being "destroyed," were the only producers in Fortrenn. This would leave the Dalriad and Irish soldiery short, as they were already living on the produce of the Britons.

Along with Kenneth's soldiery, his "black army" of Irish Romanist clergy also felt the pinch of this bare period. The Britons ignored them, and the clergy of the Brito-Celtic Church would not give up their properties to endow them. These Irish clergy denounced the Britons and ventured to declare that God had made them alien from and void of their heritage by reason of their "wickedness." The "wickedness" of the Britons consisted in celebrating the Lord's Supper in the Apostolic way, and in adhering to the ancient Paschal date, rejecting the Roman innovation. The Britons also refused† to range themselves with "others" under the law as administered by Kenneth. The "others" were the Irish and Gaels. All this is evidence that the Britons adhered to their own ancient laws in Church and State and declined to be Irishized.

KENNETH AND THE BRITO-CELTIC CHURCH

Kenneth, at the instigation of the Romanized Irish clerics that he brought with him, set himself to "destroy" the Ninianic Church of the Britons in Fortrenn, and to appropriate the endowments to maintain his own Romanists. This policy, in course of time, had a curious and unforeseen effect on Kenneth's scheme to keep the control of the Northern Britons in the hands of an Alpin line of kings. Kenneth's Romanised Irish clergy were his political pioneers in Fortrenn. Their mission was to reconcile the Britons to Kenneth's regal power, and to an Alpin line of kings for the future. The method followed by these clerics was to present themselves at the gates of some centre of the ancient Brito-Celtic Church. If they were allowed to evict the Brittonic ministers, and to occupy the Monastic Church,

* Annals of Ulster, s.a. 866.

† Latin addition to the "Pictish Chronicle" sometimes quoted as Chronicle "A."

all went well. If the British ministers refused to recognise them, the Romanists set up a rival establishment nearby, and Kenneth's soldiery were called in to "protect" them.

Kenneth had his eye on the endowments of the Monastic Church of Dunkeld, and this was singled out for occupation. To "sanctify" the occupied Church, in Roman style, he procured some of the now numerous "relics" of Columcille. Kenneth's bishop was Tuathal Mac Artgus, but Dunkeld was a Monastic Church, and Tuathal* was intended to "occupy" as abbot and administer as a Monarchic, diocesan bishop—first of such a type in North Britain. His diocese was to be "Alban," although only one province, and part of another, was under Kenneth's control. Kenneth and his successors were content to style their bishop "Abbot† of Dunkeld and Chief Bishop of Fortrenn." All this pretension did not impress the Britons. They adhered to their own Abbot at the Church of Constantine.

Kenneth's bishopric of Dunkeld was an utter failure. The Britons formed a majority of the population, and the Iro-Roman bishop was left to act as a mere garrison-chaplain to Kenneth's Gaelic soldiery.

Then the Brito-Celtic ministers—cut off though they were from ministerial supply—resisted. Dunkeld had not been one of the more ancient Ninianic Churches, but it had been in existence before A.D. 789. Unlike many other Brito-Celtic Monastic Churches it had been handsomely endowed. Between A.D. 789 and 820, Constantine Mac Fergus, Sovereign of the Britons, had built a new Church for the British Monastics, furnishing it with ample revenue. Kenneth's needy Romanists were in search of maintenance. They imagined that, with Kenneth's soldiers standing by, the Brito-Celtic Monastics of Dunkeld and their abbot would allow themselves to be superseded, or would conform to Romanism under Kenneth's bishop. The Britons and their Monastic clergy resisted. They knew that they could not resist indefinitely, in view of Kenneth's pressure, and their isolation from the sources of Ministerial supply.

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* Died A.D. 865.

† This part of his title was intended to signify that he would displace the British Abbot, Crinan's grandfather.

The Brito-Celtic ministers devised a counter-stroke. They secularised the Monastic properties, vested them in their abbot to be hereditary in his family, and arranged for religious services to be conducted by British Monastics as the Abbot's Vicars. This is what happened elsewhere—at Abernethy, St. Andrews and in Strath Clyde. The Vicars continued and were classed with the Cele De — men dedicated to God's "service."

By forcing the Abbot of the Britons of Dunkeld to become a secular lord, Kenneth did not foresee trouble for his successors or disturbance of the Alpin line. Kenneth had really given the Britons of Fortrenn a local leader, round whom they could rally. The abbots, in co-operation with others of British stock, acquired so much power in Fortrenn that they treated with the Gaels and their kings on an equal footing, and even pressed their views about the royal succession with armed force.

Thus it came about that, after the death of Aed, Kenneth's son, A.D. 878, a Briton Giric (Grig) was placed on the throne of Fortrenn. Again, between A.D. 962 and 966, Duncan, British lay Abbot of Dunkeld, fell, at the head of the Fortrenn Britons, in an attempt to settle which of the two claimants should continue to occupy Kenneth Mac Alpin's throne. Further, when Kenneth's line was reduced to Bethoc, daughter of Malcolm II, Crinan, the Abbot of Dunkeld, married her: and, afterwards, the royal line became the line of Crinan, the Briton.

The future opened out other opportunities for the Britons, who were supposed to be "destroyed," to assert their power. About A.D. 1000, Scandinavian pressure on the coasts relaxed; and the Britons of the great Province of Moray could look about, and survey what inroads the descendants of the Gaelic and Irish garrison had made to the southward, since Kenneth's time. The chief of the Britons of Moray in this period was Rhydderch (G. Ruadry). His grandson, Macbeth, leading the Britons of Moray, Mar, and Buchan, taught the Gaelic ruling-caste that the British folk were not prepared to submit to the descendants of Kenneth's garrison, even though they were led by the son of a British abbot. Crinan the abbot was fighting for his family, rather than for his fellow Britons, when he fell in battle, A.D. 1045.

Nevertheless, the battle indicated that the "destroyed" Britons were numerous enough to engage in civil war.

During Macbeth's reign, A.D. 1040-1057, the numbers and strength of the British folk were seen and felt all over Northern Britain, from the Borders to Caithness. The power and numbers of the Gaelic ruling-caste had receded from the centre of affairs: but the power and numbers of the Britons had increased. So much was this the case, that, on Macbeth's death, it was neither Dalraid nor Irish influence that raised Malcolm III, Mac Duncan, of Crinan's line, to the throne; but military aid* from Siward, earl of Northumbria.

After Malcolm III had married Margaret, he made an astute use of the secularised Brito-Celtic abbacy of Dunkeld. It came about in this way. Malcolm's power and position were not too secure. If he were to keep and consolidate the Lothians, and other fruits of the battle of Carham, won by Malcolm III, it was necessary that he should be in the field, and absent from Fife and Fortrenn for considerable periods.

He had antagonised the Britons of Moray who had appointed their own King. Many of the Britons in the South had appreciated the enlightened rule of Macbeth.

Malcolm's policy was to keep the Britons of the South on his side. For this purpose, he divested himself of the title and property of the Brito-Celtic abbacy of Dunkeld, and bestowed these on Aethelred, his third son by Margaret, making him also governor of Fife. This manoeuvre was not only a recognition of the British majority in Fortrenn and Fife but a dissociation of himself and his family from the descendants of Kenneth Mac Alpin's garrison and their Irish affinities. Romanised English clergy and English speech took this opportunity to reassert themselves in the Lothians and Fife; and they brought English speech and manners with them.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE BRITISH FOLK

When Kenneth Mac Alpin and his Iro-Dalriad soldiery entered Fortrenn, they found the Britons organized for economic and social purposes in a system that had been

* Chronicle of Carlisle and Chronicle of Melrose s.a. 1054.

ancient when the Romans appeared. Though Kenneth disrupted the Federation of the British Provinces and substituted for the Sovereign of the Federation his own local kingship of two provinces, he was too weak to "destroy" the economic and social laws of a people far more numerous than his own. Kenneth, his successors, and their Gaelic garrison were compelled to adapt themselves to the economic and social usage which prevailed in every British family. Kenneth might fight the British military, but he could not afford to quarrel with the British workers, because he depended on them for supplies to himself, his garrison, and his Irish clergy.

The system which Kenneth and his successors faced is now insufficiently understood. The Britons had lived in two main classes — the governing-caste and the workers. It was impossible to pass from one class to the other. The governing-caste contained the Sovereign, the Judges, "Wise Men," Provincial Chiefs, Bards, Genealogists, Collectors of Tax, Administrators of food-contributions to the governing class, and Officers and Men of the Standing Army. Classed with the latter were Armourers and Chariot-Smiths. On the other hand, Artificers and workers in gold or silver ranked with the king's or chief's retinue.

Land belonged to the Tribe or Clan. Small portions of land only, usually around fortified residences, were reserved for chiefs; and these were usually managed by younger sons, in order that elders should be free for military duties. The workers were not allowed to bear arms; consequently, the Sovereign, the Chiefs, and the Military were obliged to protect them.

The workers were arranged in several classes. The chief class was the Taeogs.* These taeogion worked the lands assigned to each tribe. Cultivated land was changed every three years. The taeogs raised food for the tribe, including themselves. Although they did not own land they had fixity of home and location. Graded socially with the taeogion

* The diphthong in this word tended to a y in utterance. Hence Scottish tiac, and the proper names Diach, Doag, and the English slang "tyke." In place names "thyoa."

were the Cillion.* These Cillion were "honourable strangers" of British blood who through marriage or friendship had settled within the tribe. Taeogion and Cillion provided not cultivators only, but cattle-breeders, herdsmen, foresters, fishers and hunters. As neither class was allowed to bear arms, the governing-caste provided guards for the crops and cattle-folds, in time of danger. Together, the Taeogion and Cillion formed the majority in the British State; and they exerted great influence upon the people, because they controlled supplies.

Bod-dwellers† and Caeth represented another but less responsible section of workers. From them, such casual labour as the Communities might require was drawn.

The Bod-dwellers were provided with sites for homes. They might keep small domestic animals, but no oxen. They could cultivate the local patch attached to the site. They were free to give their labour to anyone in the tribal area. Their dwellings were grouped on the fringes of the arable or pastoral holdings, sometimes at a fishing settlement on the edge of loch, river, or sea.

One memory, connected with them, deserves to be cherished. When S. Ninian and his workers came to North Britain to introduce Christ's teaching, they aimed at provoking no opposition from those who had an interest in the ground. Therefore, they presented themselves in "the form of servants," and craved to be treated as the humble bod-dwellers with a site for a hut on the fringe of the townships, or even on the brink of the sea, where so many Ninianic sites were.

The Caeth were the least stabilised of the British workers. The Government and the people tolerated them, but granted them no voice in the State, and no holdings on the land. The Government simply left them to find their own livelihood, although many individuals are known to have granted them privileges.

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* The word survives as "Keelies." It was applied to residents in British Glasgow; because so many had settled there from rural parts during the industrial period.

† Bod means fixed dwelling. It survives in British place-names from Cornwall to Moray and Caithness. "Bothie" is a northern diminutive.

The defect about the Caeth, in the eyes of the Britons, was that they had not pure British blood. They were mixed — sprung from descendants of the primitive settlers in Britain, from captives taken in war by land or sea, and from men or women expelled from other lands.

These Caeth made their homes in all sorts of easily secured dwellings, from caves to tents. Some of them were more or less stationary near Communities or tribal centres; others were "Wanderers." They were also described as attech (athech) elusive, skulking. They throve and multiplied. More than once in history, their numbers became a menace to the State and people.

The Caeth had to struggle hard. As a consequence their wits and faculties were highly developed. They became a keenly adventurous section of the people, feeling no particular gratitude to the country of their birth, because they had been excluded from many of its benefits.

The Roman "drives" in Southern Britain had been responsible for driving in many of the ancestors of the Caeth into Northern Britain. Yet, the Roman recruiting officers were the first to perceive the value of the Caeth. When Rome was compelled to comb Europe for men to fight her battles on the Continent, her officers turned to such Caeth in North Britain as they could entice to the Eagles. They offered a place in the army, and the citizenship that followed. Many of the attech-caeth answered, and the battalions formed and sent to the Continent came to be known in history as "Atte-cotti."* The Romans had no reason to regret this experiment. Over and above the sections of the North Britons that have been named, were settlements of British seamen descended mostly from the Manapioi, the Brigantes, and the Otadinoi. These were settled at the harbours on the Forth and Clyde coasts, on the West Coast, and throughout the Western Isles to the Orkneys. These sea-farers were

* The reader will perceive that in this name the Romans took the Epithets attech and caeth which they had heard applied to their recruits and compounded them into a proper name, Attecotti. The supposition that the Attecotti belonged to "Galloway" is untenable. They were spread over all the British provinces. Besides, "Galloway" was neither a district nor name of this period.

subjects of the Sovereign of the federated land-tribes, but they had their own leaders and an occupational organization. They also had their own seamen's laws, discipline, customs; and, up to the introduction of Christianity, their own religion.

These seafarers were the carriers for their fellow-Britons in peace and war. They traded exports, brought home imports, and there is evidence that they were not above indulging in piracy. Their home was on the deep; but they took care that their harbours were covered by some of the strongest forts in Britain. Their ships had been bigger and better than the Roman ships — well found, well manned, and well sailed. The seamanship of the Manapioi was known and admired from the mouths of the Rhine to the Pillars of Hercules.

These British sailors kept command of the British seas until the coming of the Scandinavian raiders with a different type of ship, built to carry troops and machines for assault. These troops could be heavily or lightly armed, at will. They were trained to attack in swiftly moving detachments from various landing-places, bewildering their anxious opponents, spreading confusion and panic in the civil population, and when disorder was at its height, swinging the mobile detachments into mass, for over-whelming attack. The army of the Britons had never been trained for such lightning tactics, and took years to devise suitable and adequate defence. The worker population, who had been taught to depend on the army, could only save their lives by flight into the inland Valleys. They also took law into their own hands; and added weapons to their implements; and, on occasions, could even rush to the assistance of the regular soldiers.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE NORTHERN BRITONS

The speech of all Britain was Celtic, and was of a piece with the Celtic language used by the Gauls throughout Belgica, Lugdunensis, and Aquitania.* After the Britons had become detached from their Continental brethren, their

* Sequania and certain small areas in Aquitania may not be included.

speech, in common use, grew more condensed than on the Continent, and case-endings were slowly dropped. British speech had one outstanding feature; it used P for Aryan Qu in contrast to the Gaels who used C; and these Gaels, the Britons were to meet later in their history.

When the Romans came to Southern Britain, B.C. 55, British speech prevailed from the Isle of Wight to the Shetland Isles. The historical evidence is Nennius† and his interpreter. Britons ruled the Island from sea to sea, "filling it up," explained as from the sea of the Isle of Wight to the Sea of Orkney. Confirmation of Nennius is given by the surviving basic place-names which are in the Brittonic tongue from Cornwall to Caithness.

Ninian's Gaulish companions did not find Brittonic speech a foreign tongue.

The currency of Brittonic in Northern Britain is shown by the historical list of Sovereigns of the Federation, written up after A.D. 842. This document fell into the hands of one of the intruded Irish Gaelic clerics at Brechin between A.D. 977 and 995. This Gael incorporated as good a transcript as he could make into a document called the "Pictish Chronicle." He was less keen on making his transcript than in adding a preface and a Sequel, designed to show the continuity of the Dalriad kings with the Sovereigns of North Britain. The Gael was a skilled penman, but though he furnished evidence of the North British Sovereigns and their British names and reigns, he unintentionally disclosed that he had no working knowledge of the Britonnic speech that he could hear around him in Brechin daily. Proper-names, epithets, and prepositions, all purely British, were written mechanically, not intelligently. Sometimes, he gave a Gaelic veneer to some great name, and treated a title as a personal name. "Maglo-cunus," still current between A.D. 516-70, had been shorn of its case-endings to "Maelgun" by the Cymry (who had lived in, and had departed from the Forth area) and this was the current form of the name; but the Gaelic scribe at Brechin gave it an Irish veneer and made it Mailcon, changing the meaning of the name, as the Gaels have changed so many other Brittonic names in North

† Nennius, 10, 20. Nennius Interpretatus 10.

Britain. Every impact of a foreign tongue on British speech affected it more or less. The first impact came from the C-using Gaels. It came on British speech in Ireland; because the South (including Munster), and East of Ireland, from Cork Harbour to Ulster, had been occupied, settled, and ruled by Britons who had been pressed across the Irish Channel by the successive waves of Gaulish Celts who "filled up" the Main Island.

When the Gaels began to settle in West Cork and Kerry c B.C. 400, they found most of the South and all the East of Ireland controlled by Brittonic Celts. The Gaels had not organised their military machine until the first decade of the Christian era. For a long time, any effect of Gaelic on Iro-British was mostly felt on the Western fringes of contact. But Eochaidh Muighmheadoin, A.D. 358-365, gained control of the Central and Eastern plains, planted a barrier of Gaels between the Iro-Britons of Leinster and Ulster and fixed his seat at the rath of Tara instead of "Teamhair of the Kings." Then the Gaels were in a position to force some of their speech on the Iro-Britons. About A.D. 465, the grandsons of this Eochaid had advanced their soldiery into the North-West and through the central North of Ireland, behind the Iro-British Kingdom of Ulster. The frontiers of Ulster were rigidly closed to these Gaels; and the Iro-British speech and the social life of the Ulster people were preserved from Gaelic taint. But in the North-East corner of Ireland, there was a strip of territory occupied by the descendants of Cairbre Righfada's settlers, known later as the Irish Dalriads. These submitted to their new neighbours, the Gaels, and allowed their speech to be more or less Gaelicised.

Between A.D. 498-506, emigrants, seeking relief from the Gaelic pressure on their little territory, crossed the Channel to the peninsula of the Epidioi in Northern Britain, now known as Cantyre. These Dalriads carried their Gaelicised Iro-British on to the shores of Argyll and planted what became "Scottish Gaelic," or as it used to be called "Erse" (Irish). It was this Gaelic that Kenneth Mac Alpin, with the aid of the Romanised Irish clergy, aimed at imposing on the British folk of what is now Perthshire, A.D. 839-42. This introduction of Gaelic into North Britain had both a subversive and destructive effect on British speech; because it

was operated by an alien Irish ruling-caste, and by the alien Romanised clergy who took full advantage of the wreck of the Monastic educational establishments, and the supply-centres of the Brittonic ministers by the pagan Scandinavians.

The next impact on the speech of the Britons began after B.C. 55 and came from the Romans. It was not destructive. Latins respected British speech frequently. They borrowed from it at times, and added to it and enriched it. Many Latin words relating to pacts, public bodies and officials, military works, roads, Law and order, cities and agricultural areas, and personal names, or epithets, were absorbed into the daily speech of the Britons. After the time of the Greek-speaking Emperor Constantine Chlorus and his court, Greek words appear. It should not be overlooked that "Trader's Greek" would be more frequently used than Latin by the Gallo-Greek-speaking mariners trading at the West Coast ports. About A.D. 150, Ptolemy of Alexandria presented both Britons and Romans with a most exhaustive and descriptive list of British places and their positions*, retaining the British names but dressing them up in Greek. These places and their names he had learned from the Mariners and traders who frequented the Mediterranean ports. Latin did not affect British speech North of Antonine's Wall, although there is evidence that it was used there. The Northern Britons kept and guarded their own speech all the more jealously that they did not love the Romans.

Before the Romans had finished their influence on South British speech, an organised body of visitors, who wished to be dissociated from everything Roman, decided to take up the speech of the Britons, and to use it to carry and express Christ's teaching. This organisation, at first small, was led by the Briton S. Ninian, and began its work at Candida Casa, in North Britain, A.D. 397. S. Ninian and his Gaulish helpers, speaking a language kindred to Brittonic, aimed at carrying their message throughout the British Island, and into the families of the British people

* Place-names and positions are correct in relation one to the other; but latitude and longtitude wrong, owing to the Ptolemaic error which swings Northern Britain to the East and the Orkneys to the West. See my "Pictish Nation," p. 80.

wherever a door might be opened. Ninian and his workers were simple-living Monastics, of Celtic type, highly cultured, gifted penmen, ready, by any sacrifice, to teach the Gospel to the Northern Britons in their own speech. They succeeded. Brittonic speech in the North was enriched. New words were added, and old words received new and elevated application. Ninian's teachers, or their successors, filled a field of effort that reaches from Yorkshire to the utmost Islands of the British seas. They crossed the North Channel to the Iro-Britons of Ulster, and stepping over their border, offered the Gospel to the Gaels of the Northern Clan Niall.

The designation papa incorporated into the speech of the Britons from Gaul was derived by the Christians there from the early Christians of Asia Minor. This designation survives in place-names to-day from Southern Britain on to Iceland, and shows not only the extent of the work of the Christian missionaries but the range of the Brittonic speech which they used.

Another word borrowed from the East by the Britons was Cor. It designated the chorus circle of the Brito-Celtic monasteries that maintained the "Perpetual Praise." The word was later compounded with the Brittonic word Ban —making Ban-cor, written "Bangor." This compound name was applied to the larger Monastic Communities of the Brito-Celtic Church where Churches, Schools and "Perpetual Praise" were maintained by the Brothers of the Establishments. More than twenty sites of these Bangors are known in North Britain alone, and they extend from South Britain to the Moray Firth and West Ross. The pagan Norse erased sites further North. These Bangor-sites show not only the range of the teaching of British speech, but the range of British Education where classical tongues were written and spoken, and arts and crafts and agriculture taught. This speech of the Northern Britons which had been enriching itself with words from the older cultures was staggered and halted in its growth after A.D. 794. For two hundred years, roughly from that date, the Britons of Northern Britain and their speech were periodically submerged, for seasons at a time, by the pagan Norse and Danes, speaking the Nordic tongues, now represented by

Icelandic. Each successive summer brought massacre, burning, looting, outrage and captivity to some part of British territory in the East, the North and the West. The Iro-British of Ulster suffered with their other kin. All over, shores were cleared of Britons who sought shelter in the inland Valleys.

The special fury of these Nordic pagans was directed against the Monastic brothers of the Brito-Celtic Church who ministered in religion, taught in the schools, or copied and circulated the Manuscripts. Where they were not slain, or burned with their books and bells, these Monastics fled and became wanderers. The light of Faith and Knowledge was eclipsed. Cut off from culture, isolated from the Cymric Britons, separated even from neighbouring Britons, the British people of the North saw their Brittonic speech shrinking into a domestic patois before three generations had passed.

In A.D. 842, when Kenneth Mac Alpin seized the government of British Fortrenn, the Scandinavian devastations and victories over the Britons had cleared the way for him. Equally, these had cleared a way for Kenneth's Romanizing clergy and their Irish speech. It was as much their aim to impose this foreign tongue on the Britons as it was Kenneth's to impose his Irish type of government.

For one hundred and fifty odd years, until the "Conversion" of the Scandinavian pagans, Kenneth's clergy, wherever they could penetrate, North of Fortrenn, spared no pains in imposing their Irish speech on the British folk. Sometimes their speech was Irish Gaelic, sometimes the Iro-Dalriad dialect of Irish Gaelic, according as the clerics and teachers were from the Romanizing centres of Armagh, Kells, Iona or Dunkeld.

The sort of dialect that Iro-Dalriad Gaelic had become, c A.D. 1085, can be seen in the "Myth" of Deer, and certain Memoranda of grants entered on the blank pages of a Gospel of earlier date—all known as the "Book of Deer." The six "Scottish-Gaelic" entries are finished with the copy of an alleged proclamation by David I, now called "King of Scots." David's Writs did not run in Moray and Buchan before A.D. 1130, and only with difficulty for a considerable time after.

All the Entries, considered with the authors and clients, suggest a "confusion of tongues" at Deer, c A.D. 1085, about which time the first Entry was made. The first scribe, and myth-spinner, attempts to justify appropriation of the original endowments of S.S. Drostan's and Colm's Brito-Celtic monastery by the intruding Gaelic clerics. He had so little knowledge of Brittonic that he equates "Deer," the place of the oak-grove, with the Dalriad Gaelic for "tear." He introduces among the donors two royal Dalriads who never had control of an inch of land in Moray or Buchan. The second scribe is responsible for Entries 3 and 4 c. A.D. 1131-32. At this time, David I had, with Norman aid, asserted partial control in Buchan and parts of lower Moray. Among the witnesses whom he cites is Cormac, the conformed bishop of Dunkeld, who shares in the plunder; Nechtan, a conformed Briton; Leot, a Norse Christian; Alfwin, an Anglo-Saxon half-breed — all representing a generous variety of speech. His most interesting witness is "Domangart," schoolmaster (lector) at St. Comgan's Monastery at Turriff.

The third scribe introduces two Scandinavian half-breeds, Colban, who is Mormaer of Buchan by right of his wife Eva, and Duncan, Sithech's son, who is captain of the Clan Morgan (in Moray), the most ancient of the Brittonic clans. This entry suggests that the Scandinavian invasions had left numbers of permanent settlers, and that inter-marriage between British and Norse had become frequent after the "Conversion" of the Scandinavians. Again, there would be a mixing of speech in daily life.

The fourth scribe enters what professes to be a copy of a declaration by David I. The Entry is in Latin. The "King of Scots" addresses "his true men." Not a word of "Scots," that is Irish, escapes from him, although he was protecting Gaelic clerics; not a word of Brittonic, although the notables and people of Deer were, or had been, donors of the properties under consideration; not a word of English, although it was his mother-tongue, and he had been rigidly taught and trained by it, and was an English baron.

In this instance, three of the witnesses cited are English-speaking bishops. Someone concerned evaded all current

forms of speech, and took refuge in Latin, as if the "Confusion of tongues" had not mystified the Britons sufficiently.

The intrusion of the Gaelic Dalriad clergy into the property of S.S. Drostan's and Colm's Monastery at Deer was a failure. These clergy failed to get the confidence of the British folk, and they failed to impose their Gaelic speech upon them. Before seventy-two years had passed, from the last Entry, William Comyn, now "Earl" of Buchan, founded a new monastery, of Roman type, at Deer, in A.D. 1218, and furnished it with English-speaking monks. This was the result of the policy favoured by the same David I, who is cited as befriending the Gaelic intruders. The English-speaking "laird," with notions of feudal control, and the English-speaking monarchic bishop became the agents of the Scotic kings in controlling the British folk. The result on the speech of the people was seen before a few generations had passed. English, not Gaelic, became the convenient tongue of the British folk on the East Coast of Northern Britain, and British speech survived only in family circles, or was blended with Colloquial English. What happened at Deer happened up and down the East Coast.

Even in the time of the Gaelic Entries in the "Book of Deer," these give evidence of the currency of British speech. In the Entries, the chief administrative officer is still the Brittonic Maer ; the occupied divisions of arable land are still the Brittonic pett (pet), "portion" arranged by British law. The cultivators had still the chief's Melin at which to grind. (The Gaelic scribe writes "Mulenn" in the oblique case.) Malcolm's father, "Molin," is the modern Milne (Milner), the Miller, who was one of the Uchel class among the Britons. In contrast to this free-holder, is "Tralin" (the thrall), father of Girc. Tralin had possibly been captured by the Scandinavians, hence the designation. The homestead was still tre-, (seen in Altrie). The religious establishment is still regarded as the collection of the British monastic "cells." The Gaelic scribe writes of parent-monasteries as "ard-chellaib."

Those who imagine that Brittonic speech disappeared will find it still existing, much nearer to themselves than in

mediæval documents. It continues to be represented in the intimate, domestic speech of a majority of the families of Northern Britain. The child that speaks of "dad" and "mam"; the mother that speaks of her "boy"; the child that goes out to see the "buw-cow"; the nurse who frightens the child with the "bwci-bo"; the farmer who calls the gwasoc to take a "bag" of potatoes to his "kimmer" (cymar); the housewife who puts the bread in the "croc," and pours hot water into a "pig"; the maid who fills the "pot" and hangs it on the "crook"; the lad who crosses the "Inver" in a "punt" to tow back the "coble"; the border shepherd who ascends the "crugyn," surveys the sheep and counts them in traditional Brittonic numerals; the lady who puts on her "gown" and goes out with her "basket" to gather flowers by the "Allen," under the "craig," are all using words that have been preserved from the Brittonic speech of their ancestors. Though the Northern Britons elected to adopt English speech, they also refused to give up many of their own words that were either dear or expressive, and these they have interwoven with the colloquial English of to-day.

Had these Northern Britons a literature or oral epic? They had. Where is it? The pagan Scandinavians*, who destroyed every Brittonic writing on which they could lay hands, alone can answer.

Before St. Ninian came, teaching Christianity and the new writing, A.D. 397, it is doubtful if any lengthy Brittonic mental product was put into script; because British song, story and tradition were preserved in memory by specialists, like the bards and derwyddon in their colleges, and published by the living voice. The Christian teachers taught how to write down the Gospel, as well as proclaim it, and there is evidence that their pupils quickly used the new writing to preserve other subjects of mental and moral interest.

Nennius, who wrote A.D. 796 (making use of documents half a century earlier), mentions five writers famed in British poetry. Others he does not mention, perhaps their works were unknown to him. Among those named are

* From the early ninth century onwards.

Taliessin and Aneirin; among those not mentioned is Merddin* (called "Merlin"). Taliessin knew North Britain and its "heroes," but he belonged to the southern Britons. On the other hand, both Aneirin and Merddin belonged to North Britain. They wrote in the language of their own British folk. Aneirin was the poet of the Otadinoi Britons, who lived between the coast-lands of the Forth and what is now Northumberland. Aneirin composed the Gododin, to commemorate the exploits of the fighting men of the "Otadinoi" up to the last stand made under their own chiefs at "Cattraeth" (Gal-traeth)† believed to be the ascent from the beach at Callender, near Falkirk. This poem is mentioned because it represents the quality and content of Brittonic speech throughout the Northern section of Britain towards the end of the sixth century.

Merddin was the poet of the Britons of the Southern Uplands. These Britons, under a local chief, Gwenddolau ap Ceidio, continued the pagan reaction against Christianity, in the time of Rhydderch, King of Strath-Clyde and S. Kentigern.

Merddin's poetry is represented in the Avallenau,‡ and by various literary fragments. His poetry is more subjective than the poetry of Aneirin, and it shows the tender and passionate nature of the speech used throughout North Britain.

The English romanticists have thrown back the activities of Merddin into the period before A.D. 537, in order that he might figure in King Arthur's retinue as "Merlin." That is only a literary device and unhistorical.

The historical Merddin needed no setting in romance to add to the glamour of his life. When he joined the heathen reactionaries, he had glimmerings that he had taken the wrong side. He sees his sister Gwendydd, whom he loved, stand aloof from him. He hears the Chiefs of King Rhydderch denounce him. Uneasy, he marches against the

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* Myrddin. The y tended to e.

† This battle was fought in some year between A.D. 573 and A.D. 580, the year in which Peretur, one of the leaders, died.

‡ Transcribed and modernised to the current speech early in the 12th century.

Christians, the bard's torque shining on his neck. Gwenddolau leads, and battle* begins. The result is the utter defeat of the heathen, and the death of Gwenddolau.

The shock of disaster drove Merddin out of his mind, and he became a wanderer in the Woods of Celyddon. He was in this state so long that "spectres of the forest frighted him not."

Then S. Kentigern, on one of his visits into the Uplands, came upon Merddin. He had compassion on the demented bard and restored him to sanity and Faith. At the "Altar Stone," by the Stobo road, the Saint re-admitted him to Communion with his Lord, and served him with the Bread and Wine of the Sacrament. Some time after this, a field-worker, who knew nothing of Merddin's restoration, met him at one of the fords of the Upper Tweed. At sight of the bard of the heathen, the man panicked and became violent, and struck Merddin down as an enemy is stricken.

The romanticists see Merddin as a bard and Master of Wisdom ; the British Christian saw in him the Voice of the last intellectual protest against Christianity by an educated heathen ; the field-worker saw him as one of the ancient derwyddon returned to work evil on the people by his spells.

The rich literary language represented by the work of Merddin did not perish with him. It passed into the oral traditions of all the Britons—North and South.

The weavers of fables invested Merddin's personality with mystical and magical powers, and worked him into the accounts of Arthur's heroes, some of whom belonged to Merddin's locality. From Moray to Cornwall these oral tales circulated. They were carried to Brittany by the Britons who went into Aremorica to find refuge, towards the end of the sixth century. There the traditions were further elaborated and given local colouring.

About A.D. 1150, the traditions, with additions, came back to Britain in Manuscript, and in due course became the inspiration of the Romantic literature relating to Merddin, King Arthur, and his "Men of the North," namely North Britain.

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* At Ard'eryd A.D. 573.

Though the literary language associated with the names of Aneirin, Merddin and Llywarch Hen was swamped in North Britain by the successive spates of Scandinavians, and its revival obstructed, later, by the enclave established between Solway and Mersey by the English and Normans, the Northern Britons did not forget that it had existed. They kept the names of their bards, and saw, with amazement, their heroes celebrated in English, in localities these heroes never knew. They also remembered that the Cymry – "Men of the North" by origin—worked up their present literature from the same British speech that was once current in North Britain.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BARON COURT BOOKS OF MENZIES

By Rev. WILLIAM A. GILLIES, D.D.
Minister at Kenmore

3rd March, 1946

Let me first of all refer to the source from which I procured the information that I here set before the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The late Mr. John MacGregor, W.S., 3 Coates Crescent, Edinburgh, who died on 9th September, 1937, devoted all his spare time and much of his money to the collecting of books, charters, letters and all kinds of papers relating to the lands, lairds, chiefs and families connected with the Highlands. He was, as might be expected, specially interested in the records of his own famous clan, and had indeed intended writing its history, but the pressure of business and, latterly, failing eyesight prevented him from carrying out his pious intention.

His interest extended to all other Highland clans and families, and while yet a young man he contributed a very complete genealogy of the Campbells of Glenorchy and Breadalbane to the " Scots Peerage " which was edited by the late Sir James Balfour Paul. His collection of papers embraces Murrays, Camerons, Campbells, Fergusons, Macnabs, Stewarts, Macdonalds, and Menzieses. At his death he bequeathed the whole to the General Register House, Edinburgh, there to be preserved and to be known as " The John MacGregor Collection."

All the items in the collection have been carefully catalogued, and thus made easy of access. The extent and the value of the collection may be judged from the fact that the items in the catalogue number 273, and that a 3-ton lorry, a taxi, two porters, and two officials from the Register House were

required to transport the whole from Mr. MacGregor's house at Glencairn Crescent to its permanent lodging.

Anyone who visits the room in which the books and papers are housed cannot fail to be impressed by the zeal and industry of Mr. MacGregor. His own clansman, Alasdair Alpin MacGregor, in his latest book, *The Turbulent Years*, devotes a chapter to John MacGregor's contribution to Highland history, and to his own personal character. In that notice he says, " His painstaking perseverance must have been colossal. Could any man have left to his love of clan and country a testimony more inspiring, more eloquent? I scarcely can convey to you what a revelation it was to me the day I went to see what these papers embraced. The donor's own index to the MacGregors occurring throughout them runs into three folio volumes."

It was my privilege to be on terms of friendship with this worthy man, and I owe to that friendship much of the information that I was able to give in my own book on the Breadalbane district and its people. It was from his papers collected about the Macnabs of Bovain that I prepared the chapter dealing with that notable family.

Included in the collection are six volumes comprising his own neat transcriptions of the records of the Menzies and Rannoch Baron Courts, extending from 1622 to 1730. In a prefatory note he states that he purchased some of the original records at the sale of the Menzies papers in 1914. He received others from the widow of Dr. Erskine Beveridge, of Dunfermline, and the others he bought from a Glasgow bookseller. It is from these volumes that the following extracts have been taken.

The barony of Menzies was erected by King James II, in favour of John Menzies of Eunach who had resigned his lands into the king's hands by charter dated 6 June, 1451. These lands included Weem, Glassy, Farleyer, Kinnaldy, Comrie, Morenish, Edramucky, and Crannich on Lochtayside, and the two Roros in Glenlyon. The Menzieses already held the barony

of Rawer in the Appin of Dull, and later, in the sixteenth century, they acquired lands and the barony of Rannoch.

A baron in the larger sense of the word was one who held his lands immediately of the Crown, and as such had a right to a seat in Parliament, however small his freehold may have been. When titles of honour and dignity came to be conferred by the sovereign the barons thus distinguished were called *majores*, and the others *minores*. To constitute a baron in the strict legal sense his lands must have been erected, or at least confirmed by the king, *in liberam baroniam*.

The Menzies Barony Courts dealt with a great variety of matters relating to the maintenance of order and the dispensing of justice on the estates. Wages were fixed, and the prices of commodities were regulated and controlled. The jurisdiction granted to the Lairds of Weem carried with it the power of "Pit and Gallows," but unlike the Lairds of Glenorchy, their near neighbours, they do not appear ever to have exercised their right to hang or to drown criminals.

The "assize," as the baron court was sometimes called, consisted of the laird himself, who presided when present. In his absence, his place was taken by a bailie. The bailie was usually one of his own tacksmen nominated by himself. Among several persons mentioned as acting as bailie are John Menzies in Carse, Alexander Menzies of Easter Stix, Alexander Menzies in Kindrochit, Malcolm MacGregour, tutor, Robert Menzies in Drumdewan, Col. James Menzies of Culdares, and David Caw, writer, Edinburgh.

The jury numbered fifteen, and were chosen from men of standing on the estates. Occasionally the names of men at Kenmore or Fortingall are included in the fifteen. A clerk and a notary were in attendance. The greater part of the six volumes transcribed by Mr. MacGregor were written out from the reports taken down at the Court by George Small. This man was a clerk in the employment of Colin Campbell of Mochaster, who was man of business to his cousin, John Campbell, first Earl of Breadalbane. He entered the service

of Captain James Menzies, of Comrie, on the Menzies estates, and from him he went to Weem, where in addition to keeping the estate books, he ran a hostelry. There are some of George Small's descendants still resident in the parish of Weem.

The courts dealt with a great variety of matters relating to the maintenance of order, and the dispensing of justice on the estates. Disputes were settled, and parties found in fault were duly punished.

Wages Fixed

On the 11th and 12th July, 1660, the court at Weem was occupied with the settling of wages to be paid to workers in the district. Alexander Menzies of Stix was bailie. The following were the rates: " To massons and wrights not above ane merk the day with ther meat.

" To tailors and soutars four shillings Scots ilk day and ther meat when they work abroad.

" To men shearers not above six pound for ane harvest fie, and six shillings a day for dailie shearing with meat, and double of it without meat.

" And to women shearers four pound the harvest fie, and four shillings a day for daily shearing with meat, and double without meat.

" To all serving men eight merks termlie and ane pair of double sollit shoes, twa elnes of Scottis grayes as bounty; and ilk lad servand four merks with the foresaid bounties.

" To able women servands thrie merks termlie with ane pair of double sollit shoes, thrie elnes of plaiding, ane elne of lyning and thrie elnes of harne (hard cloth) as bounty; and the lass servand two merks and the like bounty.

" To websters for weaving of all broad lyning eighteen pennies Scottis for every shilling Sterling the elne thereof is worth. Item for plaiding six pennies the elne. To the elne of grayes 12 pennies the elne. For the elne of secking 18 pennies the elne.

" For all common stuff 2 shillings the elne. For hodding 6

pennies the elne. For divnick table cloth four shillings the elne. For divnick naprie twa shillings the elne.

" No corn to be ground in the Lairds mills between 10 o'clock on Saturday and 2 o'clock on morning of Monday under pane of 10 lbs to be paid by the miller.

" It is inactit that whosoever sall be fund and declarit to be clyming and looping the dykes of either the parks or the orchards of Weyme sall pay ten pounds for first fault and twentie merks for second and twentie for third.

" Breaking or destroying fruit trees in said orchards punished conformed to Act of Parliament.

" The tenants liable for leading stones for the banks of the Tay on haugh sall pay for neglect.

" All iron and smydie work to go to the smyth at Camserney to be done and perfectit by him.

" Sticks dry or other from the Laird's woods to be punished by 20 shillings or 24 hours punishment in the stocks, in the Laird's option."

2nd May, 1629

" The court of the Baronie of Menzies and the Baronie of Rannoch haldin at Weyme the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Menzies of that Ilk Knycht and John Menzies in Carse, bailie . . . Which day it is statute and ordainit that nane within the bounding of the Appin of Dull sell plantis nor keall to na persone nor have libertie to do the samen, but only the Laird's his gardner under the paine of ten poundis.

" QUHICH day the bailie with the advyce of the haill assys ratefeis and approvis the act made annentis theiss that pass to uther milnes with thair grindabill cornis fra the mylnes they are suckin to, and theiss that dois not thair dutie to the service of the myln: And ratefeis the act made annentis brousters; And ordaines four cunstaris to be west frome the kirk of Dow (Dull) viz. Johne Menzies, in Carse, Thomas Menzies in Tygramach, Patrik Fergussone in Carss, Duncan Campbell alias Leitche, in Dunfuill; and east fra the same kirk, Alex-

ander Menzies in Aberfaldie, Robert Makgiboin their, John Menzies, Aird, and John Roy Makcollie, in Rawre.

" Quhich day it is ordanit that thair sall na kandich (merchant) in the cuntrie of the baronie of Ranoch by nather skines hydes nor na waris therein but onlie Duncane Makeachain in Aulich whome the Laird has given licence to as common Kandich in the said cuntrie, under the paine of Ten poundis money Scots of unlaw.

" And also statutis and ordaines that ilk ane that haldis garthis within the said baronie of Ranoch sall pay yearlie to the Laird ane fed kid or elis Twentie shillings for ilk kid that beis unpayit, conforme to ane act maid thereanent of befoir.

" And foradder it is statute and ordainit that ilk brewster that brewis within the said baronie of Ranoch sall pay out of ilk bow of malt that they brew to the myln of Airdlairycht thrie lippies of . . . malt under the paine of fyve poundis toties quoties.

" It is statute and ordanit that nane suffer thair gaittis (goats) to cum within the Lairdis woodis in the Appin of Dow (Dull) in tyme cuming, under the paine of fyve poundis to be uplift for the first tyme they be apprehendit therein and for the second tyme ten poundis, and the third tyme confiscation of the gaittis to the Lairid use.

" And that nane hald swyne within the head dykis yearlie betwixt the tyme that cornes beis put in the yeard about Hallowmas till Pasche without they be ringit in the nesis under paine of escheating of thame to the Laird; And that nane swyne be sufferit cum within the head dykes betwixt Pasche and quhill the corn be in the zeard under the lyk paine.

" It is statute and ordanit that nane cut broome within the boundis of Appin of Dow (Dull) under paine of thrie pundis money Scottis."

The Laird's Peats

" Court of Weyme the 4th day of November, 1633, Quhilk day, It is statute and ordanit that ilk ane of the Lairdis tenentis quha is in use to lead his peatis sall bring in the samen

in dew tyme yearlie and that ilk lead sall be met (Measured) with ane creill according to the met creill of Balloch. And ilk ane quha filzies sall pay thrie shillings money Scottis for ilk creill full they bring nocht in.

" And farder, it is statute and ordanit that the haill tenentis of the Appin of Dull sall gif in all the beir they make in malt yearlie to the kill of Weyme to mak in malt under paine of fyve pundis *toties quoties*."

Note—The price of peats in 1727 was three shillings Scots per load.

Assault Cases

12th February, 1629. " Quhich day Thomas Makwilliam in Myltoun of Camisernane for the wounding and bleiding of William Scoit in Aberfaldie is decernit in ane unlaw of V. lbs. And the said William Scoit for the bleiding of Thomas mother decernit in ane unlaw of V. lbs.

" Decernis Ewin Makconduch Vc Keane in Glengowlandie and Christene Nein Callum his spouse for the strikand of Margaret Menzies their in ane unlaw of XL shillings.

Assaults etc.

" Absolvit Elspet Nein Donald Vc Keane in Tomdakynach of the strekand of the said Margarat be her oath. And the said Elspet beand persewit for the selland of ane sheip-skin to James Maltmane, cadger quhilk wes alledgit to have been the skin of ane sheip stowin fra Duncane Makinure in Balnacraig (Fortingall) beand schot with ane gun, confest she saved the skin and alledgit sche gat the samen fra Callum Oure."

24th August, 1669. " Quhilk day Robert Menzies in Drumdewan chancellor, with the rest of the Assysemen appointed for the decision of the Ryot committed be John McRobertis wyfe in Boltachan against Neill McIlchalum, the Assyriris referis the blood to the Laird to be done according to his pleasure.

" Neill sall be examplarlie punished by putting of him either in stokis or jugis upon ane Sabbath day to stand ther

from the ingoing of the people to the church during tyme of the sermon and outcoming of the people, for his disobedience."

"Thomas Stewart servitour to Fiar of Weyme for the wounding and bleiding of Duncane Kynach servitour to Finley Dow in Weyme with ane durk in the heid on Pasche day last as wes proven be witnessis, is decernit in ane unlaw of fyftie pundis.

"And decernis and ordanis the said Thomas Stewart to content and pay to said Duncane Kynach for to be given to the leitche for curand of his heid Ten pundis money Scottis and for sustening of the said Duncane sua lang as he can, nor mey nocht work fyve pundis money.

19th October, 1720—"Complaint by Donald Scot, in Tullicro against Donald Cameron, servitor to James Boyl in Tullicro, for cutting him most dangerouslie with his dirk, on 11th October. Duncan Menzies, chirurgeon, in Camserney, judges that the wounds will take five pounds Scots of charges to cure them."

The Cutting of Trees

The Laird's woods were strictly protected, and the cutting of trees for any purpose was duly punished as the following extracts will show:—

9th November, 1630—The court of the Barronies of Menzies and Rannoche haldin at Weyme etc. Quhilk day the persones following are decernit in ane unlaw for cuttand of the Lairdis woodis viz.:—

James Stewart, in Glengowland ie for cuttand birk	V. pundis
Alexander Stewart thair for birk	V. pundis
Malcolm Dow thair	V. pundis
Alexander M'Ewin Vc Indoir for aiken bark takand out of the wode of Cayll (Callwood)	X. pundis
John M'Patrik in Carss for cuttand broome	XL. shillings
Johne Dow M'Cay in Camserney for cuttand wode and slayand kipper fesche, as he confest himself	X. lbs.

Alexander M'Couil Vane in the Aird for cuttand hassell X. lbs.
Johne Begum, cordaner, for takand bark and tymer out of the Cayll X. lbs.

4th January, 1715—" Johne M'Intyre on oat confesses alron (alder) for the use of his biggings and birk for the same use, to wit for harrowis, caberis and stakes.

" Johne M'Kean for burning of birk."

27th September, 1725—Weem—" For cutting a long planted fir tree in the fir wood above the nurseries in the east park about Martinmas last, and since then twelve more planted fir trees, the bailie ordained James M'Comie to stand in the jougis in the kirk yeard of Weem upon Sunday the eleventh, Sunday the eighteenth, and Sunday the twentie-fyft dayis of September instant, from the ringing of the first bell till divine service in the forenoon be begun with a peaper on his breast bearing this inscription—I stand here for cutting of Sir Robert Menzies of that Ilk his planting."

Poaching of deer and fish were frequent offences, especially in the Rannoch barony. The Highlanders went by the proverb, " Breac a linne, slat a coille 's fiadh a fireach—meirle nach do ghabh duine riamh nair' aisde " — A fish from the pool, a wand from the wood, a deer from the mountain — thefts no man e'er was ashamed of."

22nd November, 1682—"Patrik More M'Grigor confessed that he bought from Duncane M'Patrik Abrich and deir skine and ane uther from Donald M'Grigor, and two from Donald Milespik and confess cutting of wood.

" Patrik Mc-a-Cheanuchie confessed eating of Deire in Archd. Roy his house, and cutting wood, and peiling thereof. Confessed wild fowl and venison."

6th November, 1683—" Duncan Lowdian confest eating of fish in his house."

20th March, 1684—" Claim and complaint by William Jerden, procurator fiscall against haill tenentis of barony of Rannoch, especially the persons underwritten that the said

persons most crewallie and execrably killed and murdered 100 deer and more that came out of the forest in tyme of the great storm last to shelter themselves and to feed on the strath of the country in regard of the great storm in the forest and hills.

" Donald M'Conochie Vic Inish, in Killichonan; confessed (being a merchant) bought this winter 65 deer hydes, 17 from Alexander Roy M'Gregor Vic Phatrik. Confest shooting of ane deer himself.

" Fined 20 poundis for buying hydes and not acquainting the master or officer and other 20 poundis for killing or at least shooting said deer."

Birleymen appointed in Rannoch

26th November, 1677—" Col. James Menzies of Culdars bailzie mad and constitut be the Laird of Weyme sitting in judgment in ane court lawfullie fencit and affirmit having considerit the wellfare of the countrie and of the distance betwixt the said Laird of Weyme's special residence and the said countrie of Ranoch in respect of several complaints given in the court upon destroyers of corns besydes biggings and such like, the Laird of Weyme present ordained following as birlaymen:—

" Patrik M'Grigor in Dunan, Johne Oig M'Grigor in Kinchlacher, Sorel Cameron ther; Johne M'Grigor, son to the foresaid Patrick M'Grigor; Archd Roy M'Grigor in Ardlarich; Duncane M'Grigor in Killichonane; Donald Robertson in Aulich ; Johne M'Grigor Roy in Lergin ; Grigor M'Grigor in Lierin, any thrie of them have power to comprise biggings and corns; take tryall of all sorts of liquor, brandie, or aqua vitae that sall happen to be provin, tapit and sold in the countri; and ordainit to sell the same at such prices as they think the same to be worth. Persons compeared and accepted office.

Ardlarich, 16th January, 1680—" Claim given in be Patrik Mc-A-cham-a-chase in Aulich against Johne M'Grigor etc. . . . four cyne taken from said complainer out of town of Aulich."

4th January, 1715—" John McIntyre on oath confesses alron for the use of his biggings and birk for the same use to witt for harrowis, caberis. Frees venison."

John McKian on oath confesses for burning birk, killing some deer, as he thinks within the Laird of Menzies lands, committed since last court. John McOnochKian (McDhonnaichidh Vic-Ian) on oath confesses burning of birk as above and killing of deer *ut supra*.

Hugh McOlroy (MacDhomhuill Ruaidh) on oath *ut supra* in omnibus except as to venison which he frees since last court.

Euin McOnochkian absent.

Donald Bane McOldiu (MacDhomhuill Duibh) on oath *ut supra* as to the woods, but frees venison.

Kinchlachir—Duncan Oig Menzies on oath confesses cutting and burning of birk. Frees venison.

Patrik his son absent.

Duncan McOlroy on oath *ut supra*, with Duncan Oig.

Euin his son on oath *ut supra* with his father confesses killing a deer on Duke Gordon' ground since last court. . . . John McGrigor Vc Grigor as to woodis and confesses killing of a roe on the Laird of Weemes ground since last court."

It appears that the birliemen came on the tracks of the cattle and traced them to " the toune of Camiserichbeg." The accused " offered to kill any that would offer to rype (search) or make search for any such thing." He was, however, fined 50 pounds Scots for deforcing the birliemen.

At this court it was enacted that persons refusing to be nominated as birliemen were to be punished. Also that when goods were stolen or depredation was done in Rannoch the party was to notify the nearest birlieman. He was to raise the cry and by the cry the country was to gather at the respective places in order to endeavour to recover the " bestial or uther guides taken, as use is."

Complaint by Minister of Weem

September, 1726—" Complaint by Archd. Campbell, minister of Weem upon Elspit Menzies, natural daughter to Thomas Menzies in Easter Tigermoch, who fied to serve for ane half year's space to Whitsunday 1726 next, stayed five weeks and left, went to her brother, Alexander, Craves from her payment of the fie and bounty agreed upon, which was:— 4 merk of fie, 4 eln single plaiding, 3 eln of harne, 2 pair shoes, 3 quarteris linen, extending the said bounty conform to the prices that servand women gets for the like space to three pounds 2s. 6d. besides the 4 merk of fie. Elspit compeared and gave in her defence, alledging male-treatment which the bailie finds not relevant. Decrees defender to make payment to pursuer of Five pounds 15/10 and sixteen shillings 8d. of expenses of plea. Alexander to make payment."

Thomas Ireland, Minister at Weem

There are some curious references to the behaviour of Thomas Ireland, who was minister of Weem from 1635 to 1664. He was the third son of Alexander Ireland, minister of Kinclaven. When Montrose passed through Strathtay in 1645, he and the minister of Dull were despoiled of their goods. Thomas seems to have been rather erratic, and had a somewhat turbulent career. After the death of his wife he married the widow of William Menzies, minister of Kenmore, and made claim not only to her property but also to her deceased husband's. The references to Ireland in the Baron Court books are disjointed. It would seem that he was always hard up for money, and also given to drinking. In June 1661 he came to Alexander Roy " desyring that Alexander might tak his barn and give him money, for he would doe anything for money. He desyrd the len of twentie pundis, bot Alexander Roy told that he haid no money, but promised to give it him against Martimise."

In June, the previous year, He was drinking in Johne Menzies house in Woodend, " he was so far by dyat that when

he cam hom he was dancing and louping over the bee skepes in his yeard very unsemlie lyk to the cariage of ane Christian far less of a minister." Ireland left Weem to be minister of Kirkmaiden.

School at Weem

25th April, 1678—" It is thought fit be the baylzie and the gentlemen and tenentis of the cuntrie that here be ane scool and scoolmaster keiped in the cuntrie. And therefor they with ane voice agreid to alow to him yearly of constant fie the sum of ane hundred merks Scottis and the sum to be payed as follows; . . . They recomend to the Laird of Weyme with any uthers he sall think fit to speak with, the ministeris of Weyme and Dull what they sall alow to him out of the commone box and what sall be wanting and not gotten out of the said boxes 100 merks sall be layed upon the whole landis betwixt the burne of Keltney and the burne of Bualdachane, including the landis of Glassie and Tullachuill, and ordainis the scool to remain in Dull as soon as the Laird of Weyme son goes to the lowland scooles." This appears to have been the first school to be set up at Weem after the Reformation.

The Court dealt with Sabbath breakers, although that was usually left to the Kirk Session. On 19th October, 1727, " Ther being severall persons contained on a list who wer seen by the officer on the Lord's day in the wood of Weem pulling nuttis on the Lord's day, and being summoned and often called, but not compeared fynes each of them in a merk Scot. and decernes parents to pay fynes for their children and masters for their servants, and ordains fynes to be uplifted by the officer. And recommends to the ministers within whose parishes they reside to rebuke them publicly in the face of the congregation for their abuse of the Lord's day."

David Caw, Bailie

A boy of twelve or fourteen years of age who was going about begging stole cheese and money. He was "incarcerate in the prison of Weem from whence he made his escape. All tenantis are prohibited to give him meat or drink or any other

comforts of life in tyme coming under penalty of ten pounds Scottis. Intimation to be made in the kirks of Dull and Weem." This was in 1728. A woman whose son stole half a Bible (probably the New Testament) from the Castle, was banished from the country. It may be mentioned that in 1726 the price of " ane gallon of aquavite was £8 Scots."

These Court books provide a quarry for the social historian, and shed light on many habits and customs now obsolete and entirely forgotten. Let me conclude this paper by referring to a muster roll of all tenants, cottars and servants on the estates of Weem and Rannoch, made up by the Court on 13th December, 1682. Sir Alexander Menzies, the Laird of that time, evidently wished to ascertain the number of men that he could put in the field and the nature of the weapons that each man possessed. These detailed lists furnish us with interesting and valuable information with regard to surnames prevalent in the districts, and they also give us an idea of the population.

On the Castle Menzies estates from Glengoulandie to the eastern boundary of Weem there were 256 tenants, cottars and " hyredman." Among them they had 66 guns, 86 swords, 18 pistols, 123 dirks, and 1 dorlich (quiver for arrows). On the Rannoch estate there were 115 who could bear arms. Their equipment consisted of 68 guns, 52 swords, 7 pistols, 74 dirks, 13 bows, 3 dorlichs, 1 halbert axe and 1 staff.

As might be expected the Menzieses were numerous in the Dull and Weem district. There were about fifty in that area. There is not one Menzies on the Rannoch lists, although that region had been a Menzies possession for nearly two hundred years. The most common name in Rannoch was MacGregor, of whom 21 are named. There were probably more of that clan whose surnames are not given. It was customary at the time to give the patronymics instead of the surnames of men, as it is still in the Western Islands. Camerons came next in number to the MacGregors in Rannoch. In the Weem and Dull districts we find such names as McComie (Anderson),

Fiatter, Clarsar, Roy, McOishton, McKich, McGilchrist, McNare, Tosach, McInroy, McNoser, which may be Mac-an-osdair, McSkellich, which I cannot explain, Burdone, Leich, Jerden, Maltman, Purges, Cunison, Bruch, Galcater, Muriach, McCollie, Scail, McPhettie, McAye. At the clachan of Boltachan, where the old drove road over the hills from Glengoulandie to Weem ended and the cattle being driven to the south were folded for the night in the *buaileachan*, there were several men of the name of Begum or Bigome. This name has puzzled even Dr. W. J. Watson. It has been suggested that it is derived from " Big Thom " Menzies. In the Rannoch lists is the name " Patrik McAchamachie," which may be McCruikshank, *Mac-a-Chamchasach*.

It remains only to be said that all heritable jurisdiction was abolished after Culloden. The lairds who held these ancient rights laid claim to compensation for being deprived of what must have been a source of revenue. On November 5th, 1747, Sir Robert Menzies of that Ilk claimed £1,200 as his share of the compensation. He was met with a refusal; Sir Robert continued his plea, but I have been unable to ascertain whether he got any satisfaction.

"BAIDEANACH"

le RUARAIDH BARAN, M.C., M.A.,

air an 14 mh là de 'n Mhàrt, 1947

B' e mo rùn gun cluinneadh sibh o 'n thagam sgrìobhte an so mar b' àbhaist dhuinn Gàidhlig a bhruidhinn am Bàideanach lethcheud bliadhna air ais is còrr. Chan eil mi a' smuaineachadh gun do chuir mi feum air facal no air dòigh-labhart nach robh cumanta againn san àm sin. — R. B.

Bàideanach, dùthaich nam badan a réir nam bàrd; Bàideanach, an dùthaich bhàite, a réir an sgoileir. Ma bheir thu Bàideanach mar ainm air gach gleann 'san taobh tuath, far am faigh thu craobhan is badan is coille, no air gach gleann 'sam faighear sruthan is bogan is tuiltean bàiteach, chan e aon Bhàideanach bhios agad ach ceudan diubh.

Is coma leam fhìn de a their bàrd no sgoilear; chan eil mi toirt feairt no freisd air aon de 'n dithis. 'S e obair gun bhrìgh gun stàth a bhith sgrùdadh is a' rannsachadh gu dé is ciall do 'n ainm ud no an ainm ud eile. Gabhamaid mar a gheibheamaid.

Ma tha ainmean is àitean a réir a chéile, feumar a bhith nach e ainm suarach leibideach, mar bhoglaichean no bhadanan, a tha fo an ainm so. Oir 's e dùthaich mhór, fharsaing, rìoghail, a th' ann am Bàideanach; dùthaich 's an do ghabh rìghrean is clann rìghrean tlachd, bho linn rìgh Fhearghuis air thùs gu àm Victoria; dùthaich air am bu iarrtas chridhe iomadh morair is iarla is diùc bhith 'na uachdaran bho latha a' Chuimeanaich charraich gu latha Dhiùc Gordan.

Tha Bàideanach a' ruigheachd bho Bhràigh Lochabar gu Rathmhurchais, dà fhichead mìle air fhad. Feadh an astair so, tha sreath mhór de shruthain is lochan a' ruith an teis meadhon na dùthcha — Uisge Spithean, Loch Lagain, Amhainn Pataig, Uisge Spé, Loch Obhaidh, Loch Innse is

Loch Albhaidh. Gu tuath tha Strath Fhaireagaig is Strath h-Eireann. Gu deas, tha crìochan Bhàideanach a' coinneachadh ri Athall, far am bheil dà bheinn àrd, cas agus biorach, ag éirigh mar dhà chomhair-crìche air gach taobh de 'n bhealach tha dol thar Dhrumuachdair, Torc Bhàideanach is Muc Athaill.

Chì sibh mar so gur rìoghachd bheag Bàideanach, an cridhe rìoghachd na h-Alba. Tha i air a roinn mar rìoghachdan eile, ann an ceithir roinnean no sgìrean, ach 's ann air Bàideanach a sheallas sinn mar tìr ar dùthchais 's chan ann air sgìreachd 'sam bith.

'S iad so na ceithir ; Sgìre Albhaidh, Sgìre Innse, Sgìre Chinnghiùsaidh (anns am bheil an Sliabh, no a thoirt a làn ainm da, Baile ùr an t-sléibhe) agus, gach dìleas gu deireadh, Sgìre Lagain. Anns na teipeadean beaga a dh' éireas 'nar measg, tilgidh sinn na h-ainmean so air a chéile, snioganan Sgìre Albhaidh, daolagan dubh Chinnghiùsaidh, seilicheagan an t-Sléibhe. Cha chuala mi riamh frith ainm air an dà sgìre eile.

Tha feadhainn ann a tha toirt mìothlachd dhuinn le bhith cantainn 'sa' sgrìobhadh gu bheil Bàideanach an Srath Spé, is gur Speithich a th'annainn. Cha thaitinn so ruinn, oir bu bheag oirnn riamh na Speithich, ged is coimhearsnaich iad. Car son, chan aithne domh, mur e gu robh sinn 'gam meas mar leth-Ghoill. Air an laimh eile bha meas mór againn air na h-Abraich, ged bha cuimhne iomadh creiche is catha eadrainn. Nuair bha sinn 'nar brogaich, nan tigeadh clann de mhuinntir Shrath Spé do 'n sgoil, b'àbhaist dhuinn an rann so ghabhail riù, 'gam brosnachadh gu caothach 's gu sabaid—

" Chan 'eil Granndach an Srath Spé
Ach bodach breun is currachd air,
Ma chì e cearc a' suidhe air geug
Bidh e 'na bheachd gur duine a th'ann,
'S ma chì e gad sìnte air fhad,
Is cinnte leis gur gunna th' ann."

'Se Bàideanach dùthaich Chlann Mhuirich, dùthaich nam Pearsanach. Bha latha ann 's cha robh ainm ri fhaighinn 'san tìr ach Pearsanach, Catanach, Macaidh, Seadhgh is

ainmean a bhuineas do Chlann Chatain. Ach a' chuid 'sa' chuid, thàinig ainmean eile, Dòmhnallach, Frisealach, Granndach, Tòiseach, ach gu h-àraidh na Dòmhnallaich. Mar thubhairt Pearsanach àraidh, ri nach robh so a'taitinn, "Cinnidh na Dòmhnallaich mar a chinneas na deanndagan air seann làraich, no fraineach air croit leisgeadair."

An diugh chan fhaighear Pearsanach an Cluainidh fhéin, agus is tearc iad air Uisge Spé. Ach nuair bha mise 'nam phroitseach 'san sgoil, bu lionmhor 's bu làidir, 's bu ladarna na Pearsanaich. Nach robh sinn air ar bodhradh 'g éisdeachd ri euchdan Clann Mhuirich, 's mar cheannsaich iad na Tòisich 's na Camshronaich 's gach cinneadh eile mun cuairt? Dh' éisdeadh sinn gu buidheach ris an uimhir, oir bha sinn mór as a' chlìu is an onair a choisinn iad do Bhàideanach. Ach nuair theireadh gille dhiubh, 's e sìneadh mach a dhòrn, "Na bean do'n chat gun làmhainn," bha sin gu leòir, mur robh cus. Bha'n tràth stad chur air a leithid de bhòilich, is ghabhadh sinne, nach buineadh do Chlann Mhuirich, an duan so—

"Clann Mhuirich a' bhrochain
Clann Mhuirich a' bhrochain
Clann Mhuirich a' bhrochain
'San droch aran eòrna,
Theich 's cha d' fhuirich
Theich 's cha d' fhuirich
Theich Clann Mhuirich
Ach dh'fhuirich Clann Dòmhnaill."

'San déidh sin bha na seacaidean air an fhaich.

Bha fear a Srath Eireann a ghabh tuathnas am Bàideanach laimh ri Uisge Spé. 'S an fhoghar ghèarr e bhàrr agus thug a choimhearsnaich a chomhairle da a thrusadh as an achadh mus tigeadh tuil na Lùnasdainn. Ars' esan "Thug mi fichead bliadhna ri taobh Amhainn Eire, amhainn cho bras is a th'ann, 's cha do chaill mi sràbh no boitean." Madainn an ath latha, nuair sheall e air a bhàrr, cha robh e ann, oir thug Spé leatha 'san oidhche e. Cha d' thubhairt e ach beag, "O Speitheag, Speitheag, chan ionann thus' is Eireag bheag bhochd agam fhìn."

B' fhìor da. Chan ionann amhainn 'sam bith is Spé; chan eil a leth-bhreac ann. Tha sgoilearan ag ràdh gu robh

ar sinnsre am beachd gur e ban-dia bh'anns gach amhainn, 'sgun d' fhàg i a h-ainm air gach sruth. Bha muinntir na Ròimhe o shean, 's na Laidionnaich, de'n bheachd cheudna ; bha gach sruth leosan 'na dhia, a bha air uairean teachd am follais an riochd duine no an riochd tairbh.

'S chan eil mi a' gabhail iongantais gu robh iadsan no sinne de'n bheachd so. Cha teid mi fhìn thar srutha gun stad air druim na drochaid is sealltainn fodham. Is chan e sruth de dh'uisge tha mi a' faicinn an sin, ach mar gum b'e beò-chreutair a' ruith 'sa' leum, ag éirigh, 'sa' tuiteam, a' seinn, 'sa' beucaich, ach a' sìor shiubhal. Gu dé na comharran a th'againn air beatha, no gum beil nì beò? Nach iad comas gluasaid, comas fàis, comas atharrachaidh is comas guth? Gheibheir na comharran so anns gach amhainn as fhiach an t'ainm, ach gheibheir iad gu h-araidh an Spé.

Tha i a' gluasad cho bras an àitibh is nach cùm marcaich rithe ; tha i a' sìor fhàs air feadh a turuis gu muir, a' fàs o bhith 'na h-alltan beag gu bhith 'na tuil mhór ; tha i a' sìor athharrachadh a coltais, nis a' ruith 'na deann gu geal copach, a' sgaoileadh a mach le grunnd soilleir gainmhich, no a' sìneadh 'na sreath de phuill dubha domhainn. Tha i ag atharrachadh o uair gu uair, 'sa' mhadainn ciùin, mìn ; aig meadhon latha loma-làn, dubh ; tràth feasgar 'na dìlinn ri nach seas nì 'sam bith. Is a guth, co dhiùbh bhios i beag no mór, labhar no stuaim, tha a fonn cho caochlaideach ri puing inneal ciùil. Nach ann domh is aithne? An leig mi am feasda a mo chuimhne ceòl uisge Spé air feasgar ciùin samhraidh a'ruith thar Beulath Tartaidh.

An iongantach matà ma bha am Bàideanach feadhainn d'an robh Spé 'na beò-chreutair, ri'm b'fheàrr a bhith réidh mun éireadh na's miosa. Cha bu Spé a h-ainm na's motha, ach Speitheag. Gach bliadhna thigeadh i a' gleidheadh a cuid, is thilleadh gus am faigheadh. B'e a cuid feur is fodar, mairt is muilt, is beatha duine. Is sona thusa mur ann diotsa a dh'iarras i, ach ma dh'iarras, chan eil dol as ann. Chan eil fàth dhut a bhith gearan, chan fhaod thu ach a ràdh, "Thug Speitheag leithe a cuid."

Tha Bàideanach air druim na h-Alba. Ma théid thu bho dheas gu tuath, no bho'n ear gus an iar, ma tha cabhag

ort, ma tha thu a' gleidheadh an rathaid as giorra, is éigin duit dol troimh Bhàideanach. Tha roghainn agad de sheachd raitheadan, seachd ceuman an aineoil their sinn riù, oir tha iad a' gabhail mach gu àitean air am beil sinn aineolach. 'S iad so na seachd ceuman a 'dol gu deiseal—

1. Bho Rathmhurchuis, an Làirig Dhrui, ruigidh tu Uisge Dé is Obaireathain.
2. Bho Gleann Tromaidh thar a' Mhinigeig, is tha thu ann an Athall.
3. Gabh Uisge Truim is rach thar mhonadh Druimuachdar gu Raineach is Athall.
4. Lean taobh Loch Lagain is Spithean is tha thu an Lochabar.
5. Rach gu bràigh Uisge Spé thar Choire-ghearaig is tha thu an Cille Chuimein.
6. Bho Chroichidh gu Loch na Làirige is Loch Chillfhinn is tha thu an Srath Fhairigeag.
7. Bho Gleann Goibhneag gu Srath h-Eireann is ruigidh tu Inbhirnis. Ma ghabhas tu aon de na seachd ceuman so bheir e thu gu ceàrn sam bith de an t-saoghal mhór as àill leat.

Bu mhath leam a nis nan éisdeadh sibh car tamuill ri farum ceuman nan daoine a ghabh na raitheadan so air an dleasnas fhéin. Chan abair mi ach na chuala mi o bheul aithris na dùthcha.

An toiseach, tha na naoimh o shean. Chan eil guth air aon sam bith romhpa. Thàinig Tarnan thar na Làirige o Uisge Dé, agus Brìde agus Coinneach. Is tha iomradh gun tàinig Calum Cille o I gu Lochabar is gu Bàideanach, far an d' fhuirich e ùine is dh' fhàg e cille. Chan eil tuilleadh mu'n déighinn; tha eagal orm nach robh sinn cho cràbhach is bu chòir dhuinn.

Mu dhéighinn Righ Fearghus a bha beò mun aon àm, tha na's mò ri chluinntinn. Bha tlachd mhór aigse am Bàideanach, is thog e caisteal da fhéin aig Ardmheirge air taobh Loch Lagain. An so bha e gu tric a' sealg is chuir

e air leth eilean 'san loch airson nan con aige, is eilean eile airson phrìosanach. Roghnaich a' Bhan Rìgh Bhictoria a' cheart àite, is chaidh i dà shamhradh an so, ach cha do chuir ise feum air an eilean air son nam prìosanach.

Bha gnè iomradh ann mu dhéighinn a' Chuimeanaich, a bha 'na mhorair air Bàideanach, is mu dhèighinn a' Bhrusaich a mharbh e. Is coltach gun do theich e thugainn nuair a bha na Sasannaich air a thòir.

Ach rinn fear a thàinig beagan 'nan déidh fuaim gu leòir am Bàideanach is an Albainn. B'e so Alasdair Mór Mac an Righ, no mar is tric a theirear ris 'sa' Bheurla, Madadh-allaidh Bhàideanach. Bha esan 'na mhorair air an tìr, dreuchd a fhuair e o'n rìgh, athair. Ach cha do chum e riaghailt air an dùthaich, oir chaith e a thìm a' sealg 's a' creach 's a' spiolladh. Duine aingidh, borb, cha robh suim aige 's cha robh eagal air roimh dhuine 'san rìoghachd. B'e an obair a b'fheàrr leis a bhith dòrtadh fala, 'san ath obair a bhith coimhead dhaoine 'ga dòrtadh. A chur tàmailt air an dùthaich, thog e aitreabh da fhéin air bàrd Chluainidh, air àillean fosgailt réidh, cha do stéidhich e daingneachd, cha do thog e balla 's cha do chladhaich e clais mu thimchioll, uibhir ri ràdh, " So saobhaidh a' mhadaidh-allaidh, slaodaibh as e ma's urrainn."

Aig an àm so, chaidh dà cheann cinnidh 'san dùthaich a mach air a chéile, Mac a' Phearsain, Ceannard Clann Mhuirich, is MacAidh, Ceannard Sliochd Dhai. B'e aobhar na casaid, có aig bha còir air uachdranachd Cloinn Chatain. Chaidh iad bho throd gu sabaid, is bho shabaid gu mort is reubadh, is chuir iad an tìr uile air bhoil. Air so chluinntinn, chuir an rìgh fios d'a mhac, Alasdair Mór, gum b'fhèarr dha òrdugh a ghabhail 'na fhearainn, is smachd a chumail air an dà cheann cinnidh so. Chuir Alasdair fios air ais gun dèanadh e so, is gun toireadh e an dithis gu Peairt far am bitheadh cothrom aca leithid de dh' fhuil a leigeil 's gum bitheadh iad fallain riamh 'na dhéidh. Thaitinn so ro mhath ri Mac a' Phearsain 's ri MacDhai, is gu Peairt a ghabh iad air ceann deich fhear air fhichead an t-aon, le claidhean is targaidean, is pìobairean 'nan cois. Gus nach cluicheadh iad an spòrsa mu'n ruigeadh iad am baile chaidh iad, air òrdugh Alasdair, fear thar a' Mhinigeig is fear eile thar Dhruimuachdar.

Bha aig aon de na Pearsanaich, ban-suiridhiche a' tàmh astar beag o'n t-slighe a ghabh iad, is có chuireas coire air ma thadhail e oirre 'san dol seachad? Co dhiubh, nach tug e an aire mar bha an ùine a' ruith, no chuir ise moille air, no dh' éirich tubaist air choireigin eile dha, cha d'rug e air a chompanaich mus d' ràinig iad Peairt.

Nuair ràinig Mac a' Phearsain is a chunnaic e gun robh duine air dheidhlaimh, smuainich e car tiota dé a dhèanadh e. Thàinig e 'na chuimhne gu robh fear 's a' bhaile d'am b' ainm an Gobha Crom, aig an robh dùthchas ri Bàideanach air taobh a mhàthar. Bha e so 'na fhear dèanamh arm is thigeadh claidheamh 'na dhòrn da cheart cho math 's thigeadh òrd. Chòrd Mac a' Phearsain ris airson crùn, gun toireadh e laimh dhaibh 's a' mhadainn air an raon.

La-ar-na-mhàireach thàinig iad an làthair an rìgh 's a' chùirt air Innsibh Pheairt. Air comharra o'n rìgh, dh'éirich iad air a chéile. 'S ann an sin bha an ùpraid — caithream nam fear a bha cogadh, is glaodhaich na muinntir a bha sealltainn orra. Cha chualas a leithid am Peairt roimhe no as a dhéidh.

Ach cha robh cùisean dol mar bu mhath le Clann Mhuirich. Ceum air cheum, chaidh Clann Dai air aghaidh, ceum air cheum, ghéill Clann Mhuirich ; cuid diubh marbh, cuid diubh air an leòn. Sùil d'an tug Mac a' Phearsain, 's bu doirbh leis sealltainn mu'n cuairt, oir bha e fhéin an teinn ro mhór, chunnaic e an Gobha Crom a' dol gu taobh mar gu robh obair latha thairis. Dh' éigh e ris a' ghobha, "Na caomhain do làmh." "Mharbh mi mo dhuine," ars an gobha, "is choisinn mi mo dhuais." "An ti nach cunnt rium cha chunnt mi ris," fhreagair Mac a' Phearsain. Le sin a chluinntinn, tharraing an gobha a chlaidheamh a rithist is leum e 'nam measg.

Fad na h-ùine so bha na piòbairean a' séideadh gus an robh iad an inbhe sgàinidh. Ach nuair mhothaich piobair Clann Mhuirich gu robh a mhuinntir fhéin a' geilleadh, thilg e a phìob gu làr, is stigh ghabh e 'sa' chòmhraig. Ach cha robh e an dàn da buaidh an là chosnadh le claidheamh. Ged bu gheur a bhuilean cha b'fhad gus an d'fhuair e leòn thug bhuaithe comas seasaimh, is b'éigin da tilleadh gu phìob air a mhàgan. Ach mo thruaigh, cha bu

luaithe a chuir e am feadan 'na phluic na thuig e gun robh e briste. Gun chomas aige cobhair thoirt daibh le pìob no le claidheamh, bha e an imcheist ro mhór nuair thuit aig a chasan as an speur feadan briagha dubh. Spàrr e so 'na phìob, is leis a' cheud sgal a thug e aisde dh'aithnich e gum b'e sud feadan an àigh. Chuir am port aige neart is spiorad as ùr anns na fearaibh, las am mire-chatha, is sguab iad Clann Mhic Dhai romhpa gus mu dheireadh nach robh a h-aon air fhàgail beò. Dhiubh fhéin cha robh ach deichnear, 's gach fear air a leòn gu goirt.

Thuirt an righ gum b'e Mac a' Phearsain fìor cheannard Chlann Chatain, is bho'n là sin gus an là'n diugh lean uachdranachd Chloinn Chatain ris na Pearsanaich, is leanaidh cho fad's bhitheas feadan dubh an àigh aca.

Chan eil tìm ann a bhith 'g innse dhuibh mar thàinig Mairi, Ban Righ na h-Alba, do'n dùthaich, no cho tric 's bha Alasdair Mac Cholla Chiotaich is Montròs ri'm faicinn dol a sios is suas Uisge Spé; no mar chaidh an dara Greumach is Lochiall thar Dhruimuachdar gu blàr Raon Ruairidh; no mar rinn Wade na raitheadan ùra. 'S cha bhithinn air an sgial so innse na's mò, o nach do thachair an gnothach am Bàideanach, mur b'e gun do bhean e gu teann ruinn, 's chan abair mi ach beag. Bha Deòrsa 'na rìgh air a' chathair, 's bha e fhéin is a luchd riaghailt am barail gun cumadh iad smachd air na garbh-chriochan leis na rathaidean ùra is leis an fhreiceadan dubh. Ghabh móran de mhuinntir Bhàideanach seirbhis 'san fhreiceadan (gu dearbh gu mo là fhin 's ann do'n fhreiceadan dubh rachadh na gillean a ghabh 'nan saighdearan).

Trì bliadhna mun d' thàinig am Prionnsa, fhuair am freiceadan dubh fios gun robh aca ri dhol gu Lunnainn, oir bha déigh aig an rìgh am faicinn. Ràinig iad Lunnainn, ach rìgh cha robh ann—bha e 's a' Ghearmailt. Thuig iad a nis gun robh an luchd riaghlaidh a' toirt an car asda, is dhiùlt iad òrduighean a ghabhail. Dh' fhàg dà cheud diubh am baile fo chommand Somhairle Mac a' Phearsain, fear a Sgìre Lagain a bha 'na chorpailear orra. Chuir iad dà cheud mìle eatorra fhéin is Lunnainn mun deach an glacadh, is dhìol an corpailear is a chàirdean na rinn iad air a' chroich, is cuid eile ann an dòighean eile. Tha mi fhìn am barail gur e so a chuir muinntir Bhàideanach gu buileach

an aghaidh Righ Deòrsa, oir roimh so cha robh iad ach meagh-bhlàth mu'n Phrionnsa.

Bliadhna no dhà an déidh so, thàinig thar Dhruimuachdar le mórchuis is caithream armailt mhór; seanailear air an ceann, marcaichean is coisichean, gunnachan móra is musgaidean. Ghabh iad an rathad rinn Wade troimh Sgìre Lagain gu Coire Ghearraig, is faisg air Srath-mhathaisidh dh' fhan iad an oidhche, is am fasgadh badan chraobh air mullach cnuic thog iad bothan an seanaileir. Bu sgilear a thagh an duine mór àite-tàimh—cha dèanadh Montgomery fhéin, a chaith seachdain 'san àite so roimh baiteil mhóra na Frainge roghainn na b'fheàrr. Aig a' chnoc so choinnich trì de na seachd ceumanan—o Lochabar, a Chille Chuimein, is o Srathfhairigeag—cha b'urrainn nàmhaid teachd orra gun aire a thaobh sam bith. Thàinig a' mhadainn 's gun nàmhaid a chluinntinn no fhaicinn, thill e air a shàil is dh'fhalbh e mar a thàinig.

Chì sibh fhathast am badan chraobh far an do chaith e an oidhche, sean is crìon is seargta; chuir ginealach eile callaid mun timchioll, is fad dà cheud bliadhna is còrr, chum sin tèarainnte na craobhan, craobhan Iain Cope. 'S minic a thogas daoine cuimhneachan do fhear tha cliùiteach, treun, ach an cuala sibh air cuimhneachan eile do ghealltair gun mheas?

Cha mhór gun robh Cope á sealladh Srath-mhathaisidh na thàinig am Prionnsa nall thar Choire-ghearraig. Cha d'fhan e móran nas fhaide an Sgìre Lagain na dh' fhan Cope. B'e cheann-uidhe Dùneideann is bha an rathad fosgailt roimhe. Chrìoslaich òigridh na sgìre iad fhéin 'nan arm, is thug iadsan a bha ro shean is ro òg airson cogaidh coimheadachd dha gu Dhruimuachdar. So agaibh òran mu'n latha ud—

"Luchd nam breacan, luchd nam breacan,
Luchd nam breacan sgàrlaid,
Luchd nam breacan ballach uaine
A dh'fhalbh uainne le Prionns' Teàrlach.

'S nan robh mi fhìn 'nam shia bhliadhna deug
'S nan robh mi fhìn mar b'àill leam,
'S nan robh mi fhìn 'nam shia bhliadhna deug
Gum falbhainn fhìn le Teàrlach."

Air Druimuachdar thogadh càrn chlach, is chuir gach fear a bha fo arm clach ann. Bha e an sin ri mo latha ; chan eil fhios agam am bheil e ann a nis, oir nuair bhios sibh a' deanamh rathaidean ùra do charbadan ùra, 's tric théid seann nithean as an t-sealladh.

Cha téid àireamh air na sgeulachdan a chual mi am Bàideanach mu dhéidhinn Bliadhna a' Phrionnsa, ach chan innse mi ach a dhà.

Nan d' thàinig thu thar Choire-ghearraig leis a' Phrionnsa, chan fhaiceadh tu ach corra fhàrdach an sud 'san so gus an ruigeadh tu Craichidh, baileachan beag air taobh Allt Mharcaidh. Aig an àm sin bha bannal chaileag a Craichidh air àirigh 's a' Mhonadh Liath le'n crodh. Ged bha iad astar math o'n bhaile, mu dhà mhìle dheug cha robh oidhche nach tigeadh cuideigin a choimhead ciamar bha dol leò fhéin is leis a' chrodh. Bha oidhche ann nach d' thàinig, 's cha d' thàinig an ath oidhche. Air an treas là ghabh aon diubh tinneas, 's mu bheul na h-oidhche bha i marbh. " Mur tig iad an nochd, dé ni sinne? " arsa na caileagan. Ach cha d'thàinig. Rinn iad a caithris leò fhéin, is air teachd na maidne ghiùlan iad am bana-chompanach dhachaidh thar a' mhonaidh. Air Craichidh a ruigsinn, cha d'fhuair iad ann fear no gille a b'urrainn cas chur fodha. Cha robh aig cailean na h-àirigh ach ciste laighe a dheanamh leò fhéin ; rinn iad so is chaidh iad fo'n ghiùlan is ann an seann Chladh a' Chùil, far am beil Allt Marcaidh ruith gu Spé, chàraich iad an nighean.

Fhuair am fear a dh'innis so dhomh an sgeul o sheanmh-athair, a bha air an àirigh so.

Bha seana bhean 'san sgìre aig nach robh duine beò a bhuineadh dhi. Bha a fear marbh ; mac no nighean cha robh aice. Ach air dhi am Prionnsa fhaicinn ann am maise a làn uidheim cha b'urrainn di fois no fuaradh fhaotainn mur deanadh i rud-eigin air a sgàth. B'e an t-aon saibhreas a bh'aice sgaoth chearc, 'nam measg coileach mór anabarrach briagh. Thug i so leatha 'na h-ultach gu làthair a' Phrionnsa is dh'iarr i air a dheasachdainn airson a shuipeir. Ghabh am Prionnsa an t-eun 'na dhà làimh, spion e iteag á earbul, chuir e an ite 'na bhoineid is an t-eun air ais ann

an làmhan a' bhoireannaich. Ghabh ise e 'na h-uchd, is thog i a cas is rinn i ceuman dannsa, a' gabhail an rann so—

"Tha'n ite a bh'ann an stiùir a' choilich
Dubh is uaine is sgàrlaid,
Tha'n ite a bh'ann an stiùir a' choilich
Nis am boineid Theàrlaich.

A Theàrlaich ruaidh bha fada uainn
Dhut guidheam buaidh bho'n thàinig,
'S gun toir thu luaidh bhios daingean cruaidh
Air luchd nan còtan màdar."

Ach nach mi bha 'nam cheo! Bha e 'nam bheachd 'san dol a mach gun innsinn duibh mu na daoine còire mu'n cuala mi, 's a b'aithne dhomh, am Bàideanach, agus 's ann thug mi dhuibh faoin sgial amaideach gun bhrìgh. Mar tha fhios agaibh fhéin, 'nuair bhitheas duine 's a' cheò théid e air seachran, is 'nuair a théid e air seachran có aig tha fios far am faigh e e fhéin 's a' cheann mu dheireadh?

A COMPLEAT THEORY OF THE SCOTS HIGHLAND BAGPIPE

By Miss MAIRI A. MACDONALD, Inverness

30th January, 1948

The story of Joseph Macdonald's "A Compleat Theory of the Scots Highland Bagpipe" provided me with a plot rivalling that of many a detective novel.

The Theory, compiled about 1760, was printed and published by James Johnson, Edinburgh, in 1803 — and shortly afterwards practically all trace of Joseph MacDonald and his Theory seems to have been lost. By 1927, when a copy was discovered in a saleroom in Inverness, only three other copies extant could be found, and one of these was incomplete.

The unexpected discovery of this copy in Inverness caused quite a stir in the piping world, where it was hailed with the assurance that it would settle certain points in the execution of piobaireachd, about which the leading pipers were continually at variance.

In 1928, therefore, a second edition of The Theory was submitted for publication by my late father, who unfortunately died suddenly on the eve of the publication.

A great number of leading pipers studied the work, but all were confused and perplexed by its contents. The Theory contained written instructions with regard to the playing of the bagpipes, and examples of the various types of bagpipe music, complete with the intricate variations of piobaireachd.

These written directives were illustrated by staff notation examples of the music referred to, but the written directive and the staff notation failed to agree. Further, there was frequent use of a Gaelic term "Iuludh" which I could not trace in my dictionary.

The consensus of opinion was that Joseph must have been an extremely careless notation scribe — so careless, in fact, that the work was worthless and should, therefore, be returned to the limbo where it had already lain for over a century.

The more I studied the meticulous accuracy of the written word, however, the more I became convinced that Joseph was anything but a careless student of his subject, and that there must be some very adequate explanation of the highly unintelligent work that was in his Theory. My first step in the solution of the mystery was to find out all I could about Joseph MacDonald.

Joseph MacDonald was one of the sons of the Rev. Murdoch MacDonald, minister of Durness, Sutherland. The Rev. Murdoch, gifted with a marvellous singing voice, loved music and did all he could to develop musical taste in his family circle. The bagpipes and violin were the instruments he favoured—especially the bagpipes, which, as a contemporary of the later MacCrimmons, and deeply appreciative of their ability, he considered to be the medium of expression of all that was finest in our Highland culture.

There were two particularly promising members of his family—the older, Patrick, who published his "Collection of Highland Vocal Airs" in 1784, and the younger, Joseph, eventually acknowledged as a musical genius. To advance the musical knowledge of these two, the Rev. Murdoch employed Kenneth Sutherland, Cnocbrec, a noted exponent of our native music.

When Joseph was sixteen he was sent to Haddington for further education, and here he devoted most of his leisure to music and painting. From Haddington he went to Edinburgh where, under the tutilage of the renowned Signor Pasquali — celebrated for his compositions inspired by Shakespeare's "The Tempest" and "Romeo and Juliet," and other famous masters—he enjoyed an exceptional and extensive musical education.

Although Joseph loved Italian music, he loved his native music above all other, and upon his return to Strathnaver some years later gave all his attention to this study. He collected and noted down all the airs he could glean, especially those suitable for the bagpipes. In 1760 he went

to the East Indies to work with the East India Company, but before leaving home completed a copy of his choice native airs, which Patrick incorporated into his "Collection of Highland Vocal Airs." In the Preface to this work a letter from Joseph, after his arrival in the East, is quoted, which tells how he had "formed a system" of his native music, during his voyage, and purposed to send this home. Shortly afterwards, however, he died of a malignant fever when only twenty-three years of age. His effects, including the manuscript of "The Theory," were collected and brought home to his brother Patrick by a fellow bagpipe enthusiast, Sir John Murray MacGregor.

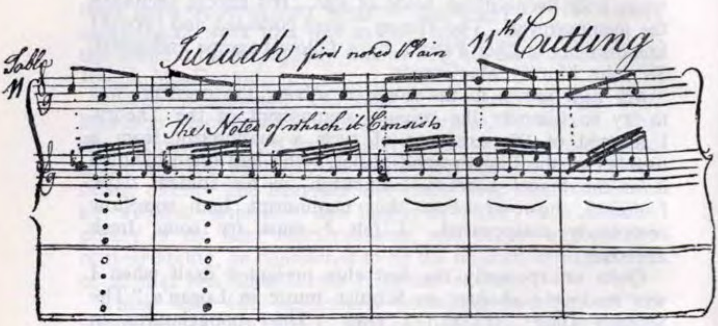
My next move, in the hope of solving the mystery, was to try to discover the original manuscript of the Theory. I learned of the existence of such a manuscript from a member of the Piobaireachd Society, who had often handled it in the Signet Library, Edinburgh, in his student days. I found, however, that this manuscript had somehow completely disappeared. I felt I must try some fresh approach.

Quite unexpectedly the first clue presented itself when I was reading a chapter on Scottish music in Logan's "The Scottish Gael" (1878). I read "The appoggiaturas in modern music are usually the next in degree to the chief note, and any great departure from this rule is accounted a barbarism. In Scots music they are some degree distant, and appear very graceful. This is most remarkable in pipe tunes, to which instrument they are indispensable."

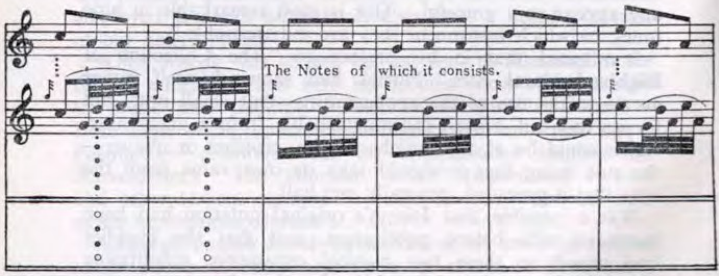
I reflected that in his preface to "The Collection of Highland Vocal Airs," Patrick had shown himself rather averse to the use of the appoggiatura—that small note, but for its tiny tail, almost indistinguishable from a grace note, which could be of any length—minim, crotchet or quaver—the rule being that it should take its own value from the note that it preceded, generally one half.

Was it possible that Joseph's original notation had been tampered with before publication, and that the meddler had mixed up these two musical ornaments, substituting appoggiaturas — notes of definite length — for grace notes, which know no time value and are produced by a mere flick of the finger? If so, who was responsible for this tampering?

I applied the supposition that Joseph's grace notes had been treated as appoggiaturas, and calculated how the staff-notation extracts should have been noted in such a circumstance. To my joy I found that I had discovered that this was the fundamental error that underlay all the "careless" work of the Theory. Had the "ornaments" been read as grace-notes, and the staff noted accordingly, written directives and staff-notation would have agreed.



11th CUTTING
IULUDH, first noted Plain



FOOTNOTE. — (1) A reproduction of part of a page of Joseph MacDonald's Manuscript, showing his writing of the term "Tuludh." Below this (2) is an extract from the published version in which the word was printed as "Iuludh." The liberty taken with the notation is also evident.

The fly-leaf of the Theory, dedicating the work to Sir John Murray MacGregor of MacGregor, bore the printed signature of Patrick MacDonald. How, I argued, could he —an eminent and educated musician—have been guilty of such a mistake? His own work, from which it was clear that he knew all about appoggiaturas and grace-notes, rendered the charge ridiculous.

I re-applied myself to the Introduction in the Theory, addressed "To The Public." Here, after a short description of the work of Joseph MacDonald, was a discourse upon bagpipe and harp music. Then followed a strange digression —an oration in praise of Ossian's work and its translation! Why this digression?

It was in 1947, when Edinburgh was preparing for the first Festival, that the manuscript of the Theory turned up, amongst several others lent by the University Library. The member of The Piobaireachd Society, already referred to as having seen the manuscript in his student days, almost stunned everyone by declaring that this was not the manuscript he had handled before. The only conclusion possible was that there must have been **two** manuscripts.

An examination of this manuscript in its glazed black covers quickly reassured us that this was Joseph's own original manuscript. The mystery of the term "Iuludh" was quickly cleared up. Joseph's faultless copperplate revealed that the word should have been Tuludh, a term well known amongst pipers. Further discrepancies manifested themselves as we turned the pages — a notable one being that the description of the three-droned bagpipes found in the printed copy was not included in the manuscript.

The work was undoubtedly that of a genius—careful, neat and inspired. Faultlessly accurate notation tables agreed in every case with the written directive. The use of appoggiaturas had everywhere been avoided. Now it was clear that the Theory my father had reprinted had been printed from the other manuscript which had gone astray—a manuscript undoubtedly prepared by someone other than Joseph or Patrick, for Patrick must have known his brother's handwriting too well to mistake a T for an I. It was then we noticed—"Eldin, 1833"—on the fly-leaf.

The Librarian immediately satisfied our questioning. The MMS. had been acquired from the estate of Mr. D. Laing who had bought it in 1833 at the sale of Lord Eldin's Collection.

John Clerk, Lord Eldin, was an Antiquary, and a firm friend of Dr. Blair—champion of MacPherson's translation of Ossian, which we now know to have been made up from multiple fragments of ancient Gaelic poetry and strung together into long complete poems. Here we were again confronted by the dubious work of these antiquaries. The unnecessary laudation of Ossian's Poems and their translation contained in the preface "To The Public" confirmed this. At last the mystery was solved.

Patrick at the time of the publication of his brother's Theory (1803) was seventy-four years of age — an old man and none too rich. His own "Vocal Airs" had been financed by subscribers, a list of whom is found at the beginning of the volume. It would seem that, anxious to have the Theory published, he handed it over with a letter of dedication to the antiquaries. Not knowing much about bagpipe music they had employed some "hack" whose identity will perchance never be discovered to "dress up" the manuscript for publication. This person, mistakenly under the impression that Joseph's notation must be old-fashioned, tried to alter it into the more fashionable notation of his own day with the disastrous results that confront us in the printed Theory.

The first manuscript found which had eventually gone astray was that of this "hack." We are now, however, in possession of Joseph's own manuscript, accurate and illuminating in every detail—a monument to the genius of one whose work has survived death and time—and, in full knowledge of this, I applied myself all over again to the study of the Theory.

Right away I made a discovery which I thought exciting. About the year 1600, Iain Odhar (Mac Crimmon) became the first piper to the family of MacLeod. Donald Ban Mac Crimmon was killed in the Rout of Moy in 1745. The cream of the Mac Crimmon piping, therefore, is found between 1600 and 1745. Rev. Murdoch MacDonald was born in 1696 and died in 1763. It is obvious, therefore,

that he knew bagpipe music as played by the MacCrimmons, and he had taught his son Joseph. Therefore, in Joseph's Theory we have a first-hand manual of bagpipe music as played by the MacCrimmons. The word "Theory" means "the principles of an art, as distinguished from its practise" —and we have those principles explained with regard to one specific instrument, the Scots Highland Bagpipe. To quote Joseph — " It is the original style of this music, we alone intend to discover, with the Rules Invented for it by the first and most eminent masters of this instrument."

I have often been asked where Piobaireachd originated— in our Highlands or Italy? A very complete answer is given by Joseph. He writes — " It is remarkable how they (the compositions) accidentally coincide with the Italian method, in regard to the form of Composition, in first having a ground or Adagio, and then their different kinds of Allegro, regularly built upon the ground." Then we learn how this "accident" came about. The unbroken flow of sound emanating from the bagpipe made it necessary to employ grace notes for the production of two or more consecutive notes of the same pitch. It soon became apparent to the musical Gael that a compound system of these grace notes could produce embellishments — or, as we say to-day, variations — which increased the dignity, expression and unique beauty of his music. Out of the systematic use of these embellishments grew the soul-stirring Highland Piobaireachd.

I have heard it said that no one knows the meaning of the different piping terms nor their origin. Yet the Theory supplies a complete list, with exact meanings and usage. Most are easily recognisable as derivations of old harping terms, but even some of these have become altered over the years, with disastrous results.

The first of these is Ludh. Ludh in Gaelic means simply "art" or "method." In modern times we find this word mis-spelt as Luath, a term which means "quick," and many pipers alter the true time of variations to satisfy this erroneous term. We find Ludh consistently used in the Theory in terms such as Barludh and Creanludh.

The term Taorluath does not appear anywhere in the Theory. About sixty years ago, I am told, the mention of this term was enough to start a minor civil war amongst pipers. How was it played? No one knew—and all knew, and all played it differently! No Gaelic dictionary contains the word. As far as I could find out, this word was first used by Donald MacDonald in his "Collection of Highland Bagpipe Tunes" published about 1811. This gentleman wrote his music to suit the piano—the fashionable instrument of his hour—an instrument for which pipe music was never intended, and attempted to write the variations to suit both instruments. My father suggests, I think correctly, that this word is mis-spelt and should be Taobhludh. Taobh, in Gaelic, a word of harpist derivation means "side-fallings"—those broken chords in harp music, played in chromatic style, that embellish the melody—variations. This term thus refers to no particular variation and the Taorluath problem completely disappears.

Before Joseph MacDonald wrote his Theory the only written record of piobaireachd was Canntaireachd. This transmission of music by a system of language signs is peculiar to the pipes, and whilst those who invented it knew exactly how it should be employed, those who came after, and had suffered the lack of bagpipe playing owing to the period of Proscription following the Forty-Five, could not possibly follow it correctly as it provided neither time nor key. This was something which Joseph fully realised. Staff notation in his day had not reached the perfection it enjoys to-day, and many of the notes and phrases of bagpipe music could not, therefore, be adequately set forth and written up. It was for this reason that he furnished the Theory with tables, each calculated to depict the exact method of playing a certain note or phrase, and these tables are, therefore, extremely important to the piper.

As I have already mentioned, written Canntaireachd had no forms for time or key, and as many of the tune titles of The Lorne Canntaireachd are indistinctly written it is impossible to tell whether certain of the tunes are laments or salutes. Joseph considers this point important, however, and supplies us with the fundamental principle of this too. He writees, "Yet it is surprising what a grave taste they

have contrived for Laments, which is a quite distinct style from the rest."

"The Key for Laments excludes C altogether, because it is sharp. Laments dwell much upon the lowest notes, and take the freedom of all the notes excepting these."

It is worthy of note, also, that the Theory tells of the different chanter which was used in the old days for the playing of laments. The present high-pitched chanter has been in existence for only seventy-odd years. When it first appeared many of the old pipers refused to play "big music" on it and reverted to their old chanters for this music, keeping the new chanter for lighter music.

Joseph goes to a great deal of trouble to explain the study of pipe keys to his readers. "One would think that the small compass of the bagpipe would not admit of more keys than one, and that same in a very confined manner; but in this little compass they have contrived lively imitations of several keys, which, though they cannot be called distinct ones, yet exhibit a great deal of taste (character), which appear very different, the one from the other." If we ponder these words we find it easy to recognise a salute, which may be a stately, dignified piece of music, or a lively martial tune of the "gathering" type, from the sad, heart-rending strains of the lament — and so another difficulty is overcome.

We learn, too, that many very elegant variations have been completely lost to us. Our longest variation to-day consists of eleven notes, but in The Theory we find one exhibiting twenty-two notes. How very wonderful this must have sounded! In addition we are told of several kinds of pipe-music that are now also lost to us. Which of us has heard of such a composition as a "pleasant rhapsody" or "irregular march"? Yet what could appeal more to the Highlander than a "pleasant rhapsody" in the guise of a slow, irregular march, providing music for his irregular Gaelic rhyme, which described his different reactions to beauty and freedom whilst striding, at his own sweet will, amidst his beloved hills.

We get an interesting sidelight on the MacCrimmon School at Borreraig—where many have insisted that only laments were composed. To agree with this one would have to

approve the Yank's remark, "They must indeed have been a dull crowd at Borreraig!" Here, however, is assurance that this was not the case. Descriptions are given of the methods of composing laments, salutes, gatherings, pleasant rhapsodies or irregular marches, jigs and reels. It is interesting that only reels and jigs are mentioned. What is known to-day as "John MacKechnie" is given as a fair specimen of a reel, and it is worth noting that the reel itself is preceded by a prelude, which suggests that no strathspey preceded the reel. The term strathspey does not occur in The Theory. We find it appearing in print for the first time in a Collection by Daniel Dow, dating about 1766. Previous to this strathspeys were known as Country Dances. Some assert that the music had a Continental, and indeed a French origin.

That vital changes have taken place in the character of some tunes cannot be questioned. About a hundred years ago "The Cock of the North" was known as "Cock Crowing," and was usually played as a slow march around the family seat, at six o'clock in the morning, on the occasion when a guest or member of the family was leaving. We know this tune to-day, played quickly, and renamed "The Cock of the North," as the regimental march of the Gordon Highlanders.

Consideration of "The Big Spree" gave occasion for deep thought. It had been suggested that this was Catholic Church music—the counterpart of "Plain Song," used in the celebration of Mass—undoubtedly a lament, and that the title should be "The Last Supper."

This information pointed to a course whereby the influence of the Catholic Church on our music might be examined. Copies of the "urlar" of "The Big Spree" were sent to leading Catholic Church musical authorities in Ireland, England and Scotland, and all agreed, without exception, that "There was a similarity, slight, it is true, but present all the same, in style, but not in actual derivation of the material." In other words, the theme of "The Big Spree" did not have its origin in Italian-Catholic Church music. How right Joseph was about bagpipe compositions accidentally coinciding with the Italian method!

It was from the late Father Cyril Dieckhoff that agreement came regarding my conclusions about the word Spree and its possible meaning—

"Your remarks about 'The Big Spree' are most interesting to me because I happen to know that there is abundant evidence of the use of private secret codes used by Catholics in Scotland and Ireland during the post reformation period, when corresponding with fellow Catholics on the Continent or with ecclesiastical superiors under the jurisdiction of Rome. I am strongly inclined to agree that 'Spree' was one of these code words, chosen to hide the fact of the celebration of Mass or some other religious festivity from the many spies employed by the English Government (including Scotland and the Continent) when the penal laws were in force in Great Britain against Catholic worship and education, during the period following the Reformation.

"To call very sacred functions by a word usually associated with carousals would be a very clever way of hiding the character of the functions referred to."

From this I think it is permissible to aver that the incongruous title, "The Big Spree," had its origin in the Catholic Church, but the beautiful music of this piobaireachd is entirely Highland, and may even be our native expression of the very deep emotion aroused by the drama of The Last Supper.

Another interesting case comes to light when we study Joseph's examples of the dispositions of the Keys for laments, rural pieces and salutes. Several bars of music are quoted, and we recognise a piobaireachd known to-day as "The Lament for the Viscount of Dundee." Joseph treats this as a salute and writes, "There is no style more warlike than this, and when this is well played it certainly is Martial. The contrast of G and D joined, and A and C makes the boldness and singularity of the style E." This piobaireachd is given in The Lorne Canntaireachd under the title, "Thanig Gorrie"— welcome to Gorrie—so once more Joseph has proved more correct than the moderns.

The invention by Sir Walter Scott of the word "Pibroch" for "piobaireachd" and its subsequent use to mean "lament" instead of "piping" has, I feel, helped the differentiation between lament and salute to be neglected, and to produce

the present inaccuracies which so spoil our music. These could and should be corrected, and this could be done by careful study of Joseph's manuscript in conjunction with "The Lorne Canntaireachd." To a piobaireachd enthusiast this task should give unending pleasure—like cleaning up old oil paintings—for our national music would emerge in its original varied composition, a composition expressing so uniquely and so terribly sincerely our deep and unusual emotions, and displaying a very real and very varied genius.

EXTRACTS FROM A LEWIS MS.

By Rev. Malcolm MacLean, M.A.
Conon Bridge

12th February, 1948

The Conflicts of Harris and Lewis

Book 3

(*Page* 475) I shall again resume the conflict of Harris & Lewis: I shall begin now with the intestine broils at Harris: Thus whereas there were two Brothers Macleods who claimed a legitimate right to a part of Harris that the proprietor of Harris did not countenance the claims of those two Brothers & threatened punishment to both their persons & properties unless they would decline having legal right to any part of his lands and farther than his pleasure & moreover by menaces & otherwise made the two Brothers resign every pretension they had previously entertained with regard to the above claim However he told them that he would give them choice Farms in Harris for Rents whereupon one of them told Macleod privately that providing he (*Page* 476) got that Farm in the Isle of Berneray Harris termed Rusgarry he would advance him a little money he had by him, McLeod at once concluded with this Brother & gave him that Farm in Berneray & the other Brother got a Farm termed Scaristag — those two Brothers as supposed by the Laird were silenced for the time to come. They both prospered in their different Farms for a long period & somehow all the Harris folk enjoyed domestic tranquillity so long only as the mutual concord & harmony of the two Brothers foresaid did continue: but the sons of that Brother who got the smallest Farm when they were grown men came to understand how their uncle in a secret manner supplanted their Father by advancing the Laird so

much money & thereby had obtained the largest & best Farm in Harris at a long lease: so the sons with the concurrence of their Father resolved all of them to proceed to the Isle of Berneray & kill their uncle & sons & take possession of all his effects; so under silence of night they took Boat & landed at Berneray and without any seremony besieged this Brother's house & killed everybody they found within but it so happened that (*Page* 477) John Mcleod the deceased's oldest son was not that night at home & his uncle & his sons knew this young man as very dexterous at the sword & also superior in strength. His uncle said to his own sons to go and hide themselves and that as he himself was arrayed in full armour Coat of Mail &c. he would engage his nephew who most likely would be unprepared to engage so his sons went & hid themselves while their Father watched the return of his nephew to his Father's house, so in the next morning John made his appearance not knowing that there was none of his Father's family now alive —his uncle salutes him by telling him that there was nobody living of his Father's family & that now he would try to make him there the same fate—John indeed had no shield or Coat of Mail to defend him against his wicked uncle's sword however he parried his uncle's pushes & thrusts so effectually that notwithstanding cf his uncle's boastful armour John (*Page* 478) made him lose ground until his sword broke, the hilt only in his hand with which he struck his uncle in the Breast by which he fell down dead & John now finding his parents & all their family dead & gone he went away to the Sound of Berneray & swimmed accross in the night time & landed at Cillish Cledder where he had & Foster who ferried him to Uist thence to Balle-ne-Caillich Clan Ranald's seat, the Laird of Clan Ranald being his uncle—where he remained for a year That so soon as Mcleod of Harris & other neighbouring Lairds entered into a Contract the result was that they in a body took to their Galleys with their Followers & sailed to Nunton Laird of Clan Ranald's seat & landed at Uist & sent a message to the Laird of Clan Ranald denoting that unless

he would engage & secure his nephew John Mcleod who was a terror now to the surrounding Clans if he should be further permitted to go at large, so that that providing the Laird of Clan Ranald delivered the foresaid John Mcleod to those clans without resistance it was all well; otherwise the combined clans (*Page* 479) were now determined to have John Mcleod delivered to them without delay if not they were determined to commit reprizal before they would leave Uist. On hearing this message the Laird of Clan Ranald sent notice to the Allied Clans to come forward & apprehend John Mcleod foresaid for he would offer no opposition in his defence. That the poor Mcleod did not know of this snare laid for his apprehension however & Norman in Clan Ranald's family discovered to Mcleod the plot who so soon as hear the same he went to his uncle & asked a sword of him His uncle showed him all the swords of which he was master when Mcleod picked out one particular sword & said to his uncle that this sword would knock off the head of a Lamb X This Sword was called the Lamb X; being now aware that his uncle did privately agree to deliver him to the foresaid Clans that in revenge whereof he aimed a violent stroke with the sword at (*Page* 480) his uncle's neck but his uncle took notice of his aim & bended his body by which he escaped the blow—when his nephew said I will not offer you the second Blow—he then left the house & went forward to Mcleod's followers when the Laird of Mcleods by amicable & plausible promises allowed foresaid John Mcleod to submit himself into their hands. Therefore Mcleod of Harris & his allied Clans sailed away for Harris where they feasted merrily for some days exulting in their late capture namely that of John Mcleod. That contrary to all promises given to poor Mcleod by the Laird of Harris yet he was sent a prisoner to Dunvegan Castle where he was kept in close confinement for a whole year. As I told before that of all the Spanish Ships Company that was sunk at the port of Tobermorry only three of the crew of this ship's company survived that Catastrophe & the

strongest of all this Ship's Company was one of those three called Juan Mor. This great warrior then was richly entertained a set time about in the different Clan (*Page* 481) families; the clans had moreover in view not to allow Juan Mor leave the Isles dreading that if he should get home to Spain & tell the fate of the ship that was blasted at Tobermorry as also the death of that lady of the highest quality lost by the artifice & contrivance of a highland lady, so all this put together would if in reality he divulged at the Court of Spain would without a doubt exasperate that Court & demand satisfaction one way or another and for this reason the Clans allured and detailed Juan Mor in the Highlands & Isles & whiles about in the different Lairds' family where there were none found to be his equal at the sword. He happened to have come to Dunvegan when the foresaid John Mcleod was prisoner there—that upon a certain day the Laird of Dunvegan in concert with other Lairds at the Dùn feasted Juan Mor sumptuously. The Lairds asked him if he would show them a specimen of his great strength by a slap or Clash with the Broad Sword, (*Page* 482) he told them he had no objection to let them see what he could do so they all came out & proposed to try Juan's sword on an old Boat to see how many planks he would run through beginning at the Boat's Gunnel on one side down to the keel. Juan gave the stroke when he cleared through every plank on the one side of this Boat but the plank next the heel—when all the Lairds very much lauded his great strength—That one of the crowd, Macleod's jail keeper, said that there is a lad of the name of John Mcleod in confinement in the Castle for a year back & on that day he was given in custody to them he would surely perform such feat with the Broad Sword as that Juan Mor now exhibited in their presence—Big Juan Mor hearing this insisted to bring said Mcleod out to try his strength so John Mcleod was brought out much emuciated from long confinement and bad usage however he was persuaded to try the other side of the Boat by a stroke of his sword which he did

powerfully & ran through every plank on the one side & through the keel also the breadth of (*Page* 483) the Sword's blade whereupon all the beholders exclaimed in admiration of Mcleod's amazing strength & above all present Juan who used his interest with all the Lairds to give Mcleod his liberty & moreover provide for him Lands & means in Harris whereby he might live so Mcleod the Laird was not now against the encouragement being given to John Macleod whom he sent away by Boat to Mcleod of Harris with orders to get possession of the Island Berneray & moreover advised all his friends to help John in stocking his new Farm—Macleod of Harris in obedience to his Patron's instructions acted very liberal towards Mcleod now & sent him to the Mcleod of the Lewis with a recommendatory letter also setting his particular errand to the Lewis. Mcleod of the Lewis received John Macleod kindly & helped him liberally he being his own friend & sent word to Torkall Mcleod farmer of Delmore that against such a day (*Page* 484) he would see a friend of his own a John Mcleod of Harris & that he hoped he would deal bountifully with him—so Torkall was a great swordsman—he on that day on which he expected his friend went to the moor attired in shabby clothing & in a kind of disguise & brought his sword along with him he was not long pulling heather on the moor when he saw his friend John Mcleod in sight & a manservant along with him—The stranger salutes Torkall who returns the same on equall terms —Well says Mcleod is this the direct road to Torkall Macleod's house; yes says the old man—will you show us the way to his house—Torkall replied & says My master Torkall is plagued by strangers & without you tell your business with my master I will not show you the way & says John Mcleod are you afraid of this sword then since you are so very unfriendly to strangers—I says Torkall I was bred to the sword. I have mine here almost worn out by age they calling the sword the snake's tail—I would not care to fence with you for a few moments with it & then I'll know (*Page* 485) whether you are worthy

of a night's lodgings in my Master's home—so both giants fell to it when the old man began to gain ground & so unequal was the play that John Macleod's servant cried out—Master I wish you had your plaid off you—when the clever Torkall in the disguise of a poor peasent gave over the sword exercise. I'll go now & show you the way to my Master's house since I find you worthy of a night's lodgings with him. Thus he conducted John Mcleod into his own house & seated him in a chair at the fireside & going up to the Room he puts off his old clothes & dresses himself & comes down to the fire shook hands with his friend John Macleod who on the spot recognised him to be the man he met on the moor The two heroes enjoyed themselves merrily for that night & on the next day Torkull liberally gave his friend Four choice horses to work in the plough & another one for a stand by & so parted those two friends this John Mcleod (*Page* 486) *and his issue I shall say more in course*. My narrative brings me to the Lewis & to that village termed Haklet in the Island of Berneray in the Parish of Uig—In this village then there lived an extraordinary warrior called Tarmod MacUnche a troim — he was closely related to Mcleod the Laird of the Lewis who it is said was very fond of this hero — That this Mcleod of the Lewis was then married on a daughter of the Macleans & this lady newly married took a tour to the Parish of Uig to get so many Lambs; this the lady collected by thicking. She came to Haklet to Norman MacUnche's house where she was received kindly — the good man Norman happened to be sitting on a stool having a Felle-beg on, the Lady's page foolishly came behind the good man & took a hold of the stool & down fell the good man by which all his priveleges were exposed to the Lady & others, That for the affront given to the good man by the wanton page he soon paid dear for as soon as Mr. Norman got up he gave that blow to the page with his hand the lad fell down dead & in a kind of panic & rage the Lady sets off for (*Page* 487) Stornoway & swore to her Laird that she would not rest satisfied till she would get Mcleod of Hacklet killed

& all his effects destroyed — That at the instigation of the Lady the Laird sent twelve men well armed to Haklet in order to effect the determined ruin but Mcleod of Haklet with only one man servant gave this twelve men a terrible repulse & killed eleven of them & allowed the only one remainiog alive to go to Stornoway to report the fate of his fellows. Mcleod again sent other twelve warriors completely armed to undo Mcleod of Haklet. This twelve met with the same fatal reception at the hands of Mcleod & his servant only one man was allowed to go back to tell the result of the last struggle whereupon Mcleod's Lady goes away to Duart & complains to her Father & Brother that they by force might take satisfaction of the foresaid Mcleod of Haklet for his offences. Maclean then sent a vessel on board of which were two dozen chief warriors & inferior men also well armed & had powder & shot likewise so this vessel arrived at Lochrogg and (*Page* 488) came to anchor at Tornish Loch right opposite to Haklet & on board of this vessel Maclean himself and his son were. The ship landed upon the Haklet shore twelve swordsmen and a chief commander over this twelve which Mcleod perceiving said to his man servant whether he would not undertake to face the 12 men with his arrows or engage the great warrior with his sword his servant replied that he would rather attempt to repell the twelve men. Well says his master make for them instantly & be sure to aim well, at least try to divert their attempt to setting fire to any house until I can render you assistance if I can succeed in killing the Coat of Mailed warrior. Mcleod thus & his man servant sets off towards the shore where these strangers landed & who were by this time getting instructions from their chief commander how they should engage both Mcleod & set fire to his house. The invaders now went right into the direction of Macleod's house, Mcleod's servant observed them went to the back of a big stone beyond the shore of Haklet & opened his Battery upon the invaders (*Page* 489) & every arrow he shoot dealed instant death to his enemies as before any of them could

arrive at Mcleod's house the whole twelve men were killed at least mortally wounded — Thus the servant of Mcleod killed Maclean's men and so soon as he finished their conflict he went to look for his master & found him set upon the warrior foresaid and the warrior's back to a big rock at Haklet beyond the shore termed Rock Owell, Macleod's servant now exclaimed what, are you still entangled with this man and have made no conquest Oh yes says Mcleod this warrior is too well armoured & in that case my arrows and sword both takes no effect therefore he defends himself advantageously. What have you done yourself to the twelve men, Who, says his servant, these twelve men will not molest you or me any more & says he I'll contrive to finish the great warrior notwithstanding his precaution & Coat of Mail so Mcleod's servant went round about (*Page* 490) the Rock to which the warrior stood & gets a large lump of stone & heaves this stone which struck the enemy's head & broke his skull which accident Maclean on Board of his Ship saw & immediately orders the men on Board mann the long Boat & go with their guns & engage that Villain Mcleod so the long Boat goes towards the shore of Haklet & effects a landing by means of their powder & shot But my hero Mcleod & his servant opposed the landing by their arrows whereof a bloody battle ensued at a small Shore Bay called since Arrow Bay or Harbour and lasted till Maclean's men were all killed only three men who kept on Board of the Ship with Maclean — Mcleod & his man servant shoot from behind the stones, these stones, defended their persons from the effects of the gun shots fired at them by Maclean's men The shots thus shoots this day from Maclean's Boat is to be seen to this day in the crevices of the rock opposite to where Maclean's men fired from their Boat so the lead forced into the cavity in the rock (*Page* 491) can be seen at this day That Maclean thus Beat and flies off with the vessel after shipping all the killed in this encounter But Mcleod observed the direction the vessel took and next day seeing the wind turning contrary & judged that Maclean would take the first

opportunity to bury the dead men he had on Board he goes off by land to Harris and found the vessel foresaid anchored at Killis Cledder or the sound of Harris & Mcleod early next morning walked upon the shore opposite the vessel where he was hailed from on Board and taking Mcleod to be one of the tenants in that part enquired if they would be allowed to land & bury their dead there — Mcleod replied & desired the Master of the vessel to come upon deck & that he would speak to him & grant his request so Maclean comes on deck and Mcleod hailed him as the Captain of the ship & that he to hear him the better to stand with his back to the mast so Maclean did all this when Mcleod let fly an arrow at him & nails him (*Page* 492) to the Ship's mast & there he was killed & this Maclean of Duart his son and upwards of thirty warriors lost their lives — Mcleod returns home and ended his struggle with Macleod of Lewis's Lady whose husband the Laird of the Lewis died shortly thereafter & the Mackenzies got possession of the Lewis — That Mcleod of Haklet held undisturbed possession of his Farm at Haklet ever till he died an old man; he was very credulous and the following instance will evince this: Mr. Macleod's sister got a black pot full of silver buried under ground which she gave to Mcleod her brother & a certain Tinker used to come round the country once a year This Tinker Mcleod often saw — by his Bellows & tools converting silver into other work Mcleod from his supposed knowledge of melting metal puts all his silver he got from his sister into a black pot and set fire under it till the whole silver incorporated into one solid mass. Mcleod now with his hammer imitates the Tinker foresaid but could not do anything of the silver to any good purpose but when (*Page* 493) the Tinker came round Mcleod told him of the process he made of all the silver & desired him buy the whole mass from him The Tinker well knowing the immense value of that mass of melted silver and knowing as well Mcleod's ignorance of the value of money said to Mcleod I will give a sixpence to you every day or time you shall see

me after going away this time & will pay you the first sixpence today — Mcleod concluded a Bargain with the Tinker who went away this day with this rich Booty & never came that way again Thus simple Mcleod lost his very rich treasure for which he only got *one sixpence* — That when the Tutor of Kintail got this Country he gave every encouragement to the Mackenzies in the Lewis & one of the chief Farmers of Mackenzies was set in Ballynakyll in the Parish of Uig this man was called George Mor Mackenzie a very valient man & was also very rich (*Page* 494) That for two or three years in succession this big George Mackenzie had his cattle on a Sheilling at about four miles distant from the Farm — That close to this Sheilling there lies a large loch termed Loch Swainvall & on this Loch it was generally said that there were great water horses seen: This tale awed the herds of Mr. Mackenzie while they were at this Sheilling with their Master's cows — However upon one summer Mackenzie sent his cows to where they used to go but were only for the first night there when they missed a stirk & heard some awful noises through that night so that the dairy woman & herds concluded that the Water Horse did away with the Stirk & behold ate of them left the Sheilling & their Master's cows thereat & went home to Ballynakyll & related the news about the missing of the stork with every other terrific noise which they heard on the last night & that without a strong guard they would not on any account go there again—George Mòr tho a powerful swordsman and most dexterous marksman at the Bow considered himself and his young son George tho equally clever (*Page* 495) with his weapons I say that both after having consulted together did not think themselves both together adequate to the demand which the exercise now to be undertaken required so that rather than risk their own lives they both went to Haklet & offered every reasonable demand to Norman Mcleod foresaid if he would undertake this dangerous task. Mcleod gave them no answer and they went away much displeased — However Mcleod sorted his arrows

& his only son now a grown up man he ordered make ready to go with him on a short journey But the son hearing the Mackenzies talk to his Father about the Water Horse knew at once the end for which his Father was now going from home, his visage changed but he durst not say that he would not go so they both took Boat & landed at Uig when he asked his Father where they were going now adding that everything showed to him now (*Page* 496) that all this preparations was a prelude to a dangerous Battle with a Water Horse which none but desperate persons would undertake were it not to save their own persons & properties — But on hearing this his Father charged the young man with cowardice but as they were going on the young man said Oh what a dangerous enterprize so saying his Father brought him towards an empty hut on the moor & ties his hands & feet leaves him in that hut & departs for Glengunarstill for this was the name of the Sheilling which the monster frequented & at which Mcleod arrived before sun-set. When he selected the strongest-made Sheilling he could find there he rested for about an hour & Mackenzies cows around him he was steadfastly looking in the direction of the Loch only about a gun shot from him he heard a noise & looked to the Loch he saw the Water Horse landing and comming quickly up to the cows & took hold of a red heifer & kills him all the rest of the cows bellowed & seemed apprehensive of their own danger were running in every direction. (*Page* 497) Mcleod now opened his Battery upon the monster every arrow wounding effectually until the Beast left the Prey & makes for the hut in which Mcleod had placed himself for the siege — Mcleod now percieving his danger charges the Monster with his Boabh-an-dorlich or chief of his arrows The Beast was so nigh that time that this arrow mortally wounded him & turned back towards his prey — Mcleod knew those manures of the Monster to be the next to losing the use of his legs he then went out of the hut & made himself vesible to him The monster on seeing his enemy turns back again with the main

struggle. Mcleod stood to him with his Broad Sword. The first stroke he gave him accross the nose which stroke severed and cut away both lips & broke both chew bones The monster now turns back & with what strength remained he made for the Loch when Mcleod inflicted a stroke across the hind legs which completely disabled him Mcleod then gave him a thrust through the Belly and (*Page* 498) by this last one the Beast fell and suddenly died. Mcleod rested himself a little & cut off the Beast's tail & goes away to the hut he left his son in & did not ask him whether he was dead or alive he threw the Water Horse's tail into the hut & related the adventure of his own success. George Mor Mackenzie now offered this hero any reward he might reasonably ask. Mcleod replied that if the danger was now over from the Monster of the lake he would through time demand a suitable reward considering his service by killing this late one but should more of them cust up he would be called upon no doubt to assist in killing them therefore he would delay making his demands for wages for sometime — This monster was the last killed in the Lewis by which this hero Mcleod's adventure concludes.

End of Volume 3rd

Mr. George Mackenzie sent to Mcleod the best cow he had in his fold.

Book VI

Note :— A daughter of MacLean was the 3rd wife of Roderick, and mother of Torquil Dubh and Tormod, last of the Macleod Chiefs of Lewis.

N.B.—This book is not foliod.

Tarmod Macleod

I shall now state the narrative relative to the Laird of Kildun's family in the Lewis — That the Laird of Kildun was of Mackenzie Seaforth's family will appear by the 2nd &

3rd numbers of this work. This Laird then had Aignish and all the Aird in this Parish for his maintenance — he had a family of some daughters and three sons, he was a Baptist & got a priest to his house at Aignish to teach his children. This priest they called Mr. Conn who became so very familiar in the Laird's family as to throw off the Sacerdotal restraint by getting one of the Laird's daughters with child—The Laird discovering this abuse in conjunction with his friends punished Mr. Conn by confinement in desolate Islands about the Lewis Coast — till at last he escaped going through much suffering from cold & hunger — The Laird's daughter who thus slipped by means of Mr. Conn married a respectable young man in the Parish of Stornoway named Tarmod Mcleod alias Norman Ogg This young Mcleod was Tacksman of Garrybost in this Parish & it is said that this union took place contrary to the will of the Laird who would not countenance his son in law until he should turn Baptist but Mcleod withstood the Laird's resentment though he used violent & coercive means either to make a convert of Mcleod his son in law or to shorten his life by violence — But Mcleod repelled every attack this made upon him he being a remarkable swordsman as well as a good proficient in all the sciences practised in those times by men of the first distinction to defend person & property. I say Mcleod was a first rate man when the cause of his country required his services as will appear subsequently. Mr. Mcleod's parents spared no cost to get their son completed as a gentleman & a warrior, for it is said that he was three years in Huntly's family where he acquired such qualifications as rendered him remarkable after part of his life. This Norman Mcleod & some others of the Lewismen were called by Seaforth to the Battle of Sheriff Muir where Mcleod was captain & where he signalised himself valiently against the cause of George the first when the first pretender made a vain effort for the British Crown — The pretender's party lost the day when the subject of this adventure at the dispersion of his corps was for some hours amissing & those of the Highlanders

that survived this Battle rendezvowed in a certain place when the young Laird of Kildun cried out that Captain Mcleod was either killed or taken prisoner — och Colonel Mackenzie of Fairburn said That should a Fisherman's son from he Lewis be killed tis nothing in consideration of their loss this day but to this replied the Lewismen that the loss Mcleod their Captain was a most serious loss to his own country & to all Seaforth's estates. But during this conversation who did they see but Mcleod riding a well mounted horse & joining his own men & offers the use of this horse to the Colonel to ride him home & goes off Mcleod the second time & comes back with another horse & gave this one to the young Laird his own brother in law & then they set off homewards but on the way Dr. Kenneth Maciver who was in his professional capacity called out by Seaforth a long with his men to this Battle This Dr. Maciver told Captain Mcleod the words expressed by the Colonel in contempt of him should he have been killed that day — Captain Mcleod said nothing then but smile but the first stage house they took, some person told the Colonel that Dr. Maciver told Captain Mcleod as foresaid — When the Colonel challenged Dr. Maciver to fight a duel with the sword with him for cause foresaid that until he would get this satisfaction he would ask the whole Army's Commander stop them there & not allow one of them proceed. Dr. Maciver was advised not to accept this challenge & so he did not but Captain Mcleod goes into the Colonel's room & said that it was not consistent with reason or good sense to stop the whole Army for a mere trifle. I says the Colonel are you so very bold as to take upon you to find fault with my conduct for disposing of my corps as I think proper I tell you Lewis Fisherman's son that the Army shall stop here till Maciver or another for him fights the challenge foresaid — come out then says Mcleod and you will get one to fight you for Dr. Maciver — The Colonel goes out to the ground when Mcleod goes forward to him & says to the Colonel defend yourself now for the Fisherman's son will at least affront you

before this vast number of men — The Colonel draws his sword & Mcleod did not unsheath his at all & this imples disrespect to the other duellist & in this manner Mcleod parried the Colonel's sword for a few moments when suddenly he disarms The Colonel & this discomfiture forced him to desist & ask for mercy which Mcleod granted. Latterly they parted friends. Captain Mcleod came to the Lewis some years thereafter Major, afterwards Colonel Humbertson Mackenzie came on a visit to the Lewis he went down to Aignish to see the Laird of Kildunn who was his uncle when the conversation turned about That daughter of the Laird's who by misfortune was brought to such a low pitch as marry the foresaid Captain Mcleod only a Fisherman's son & moreover adds the Laird could I persuade him to turn Baptist I think my friends would do something for him but he is such a strong headed young man & a complete swordsman that should I use violent means to make a proselyte of him to our religion I am afraid he would even single handed prove too many for a dozen of the very best swordsmen I could muster, yet says the Laird I am vexed that my daughter though unfortunate should be united to a heretick — Major Mackenzie was said to be the strongest man in Scotland at that time as well as fully qualified in all the sciences for the field etc. he at this time was in the prime of youth & the Laird's grievance by his daughter's folly with the stubborn-ness of her husband both operated upon the Major's mind so effectually that he expressed himself to this effect That before he would leave the Country he would make Mcleod change his creed or do worse for himself & proposed that the Laird should send for Mcleod early on ensuing Monday & that Major Mackenzie wished to see him at Aignish as early as possible — Captain Mcleod answered this message as indicative of a friendly interview with his wife's friends he arrived at Aignish quite early the next morning & was conducted to the room in which the Major was & who by this early time of day was out of bed in purpose to receive Captain Mcleod in an unfair & hostile manner — so Captain

Mcleod was ushered into the Major's room who was saluted after these words—"Failt ort a mhic an Iosger"—"be sin mi is mac an Shalger"—implying that the Major saluted Captain Mcleod & by way of contempt called him a Fisherman's son — when Mcleod said that he was a Fisherman's son & a Sportsman's son both — The Major without further ceremony expressed in a peremptory tone Thus — Renounce your creed Mcleod or you shall die ere you go out of this room Mcleod said that had he the Major like a man of honour & a Military Officer sent notice to him by the messenger that was sent for him to bring his sword with him he should not care for such threats & even says he without my arms I would scorn to be bullied even by you Major though you bear the name of a renowned warrior, The Major then drew his sword & whither to show Captain Mcleod that he would be a man to his word I can't say but clever Mcleod took a Fire Poker in one hand & a stool that happened to be in the room & those two received the Major blows — & got out of the room safe and runs away to his own home at Garrybost — takes his breakfast & dresses himself in his regimentals but Mrs. Macleod exerted all her Charms to stop him but in vain — he came back to Aignish & the Laird & the Major were taking a walk; the Major perceived Mcleod coming said to the Laird Here is Mcleod coming at full speed wearing all the Arms he had on the day he fought at Sheriff Muir Battle; but, says the Major, what Laird or Gentleman's daughter in the Lewis Island but Mcleod is worthy of her — but says he I must go & dress for Mcleod's Manuveres as he comes on shows that he is determined upon revenge for the affront he had received this morning — so saying he steps into the house & puts his sword &c. on — the Major comes out again & Mcleod arrives when the Major in the 1st place asked Mcleod's hand & be friends—No says Mcleod but defend yourself, Major, for now I shall give you fair play even such play as I was taught to give when I studied the sciences in the Lord Huntly's family & where foul play was always out of repute — but no

more about it Major let us fall to it. The Major finding Mcleod bent on to engage in that case the Major drew his awful long sword — Mcleod advances like a clever swordsman tho a vast difference there was between the two Warriors bodies yet Mcleod in the short course of a few minutes compelled the Major to ask his pardon & to give up the conflict. Mcleod's brother in law the young Laird who was very found of him since he saw his military exploits at Sheriff Muir's Battle interferes when the two combatants shook hands & went into the Laird's house & sent for Mrs. Macleod when a splendid feast was kept for some days in the Laird's family & where by much persuasion Mcleod was gained upon to exchange the Protestant for the Romish religion — & the Laird became very friendly to Mcleod that some extra taxes it is said were extracted from the tenants for the better support of Mcleod's family. The battle of Austin fought in those times Captain Mcleod with some Lewismen fought thereat where he fought with invincible bravery against the English troopers — Tradition says killed & made more execution with his own sword on that day than any other Highlander — Tho many many a brave man was that day on the field of Battle — It is also said that after the rest of the Highlanders had given up the pursuit that Mcleod continued to pursue the Englishmen & that as he turned back he would catch none of his Highland men neither did he overtake the Lewismen till he came home when all hopes of his life was given over — On Mcleod's way homeward this time he fell in with two dangerous accidents — The first of those was some Robbers who met him who thought to have plundered him of any money he might have by him — The Robbers were five in number who boldly asked for Mcleod's money; Mcleod said that he had but very little of that necessary commodity that he would not part with it so long as his weapons could secure his purse — There was one of those ruffians who seemed to be their leader & ordered two of his men engage & get Mcleod's purse otherwise his life — Mcleod finding that the best two of the Robbers were

to engage him he by way of precaution ran forward a piece when the two robbers ran fast after him having each of them a sword drawn to kill him on the spot — Mcleod turns upon those Robbers he shoots one of them by a Pistol & the other with the second blow he got down; the other three Robbers seeing Mcleod so very successful in killing those two Robbers did not think prudent for themselves to renew the combat but they fled — Mcleod then tries the two dead men's pockets & goes on his journey — But in that stage house in which he stayed the following night the good man was not at home & the following morning as he drew his purse to pay the mistress She with much concern asked him where did he get that purse he told her that he had got that purse from his sweetheart Oh says she for that is the purse that my husband had Mcleod says that another purse might be like that of her husband's. Mr. Mcleod goes away & shortly after leaving this stage house he espied a rider comming full Galop after him who soon made up with him & who by a commanding voice ordered him to stope & defend himself. Captain Mcleod at once knew this rider to be the Mistress he parted with that morning & advised her on her own & her family's account not to provoke him to kill her. The woman said that either he or she would never leave that spot alive. Mcleod then though involuntarily had to defend himself & finding this woman well bred he was parrying her pushes till at last he could not make her give up & seeing her getting furious & bent on his life he killed her & often said That that woman was desperately set upon taking his life were she so able — to be continued — Captain Mcleod came to the Lewis & flourished well therein he had a numerous family two of his sons were priests of the Church of Rome one of these was priest at Strath Grays another at BraVarr & the third son whom he intended for the same sacred office was farmer in the Lewis & of this Mcleod descended some of the Mcleods now living in the Lewis. Captain Mcleod died an old man universally regretted by friends & acquaintances.

Note:—The family of Kildun were Catholics.

Book VI

I shall again resume the narrative of the Lewis Heroes & state a little about Torkull Mcleod one of the sons of the renouned Swordsman Captain Norman Mcleod late Tacksman of Garrybost in the Parish of Stornoway — This Torkull Mcleod then was equally clever with his father at the sword and more so at the gun. His Father who was of acute penetration saw that his son Torkull would be a Swordsman indeed & indeed were he to get the advantages that his Father got & his father foreseeing such promising things in this son he spared no cost to give him the benefit of the best fencing schools in the nation & latterly he sent him to France for four years to complete his education as a Scholar as also a good proficient in The other Sciences. Note — the reason alleged by his Father that he sent his son Torkull to France to complete his education was because two of his Brothers were there in France both of them going through their Degrees as priests for the Church of Rome — Torkull came home to the Lewis at length when his Father kept a feast for three days & nights merely on account of his son being come home & by all appearances possessed both the intrepidity & patriotism of his Ancestors The Mcleods. His Father was by this period close upon sixty years of age but still he had strength as well as taste to try & appreciate merit especially he was now anxiously wishing to ascertain whither Torkull was worthy of the great expenditure his Father had to remit for his education for seven years back But in a few days after Torkull's arrival at home he one day took his gun in his hand & went out of the house, his Father following him, and as they both stood outside the house a few of those birds called Stirlings sat as they commonly do on the back of one of his Father's cows & Torkull without minding consequences shoot at those Stirlings and killed a few of them His Father seeing this he riprimanded his son for want of caution & that he certainly wounded the cow on whose back he shoot the Birds foresaid. Torkull then

addressed his Father thus — Dear Father you have been out many a guinea for to make me an adept not only at the Sword but at every other Science practised in those hostile times by men of the first eminence in the Field — Your money likewise put me in that capacity of fearing to shoot & at this discipline I think I may vie with any men in the Highlands & Dear Father I learned the gun so well that I am sure the cow on whose back I shoot the Stirlings a little ago has not received one grain of the shot — Well says his Father I shall soon know if you are so very well bred as you say yourself — His Father goes into the house & brought out from thence his own & his sons sword & saith to his son, Come to the byre with me that I may know what skill you can show, so both goes to the Byre when the Father & son fell to it in good earnest but at length Torkull saith to his Father thus — Dear Father saith he if you do not give up I shall disarm you & to prove this I am able to cut away one of your buttons from your collar with my Sword & at the same time do you no harm — His Father then said if you Torkull can do that I will yield you my own victorious weapon say this sword in my hand today by which I frequently fought & repelled the enemies of my Country & also defend many lives with it when you Torkull was on your Mother's breast — Thus they fell to it again when the clever Torkull did as he said by cutting off the Button aforesaid which play when his Father did see & gave up & gave his own sword to his son & said as follows My dear son I am well pleased that you have acquired the sword play so well — Now my dear son take my sword & prosper with it But though its my sincere wish that you will only signalise with my sword two different times so saying they both withdrew from the Byre — Towards the latter end of the year 1746 Captain Fergueson so well known came round the Isles with a man of War to punish or destroy the property of those rebels who joined the cause of Prince Charles Stuart. Captain Ferguson came to the Port of Stornoway with his ship & landed men in the town The

Captain convened all the men of consequence in the place & proposed that all of them should drink his Majesty King George's health but without any more ceremony Torkull Mcleod being in this Company boldly refused to drink King George's health but drank Prince Charlie Stuart's health before that vast croud & moreover said that if he had his sword from his Father's house at Garrybost he would kill the one half of those marines ere they could get on board of their ship. Captain Ferguson hearing Mcleod express himse'f so very boldly he immediately gave orders to his men to seize upon Mcleod's person & bring him on Board the Ship Mcleod made no resistance he upon the next day sent for his sword to his Father's house & his Father &c. were permitted to go on Board to see him — That previously to this incident a certain old woman who was closely related to Seaforth's family die at Lochalsh on the mainland and so soon as this worthy woman departed this life Seaforth gave orders to all the most respectable Tacksmen in the Lewis repair to Lochalsh to bury the above mentioned woman. Mr. Kenneth Bane Mackenzie Tacksman of Laxay in the Parish of Lochs afore mentioned in this work as a most dexterous Swordsman was by Seaforth ordered to go as Captain over the Lewismen to Lochalsh Kenneth Bane after receiving the Seaforth orders went forward with the Lewismen about fifty in all & among those Torkull Mcleod foresaid went They arrived at the desired place & by the time the Lewismen arrived the burial was ready to move There was a certain man in this vast croud who bore the name of the first Swordsman in all the range of the Mainland Coast — However the croud moved forward towards the burying ground and as the foresaid Kenneth Bane Mackenzie came in his turn to go under the corpse the aforesaid clever Swordsman steps forward & took up Kenneth Bane's place — Kenneth Bane a little nettled at this man's officiousness saud I'll speak to you Kenneth Breck or peck or pitted Kenneth for I am not afraid of you — However they got the Burial over and as they sat down to take some refreshment this clever

Swordsman saith to Kenneth Bane come now saith he and be as good as your word when suddendly Kenneth Bane & this man withdrew themselves to the back of a hill & there & then measured their swords Kenneth Bane's servant Lad missing his Master from among the Crowd went after him to the back of the hill whereon he & the mainland man duelled most furiously & the servant took notice of Kenneth Bane his own master losing ground. The prudent servant ran off & told to Torkull Mcleod that his Master was in the greatest danger from the superior skill of the mainland duellist Torkull on hearing this ran forward & as he arrived on the spot he steps in between the two heroes & prongs the one side of the mainland man & said if you don't give up I'll prong you below in a most dangerous place The Mainland Warrior tho accounted so very clever said to Torkull I'll yield now & had I known that you Torkull was in this crowd today I would not challenge a Lewisman merely for fear of your interference— But to return to my former narrative Captain Ferguson took Torkull Mcleod prisoner to London wherein he was put in prison & wherein many many person of weight as well as interest petitioned his Majesty to liberate Torkull but to all those his Majesty gave a deaf ear — At length some of the Nobility in Scotland petitioned the King setting forth that Torkull Mcleod was a young man of superior abilities & extensive knowledge in all the Sciences required in those days by the first class of men in this Realm to defend person & property as also stand the cause of their Country against the invading foe — The King replied to those petitions & said that the more Mcleod should be the conqueror The more closer he should order him confined since Mcleod publickly acknowledged himself not a loyal subject of his but of Prince Charles Stuart therefore saith the King no mediation from Scotland can accomplish his liberty — However shortly thereafter a foreign Bully came to London who insolently treated the Swordsmen in the Metropolis disdainfully by offering a duel with any Swordsman therein & were he to get none of the

Swordsmen to engage with him he the Bully would need to get a certain sum of money off the town. This Bully then for some days defied the townsmen in this manner but none durst try him — But some of the Nobility having heard of this insolent Bully as also heard of the aforesaid Torkull Mcleod who was still held in durance some of those nobles repaired to Court & with the greatest Courtesy & politeness addressed his Majesty King George 2 as follows — Sire May it please your Majesty to be told that a foreign Bully is lately come over the seas & landed in this town some days ago & this Swordsman seems to Bully all the men of London in so much as that none of them durst offer to challenge him — The Bully in that case got so very haughty that he boldly exclaims on the public streets of this town that in the event that he does not get one or more persons to engage him with the sword he must needs get so much money off the town & so on. His Majesty listened to those Noble men till they were done. He saith That that renouned Scotchman Torkull Mcleod was said to be a clever Swordsman & now is the time that Mcleod may let Englishmen see a specimen of the Sword play to which play Scotchmen owed their many victories for a long period back and as the Scotch do still I hear aspire after to be perfect masters of the Sword play and as it is said that Torkull is a first hand at that science It is my will my noble lords that Torkull Mcleod be told from me that should he voluntarily, for I will not force anyone, to go & engage that foreign Swordsman & get the victory over him I will in that case order him his liberty Those Noble men therefore went in person and told him as the King had said, well saith Torkull I would as well die fighting with the enemies of my Country as die of grief &c. in prison & then your Noble Lords your Lordships may tell to his Majesty that I will venture upon the Bully & try his superior skill at the sword. The result of this interview then was reported to his Majesty & it was then agreed between Mcleod & those Lords that two days would be necessarily required by Mcleod to put himself in readiness

to face the Bully & notice of this was sent to the Bully noticing the exact time that Mcleod would meet him at the Public Cross — The King was highly pleased that Mcleod undertook so very perilous a challenge & said I myself will go & see the two heroes at their play — Upon the 2nd day thereafter the clever Torkull was brought to the ground of action dressed in his Highland dress Fell-bag etc. The Bully also came to the ground dressed in his own Country's fashion. The two heroes shook hands & only had time to speak a few words together when the cryer announced the time to begin & by this time the King & Queen both arrived in their carriage as also a vast number of the Nobility as well as the first Characters in London had convened to see the Scotchman & the foreigner engage with their aful swords. The Bully now began at the cross when every Britisher present was invoking in favour of Torkull Mcleod who was tho both rude & lively in appearance yet the Bully was by far the stoutest in his person — however they both fell to it when Mcleod only parried for about half an hour to ascertain the other man's skill & in order to provoke him the more he inflicted a small wound on the Bully's ear which slight touch nettled him so much that he asked Mcleod whither he made his will. Whither or not says Mcleod I hope I'll get my will executed upon you this day — The Bully then so soon as he heard those words saith that he would let that vast croud see he was not to be derided with impunity so saying he became violent & full of passion & this was Mcleod's time to charge the enemy with success & choped away one of his ears — he saith will that do, I'll rest for a little saith the Bully to stop the blood & then resume the play it is said that they took one hour's rest when both heroes began a second struggle & in a few moments Mcleod wounded the Bully in the left side severely & when he saw the blood rushing from the wound he advised him to drop. The Bully said he would die or conquer on the spot well saith Mcleod you shall die & that very soon since you are so determined, Mcleod then ran him through with his victory

sword That which his Father used with so much success at Sheriff Muirs Battle. The Bully fell dead when all the assembled croud cheered for Mcleod's success & his victory over the Bully The crowd again cheered for Scotchmen for their wonted success with a sword in their hands — This Battle being over the King ordered Torkull be taken care of till he should recover the fatigue of the challenge & to let him know — And in the course of a week Torkull was sent for by his Majesty's orders & was asked that providing the King should give his liberty would he be a loyal subject if so the King had in view to give him some appointment in the Army whereby he might live honourably. Mcleod said that though he felt obliged to his Majesty for the offer yet he could not accept of any offer on the terms alleged by his Majesty's speaker but saith he the King by one of the Noble Lords promised me my liberty were I to conquer the Bully & I hope then since I did conquer and kill him too that the King's promise will not fail me so far — This conversation was told to the King which when he heard he said that Mcleod was still a bigotted & Zealous lover of Prince Charles Stuart's interests & then ordered Mcleod be put in prison the second time & remain there during his pleasure. However Mcleod by his unrivalled skill exhibited on that day he killed the Bully endeared many many a heart to him & among others it is said the Queen's & that some ladies of the first quality in London with the concurrence of her Majesty the Queen petitioned the King soliciting it as a particular favour of his Majesty to liberate the aforesaid Torkull out of jail & that without delay & allow him go home to his friends or to anywhere else as a freeborn subject & a brave man who signalised himself upon a late occasion both to the honour & admiration of all the then assembled croud & further it was remarked to the King that the confinement of such a man endowed with such necessary qualifications would most likely estrange the hearts & affections of many of his Majesty's loyal subjects & that his usage was also calculated to cause a rupture between the two nations.

The King in concert with his council duly considered the remarks as well as the prayer of this petition — he ordered forthwith Mcleod be set at Liberty & it is said that many a Nobleman & Lady thanked the King for liberating Mcleod who soon thereafter took his passage to France & never returned to his native Country & that many a man was sorry that the brave Torkull Mcleod took leave of Scotland.

THE KEPPOCH MURDERS — 1663

By ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL
Fortrose

27th February, 1948

The Motive

While much has been said by well-meaning writers of Clan Donald history giving the details of this ghastly tragedy, none so far as I am aware, have given the clue to the motive behind it. The facts are, as generally understood, that the young Chief of Keppoch and his brother had returned home after completing their education in Rome (about 1661-2); their Uncle Alasdair " Buidhe " governed the Clan and Heritage during his nephew's minority; that a year later at a Clan Banquet given in the old Castle of Keppoch to celebrate the young Chief's accession, a dispute arose among the Company and from hot words they came to blows, swords were drawn and in the confusion that arose, the young Chief and his brother were foully murdered before anyone could interfere.

In the light of what I may have to submit at a later stage of this paper, there is a salient point which requires further explanation. (*a*) If the Banquet was held to celebrate the accession, the Uncle (Alasdair " Buidhe ") and other representatives of Cadet families would have been present and would have taken " disciplinary action " on the spot. They did nothing, then or afterwards, to bring the criminals to justice.

What I have to set out is mainly evidence gathered from oral local tradition, and partly gleaned from a shred — a verse of poetry — dropped as if by accident and attributed to

Iain Lom, the Keppoch Bard, and quoted in the Celtic Magazine, Vol. IV. I can prove that there was no Banquet; that on the contrary, it appears there was a pact among those of the Clan who presumably favoured the adoption of the Feudal System, to remove the representatives of the old Patriarchal System, which will be referred to later on in this paper. Among the former were tenants of Inverlair who were also in sympathy with the descendants of Iain Aluinn (Sliochd a' Bhràthair bu Shine) who settled at the "Urachar" on the north side of the River Spean almost opposite Inverlair. The tenant of Inverlair was Alexander MacDonald. He was not related to the Macdonells of Keppoch, his ancestors were known as "Siol Dùghall" who settled in Lochaber in the previous century. They were of the Clan Ranald branch and came from Sunart.

It is necessary at this stage to trace the origin of the Macdonells of Keppoch. The first of the line was Alasdair Carrach who was the issue of the 2nd marriage of John, Lord of the Isles, to Princess Margaret, daughter of King Robert II. When John portioned out his possession among his (three) sons, Alasdair received the Lands beyond the River Lochy — Mamore and Glenspean — (Hill's History) about the year 1380 and took up his residence at Fersit quite close to Loch Treig. He fought at Harlaw (1411) with his brother Donald "Balloch." After Donald (Harlaw's) death in 1425, James I with a view to weakening the power of the Lord of the Isles tried to bestow his Lands on John (Mor) of Islay. This failed and the active part taken by Alasdair Carrach in resisting that effort resulted in his own Lochaber Lands being gifted by the King to the Earl of Mar. This led to the first battle of Inverlochy and the defeat of Alasdair and the final forfeiture of his Lands which were given to Malcolm MacKintosh of MacKintosh. This forfeiture was in 1431 when MacKintosh got a Charter for them, but Alasdair and his descendants kept forcible possession of them for three centuries until the ruin of the family after the 1745 Rising.

With the waning of the influence of the Lords of the Isles in Lochaber, and the continuous disturbances caused by the resistance of the Keppoch Chief, a new influence is imported in the person of the Earl of Huntly, who obtained the Lordship of Lochaber in 1500. His main job — and a tough one — was the reduction of Lochaber to obedience " to the King's Laws," a job which gave himself and his successors in office full employment for 120 years. It was during the Huntly and Gordon régime that we hear for the first time of Leases or " Còirs " being granted to the " Sept "-houses of Keppoch. The holding of Lands by " Sheepskin " titles was anathema to the Chief. As this tended to weaken his own influence, one can well understand his fury on hearing that his brother Ronald of Insh held a " Lease " of the Land of Loch Treig, which included both Inverlair and Clianaig, all adjacent to Insh. The Chief of that period was Alexander X who ruled the Clan from 1587/8 to 1640/41. He was known as Alastair-nan-Cleas and as he was able to perform many conjuring tricks, his cleverness in that direction seemed to the Clansmen at that time to savour of the " Black Art." He had travelled extensively abroad, was educated in Rome and is described as one of the most accomplished men of his day. Of him is told the story of the " Chieftain's Candlesticks." He was married to Janet a daughter of MacDougall of Lorn, by whom he had 6 sons and 6 daughters.

Hitherto in these notes I have depended on the information given in (1) Turner's Collection, (2) Iain Lom's Poems, but mainly " The Macdonells of Keppoch " by Miss Josephine Macdonell (1931). From this stage onwards (unless otherwise stated) my information is mainly traditional and " collected " from two Lochaber sources — the one being my father, and the other Archibald MacKillop, Glenspean — both were endowed with extraordinary retentive memories. They were both Lochaber men and as their surnames show, were unbiased in their Clan sympathy. The Campbell ancestor arrived — somewhat hurriedly — from Inverawe and found sanctuary

at Clianaig in the 17th century, while MacKillop could trace his ancestry to an even more remote period in Lochaber.

Their version of the affair is as follows:—

On hearing of the granting of the Loch Treig " Còir " to Insh, Keppoch lost no time in verifying the story. He crossed the river Spean to Insh and demanded the production of the document. That the deed was deemed precious by Insh may be gathered from the fact that it reposed in his wife's bosom. It was handed to Keppoch who, having no doubt scanned its contents, pushed it into the middle of the fire! " Now," he said, " my rights (to Loch Treig) are as good as yours." (Tha mo chòir cho math ri do chòir fhéin, nis) From that time Loch Treig Lands (including Inverlair) were " incorporated " in the Keppoch property. This was the cause of many disputes and ultimately led to the murder of his grandchildren.

It is possible that Insh then indicated his intention to get a new " Còir " from Huntly. In any event he set off to see Huntly accompanied by an individual called " Iain Odhar Mac-a'-Ghlasaraich" and a greyhound. This Iain Odhar was a fierce character with a sinister record behind him. His name was John Campbell of the Glenurchy family. He was a tenant under Keppoch and lived at Breagach in Glenroy. He paid his yearly " Calp " to Glenurchy and with him ceased this custom among the Campbells of the Braes. He was a Hunter and Scout, and from his " underground " knowledge of the doings of the various Septs of the Keppoch family he had at least the " ear " of the Chief, if not his respect. The travellers were apparently watched, and their purpose being known, they were overtaken by three of the Keppoch men, one of whom was Raonall Og, the eldest son of the Chief, at " Lochearba " which *was* midway between Fersit and Torgulbin and is now submerged in Loch Treig. The following verse (which is attributed to " Iain Lom") and which appeared in the Celtic Magazine, Vol. IV, is an article by D. C. Macpherson, author of " An Duanaire " is proof of the capture of Insh.

" Rug iad ort aig ceann Loch Earba
B'e Iain Odhar do thargaid,
'S bu mhath na'm biodh e dearbhta."

" They caught you at Loch Earba
Iain Odhar was your shield,
T'wer well if only he were reliable."

On observing the approach of the Keppoch men, Insh said to Iain Odhar:—

" Tha na fir so tighinn !
Gabhaidh mi fhéin fear,
Is théid thu fhéin ri fear
Is cuiridh sinn an cú glas ris an fhear eile."

" These men are coming !
I'll take one, you'll take another
And we'll set the greyhound on the third."

He replied:—

The Reply:— " Cha teid mise ni fear !
Is clann cháirdean sibh fhein,
Ma theid mise 'nar fuil an diugh,
Bidh sibhse 'nam fhuil a maireach !

" I will not—you're all blood relations
And if I interfere (in your quarrel) today,
You'll have my blood tomorrow.

Iain Odhar refused to interfere in the capture of Insh as above stated. The prisoner was taken to Glaic-an-Dòmhnaich, within sight of both Keppoch and his own home of Insh, and there tied to a tree while his captor went to consult his father as to how the prisoner was to be dealt with. " When I take a prisoner," he is reported as saying, " I ask no one's advice as to how I should dispose of him." (Nuair a bhios priosanach agamsa, bidh fios agam de ni mi ris.)

Raonall Og, taking the hint, returned to his prisoner and hanged him on the spot. This Raonall Og was " Out " with his father, when they followed Sir James of Islay in his rebellion in 1614.[1] When Sir James was captured and lodged in Edinburgh Castle we find Raonall and young Clan Ronald were able to procure a key which opened the prison door and enabled Sir James to escape.

(1) Gregory P. 368.

For these and other "escapades" against the realm we find that the Government[1] in 1615 offered a reward of 5000 merk each for the apprehension of Keppoch and his son. The Chief and his second son Donald Glas escaped to Spain, but Raonall Og hid in a cave on Loch Treig side until 1621 when he fled the country. He never took his place as Chief of the Clan as he was outlawed all his life. Tradition says it was Donald Glas who made the discovery of the Spanish Invasion, of which he gave notice to the Government. This enabled him to return home pardoned while Raonall was still an outlaw. Some years after this — 1651/2 — Raonall was on his way home from exile when he took ill and died in London, it is said, of smallpox.

Donald Glas II, the second son, "headed" the Clan in 1640.[2] He was out with Montrose in 1644. He was still called "Tutor of Keppoch" in 1651 when he is named as Colonel of his Regiment, after the coronation of Charles II at Scone,[3] so it is to be supposed that Raonall Og was alive until that time at least.

Donald Glas married a daughter of Forrester of Kilbeggie. He died about 1656-7 leaving the guardianship of his (two) sons, Alexander, his heir, and Ranald — who were both murdered — to his brother Alasdair "Buidhe." Alexander, the eldest son, was a minor at the time of his father's death. His uncle, Alasdair "Buidhe," governed the Clan during their absence in Rome, where he and his brother Ranald had been sent to complete their education. They returned home some time in 1661-2, and were murdered in the autumn of 1663. In "The Macdonells of Keppoch," p. 60, it is stated that "the foul deed was committed on the occasion of a Banquet given in the Castle of Keppoch to celebrate the nomination of the young Alexander as Chief of the Clan." The traditional view is, as told by my father, and confirmed by MacKillop, that there was no such Banquet. On the contrary, there was

(1) See Gregory, 384.
(2) Macdonell's, Pages 53, 48.
(3) Macdonell's, Page 56.

discontent smouldering among the heads of the clan families ever since the murder of Ranald " Insh." (2) That the Loch Treig lands had fallen to Keppoch after the burning of the Lease or " Còir." (3) That the Elder branch — " Sliochd Iain Aluinn" had always an eye on their restoration to the Chiefship and (4) that Alastair Buidhe, who " did well " out of the Guardianship, had used all those items to fan the jealousy of the malcontents against the young Chief, who had then little personal influence with the Clan. In any event it is traditionally known that a meeting of the head-men was held prior to the murder of the Chief at Torran-na-mionn, which is within 200 yards of Tom-an-Tighe-Mhoir where Alasdair Buidhe then lived. The " Business " of the meeting was never made known as " Dirks were sworn upon."

In view of the complete silence which the whole of the Keppoch Clan (with one notable exception) adopted towards the fate of the Chief, it can be inferred that the plot was hatched at that meeting, the exception being the Bard " Iain Lom," who had soon to escape with his life to Kintail, where he remained until the assassins were liquidated two years afterwards.

There was, however, another family henchman who, though — also silent — was watching the course of events with keenness. This was the now aged ruffian, Iain Odhar. He must have known that the good relationship between Chief and Clan was deteriorating but to show any but a neutral interest would be risky. Whether he knew the source from which trouble might come is beside the point, but one morning he spotted a movement of the Inverlair men in Glenspean which looked suspicious, and as they were stealthily making towards Keppoch, his loyalty to the Chief overcame his assumed neutrality. He dashed towards Keppoch to warn the Chief of possible danger. He required to cross the river (Roy) and gain an entrance to Keppoch House without being recognised by friend or foe. He avoided the usual fords and crossed where his woodcraft dictated. He was therefor wet and dis-

hevelled when he rushed into the sleeping chamber, where he found the Chief lying in bed. (It was early morning.) Keppoch was annoyed and angry at being thus disturbed and he sat up and exclaimed sharply: " What is the meaning of this boldness, coming into my presence under mud and armed, without permission? Put your sword and 'Stoc' on that table instantly!" The Scout replied: " I'll not! And if that is my welcome and thanks, you'll find the next (man) who follows me won't be so courteous. " (Gu de is ciall do an ladarnas so, tighinn am lathair, fo eabar is fo armachd? Cuir do chlaidheamh is do stoc air a' bhord sin gu h-ealamh! Reply: Cha chuir ; ma's e sin m' fhàilte, is mo thaing, cha bhi an ath-fhear a thig am dheigh cho modhail.) With that the Scout dashed out of the house and made for the ford on the Spean below Keppoch. A couple of arrows dropped beside him in the river before regaining cover on Insh side. Tradition says that in his anger at the Scout's conduct, the Chief jumped out of bed and scantily clad, grasped his bow and arrows and raced along the high ground to the west of the present Home of Keppoch, which overlooks the ford, but failed in his endeavour to hit the Scout, who was in the act of crossing the river, to comparative safety. There is no information available regarding the details of the tragedy which followed the Chief's return to the Castle that September morning, but as the murderers were seven in number the Chief and his brother had little chance of defending themselves.

I will now proceed to sum up both the historical and the traditional evidence available:—

(1) The hanging of Ranald of Insh by his nephew (or nephews) in Glaic-an-Dòmhnaich led to the seizure of the Loch Treig Lands by the Keppoch Chief.

(2) That the Loch Treig Lands — as they do even now — *included Inverlair and Fersit.*

(3) That during the " minority " of the young Chief and his brother, Alexander Macdonald (Siol Dùghaill) secured the tenancy of the Lands of Inverlair — either by Lease (or

Wadset) from Huntly or indirectly through the connivance of Alastair " Buidhe," their Uncle and Guardian.

(4) That on attaining to the Chiefship in 1661 and finding what he thought was part of his heritage (Inverlair) in the hands of " Siol Dùghaill," he invaded Inverlair and with 60 accomplices endeavoured to eject Macdonald by force, but was unsuccessful.[1]

(5) That the attack and murder of the Chief followed as a reprisal a year later.

(1) Privy Council Records 1661-1664-I. 55.

TRADITIONAL SONGS FROM RAASAY AND THEIR VALUE AS FOLK-LITERATURE

By CALUM I. MACLEAN, M.A., Irish Folklore Commission

25th February, 1949

When the light of literary criticism is focused on the general body of Gaelic literature, and especially verse literature, we find that the same holds good almost from the earliest days of scribes and manuscripts. We are not so much impressed by a vast body of literature of a high standard, for there is nothing such. The verse "runs" in early tales are at times full-blooded enough, but they never rise to the heights of the spasmodic lyrics that are to be found sometimes in the margins of old MSS. As for the literature that is common to both Gaelic Ireland and Scotland, and by that we mean bardic poetry and poetry relating to the Fionn cycle, there is much more to be said for the latter than the former. The general body of bardic literature is dull. It finally became so constricted by rules of metrics that it tended to become void of expression. It is really of greater interest to the philologist than the literary critic. The early Irish lyric was completely submerged in the flood of the later bardic poetry, which was more or less written to order and did not afford much evidence of either inspiration or spontaneity. Thus the Early Irish lyric, which showed marked promise, was never allowed to fulfil it. But, despite that, the lyric survived. It showed itself now and again when the scribe versified passages in the tales, which he so laboriously and meticulously copied. In the main body of bardic literature we find little or nothing to compare with the poems we find in such collections as Accalamh na Senorach, poems under the heading "Oisin Mac Fhinn," etc. The early poems ascribed to Colm Cille are among the finest in Irish literature, and such are completely absent in the barren waste of time, when the Bardic schools and court poetry reigned supreme. However, the decay of the social system that made court poetry so much the order of

the day led in Scotland to the rise of the poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, and in Ireland to the age of the poets who wrote in a less stiff metrical form and used the speech of everyday life with a liberal use of archaic words. To Scotland came the age of "Aisling" poetry, the mystical, patriotic poetry of Aodhagan O Raithille and others. In both countries the decline of the bardic school gave new scope to the poets who sang because they must. I think it is wrong to assume that the severance of Scots-Irish relations from 1600 onwards was the reason for the flowering of native poets in Scotland. In Ireland, too, a new school of poets arose. The reason was the same in both countries. The Gaelic chiefs had gone, were going, or were becoming Anglicised. The catastrophe of Kinsale in Ireland and repressive measures like the Statutes of Iona in Scotland dealt a death-blow to the bardic fraternity.

During the long period in which the bardic schools flourished, little is known of what literature, what songs, or what poems were in vogue among the common people. But poems and songs they must have had, although common oral literature was something beneath the notice of the highly trained, exclusive body of bardic poets. It found little place in manuscript tradition. To-day in Scotland we have little of pre-seventeenth century Gaelic literature. In the seventeenth century came Iain Lom and Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh. They wrote in the vernacular, although they owed much to the bardic schools, for their poetry is in spirit and content much the same as that of the schools. But the extent to which they are indebted to oral tradition and literature is much greater. Their songs and poems must in many cases have derived their form from earlier songs and poems, which have been lost because they did not find their way into MSS. Many of these songs must have lived on even after the days of Iain Lom and Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh and are now lost.

It is only by examining the recorded specimens of oral literature that we can get some idea of what the pre-seventeenth century poetry of the people must have been like. The traditional Ossianic literature in print is much the fullest "corpus" we have to-day, although that is only

one branch of oral literature. Many Ossianic poems had gone from oral to MSS. tradition and then back again, just as we find MS. tales in oral literature to-day. The content of the poems remained the same, but succeeding generations brought about linguistic changes. These linguistic changes are evident from the survival of early modern Irish verbal forms in poems recorded from dictation in Scotland as late as the middle of the last century.

To-day we may still record among the people poems and songs which belong to a period much earlier than the seventeenth century. I need cite only one example. In February, 1946, I recorded in Raasay a very good version of the tale of Conall Mac Riogh Cruachan. It is basically a Gaelic version of an international folktale, the tale of the captured thief who secures his freedom by recounting three experiences fraught with greater danger than his plight at that juncture. He relates the first experience in verse. He finds the footprint of a woman on the shore and it leads him to a cave, where he finds the woman on the point of putting a child into a pot to boil as food for giants:

Latha dhomh air Sliabh an Deirg an Eirinn,
Mor bha nòin nan tràth a' latha sin
'S ann dhomh-sa gum b' adhbhar feirg.
Cheangail sinn ar mial-choin
Air iallan caola, gorma
Is na coin bheaga, bhaotharra,
Gu daingeann, daoidhridh, dorch',
Ri cois a' bhile romhair mi,
Lean mi gu beul bòchain,
Fhuair mi anns a' chala sin
An curach taobh-gheal, òrdhaidh:
Is fhuair mi lorg na féile-mhnà
Ri cois na mara fuaire,
Is lean mi is cha bu shona dhomh
Gu dorus beul na h- uamha.

In this tale the character recounts an incident told in prose earlier in the story. At some intermediate stage in the history of the tale, the versified re-telling was introduced to avoid the monotony of repetition. It also gave the teller of the tale a breathing space in the same way as the semi-

alliterative "runs." These "runs" were the first step towards narrative verse, and that they are very old can be assumed from the fact that the earliest form of Irish poetry was alliterative. That more versification was introduced as time went on is also evident from the vast body of Ossianic literature in verse which has been recorded from oral tradition in Scotland. It seems to me that more Ossianic poetry was to be found latterly in Scotland than in Ireland. In Ireland there can still be recorded a number of Fionn cycle tales in prose. In Scotland many of these tales are in narrative verse as J. F. Campbell's "Leabhar na Féinne" and Gregorson Campbell's volume on Fionn tradition bear witness.

But Ossianic poetry is not the only important body of oral literature in verse. The hymns, chants, prayers and incantations of the Gaelic people have been put on record by Carmichael in "Carmina Gadelica." That work was executed at almost the last minute, for little of that lore can be recorded to-day.

Volumes of Gaelic poetry and songs were published during last century and in their pages much traditional, anonymous folk-poetry is to be found. But it seems that, while stress was laid on the compositions of the well-known and even the lesser-known local poets, the folk-songs were overlooked. Whether it was because no definite authorship could be ascribed to them or for some other reason, the anonymous songs have not been paid the attention they deserve, for they are the finest contribution the Gaelic people have made to West European culture. To-day it is of utmost importance to record all songs of the older traditional type, for they contain the best poetry we have in Gaelic. Their value lies not solely in the wealth of melody. In many cases the melody is wedded to words which have so appealed to the sensibility of the people that they live to-day long after their authors have passed into the unknown. The difference between the poetry of the early traditional songs and that of the writers of the Victorian era is astounding.

I am dealing now with songs recorded in the Island of Raasay only, songs recorded from one person and almost all from one source. I cannot say that this particular area

has a richer or poorer song tradition than any other island or district in the Highlands. Historical causes have led to the destruction of much of the finer elements of folk-culture and it is doubtful also if Calvinism did much to help, if it did not do much to destroy. This island is one where the term "vain songs" was and still is used, where people were afraid to admit they knew them, far less valued them. The songs were all recorded from Angus Nicolson, Clachan Farm, Raasay, in the months of January and February, 1946. At first it seemed that the harvest would be a poor one, but one song reminded the singer of others, and when his memory strayed back to the days when they were sung frequently it was not a difficult task to induce him to recall the actual songs.

Almost all the songs are from one source. In the district of the Braes of Portree, opposite Raasay, there lived Mary MacIntosh or, as she was called, Mairi Iain 'Ic Chaluim. She was a spinster and lived alone for the latter part of her life. She was always in demand when there were "luaidh" in the district and she was always in the forefront of the singers. She definitely belonged to old Gaeldom, for she was full of lore of every kind. She told stories, sang songs, and was of the imaginative type in close association with the supernatural and the creatures of popular mythology. She was passionately devoted to music and dancing. If a piper played in her neighbourhood she would dance even if she were in the middle of a potato field. It is said that she one day followed a passing steamer for three miles along the Braes shore, for there was a piper playing on board. When Angus Nicolson was a young boy, Mairi Iain 'Ic Chaluim was one of the neighbours. Angus used to act as message-boy for her often and thus he got to know her and her songs. He tells that on one very wet day he saw her crouching before the door of a byre. It was a miserably cold day and the rain dripped from her clothing. She was soaking wet, cold and uncomfortable, but, unaware that anyone was listening, she was singing:

Cùl ri m' leannan 's e chuir mi 'n diugh,
Rùn nan cailean tha mi an déigh ort:
Cùl ri m' leannan 's e chuir mi 'n diugh.

Throughout his life that has remained as one of the most vivid memories of Mairi Iain 'Ic Chaluim. She died in 1917 and brought a wealth of songs with her to the grave. Fragments here and there are all that he now remembers of some of the songs. All over the Highlands there were people such as Mairi Iain 'Ic Chaluim, and the tragedy is that they died before the days of modern recording equipment and before the days of an awakening of interest in the culture of the common people.

THE SONGS

(1) In this first song recorded from Angus Nicolson, the singer, a woman, addresses Black Allan of Lòchaidh. He has done her all the harm that could be done, but still she loves him more than her dead husband, father and three young brothers. This sentiment is not common in Gaelic poetry, but here it is:

Is toil liom Ailean Dubh á Lòchaidh.
Mo ghaol Ailean donn a' chòta,
Is toil liom Ailean Dubh á Lòchaidh.

Loisg thu m' iodhlann choirce is eòrna,
Is toil liom etc.
Mharbh thu m' athair is m' fhear-pòsda,
Is toil liom etc.
Mharbh thu mo thriùir bhràithean òga,
Is toil liom etc.
Is ged rinn thu siod is ait liom beò thu,
Is toil liom etc.

A different type of song is this one in which the singer, a man, regrets having parted with his love. Perhaps significant is his admiration for two qualities she possessed, her modesty and her songs:

(2) Cùl ri m' leannan 's e chuir mi 'n diugh,
Rùn nan cailean tha mi an déigh ort,
Cùl ri m' leannan 's e chuir mi 'n diugh,

Cul ri m' leannan as déidh do gheallaidh,
O! cha mhath liom mar a dh' éirich.

Cùl ri m' leannan buidhe, bòidheach,
Beul nan òran is nan deagh-bheusan.

Cùl ri m' leannan buidhe, dualach,
Cha robh mi an gruaim riut gus am b' fheudar.

B' òg a dh'fhàg mise Màiri
Gu h-àrd air na cnocan sléibhe.

Creideadh no na creideadh càch e,
Bha sinn a' ràanaich le chéile.

Cùl ri m' leannan 's e chuir mi etc.

The following song was composed by a woman who longs for some man who has crossed the sea. A version of this song is common in Barra and has been published by Colm O Lochlainn in Deoch-slàinte nan Gillean, p. 42. However, I think that we have below an older version of the song:

(3) Gu bheil an gille dubhdhonn,
Gur tu mo ghiullan rùnach,
Gu bheil an gille dubhdhonn.

Mo cheist pìobaire nan dos,
A chluicheadh port gu sunndach.

Is toil liom coisiche na h-oidhche
Nach dèan foill a ghiùlain.

Fhir a tha an taobh thall a' loch,
Tha mise a nochd 'gad ionndrainn.

Fhir a tha an taobh thall an t-sàil',
Leig fios mo chràidh g'ad ionnsaigh.

Thug thu aiceid 'na mo chliabh,
Is nach dean mi m' chiall a ghiùlain.

Gu bheil toll nach léighis lìghich,
Bho m' chridhe gu mo chùlaibh.

Leannan falaich nam ban òg,
'S e cainnt do bheòil a chiùrr mi.

Leannan falaich nan cloinn-nighean,
Thug mo chridhe rùn dhut.

Is truagh nach fhaicinn-sa do bhàt'
'Tighinn thar an t-sàil g'am ionnsaigh.

Is truagh nach fhaicinn-s' thu a' tighinn,
Is do phige air do chùlaibh.

Gu bheil an gille dubhdhonn etc.

The following song is from the Kintail district, although I have not as yet heard it sung there. There is something triumphant about the singer, for he has won the heart of a "banarach buaile."

(4) Hì rì hil iù hil é ó,
Hó ró mo chuachag,
Hi rì hil iù hil é ó.

Thoir mo shoraidh a Chinn t-sàile,
Far a fàsadh a' luachair.

Thoir mo shoraidh thar soraidh,
Thoir mo shoraidh a Ghleann Cuaich.

Far am bidh an crodh sineach
Muigh air innisean fuara.

Far am bidh na laoigh bheag
Moch is feasgar mu'n bhuailidh.

Chuirinn lùb air an osan,
Dol a choiseachd Màm Chluanaidh.

Chuirinn snaidhm air a' ghartan
Nach bitheadh farasda i fhuasgladh.

Gun d' fhuair mise mo ghealladh
O bhanarach buaile.

Cha téid mise g'a aithris
Ri cailean is gruaim oirr'.

Cha téid mise g'a innseadh
Do mhnaoi nach tuig uam e.

Is ma nì mi riut gàire
Bidh MacPhàil ann an gruaim rium.

Hi rì hil iù hil é ó etc.

In the following song, the sailor, who is tightening the ropes of his ship, laments that someone else is making love to his sweetheart. He is out on the open sea. He wonders why she should prefer a shepherd, cowherd, shoemaker or tailor to himself. Why should she accept an old man when she could have a sprightly youth:

(5) Hó rà hù à, nighean ó, nighean donn,
Hao ri ù a, nighean donn bhòidheach,
Hó rà hù à, nighean ó, nighean donn.

Fear eile a' mire ri m' leannan,
Is mise a' teannachadh nan ròpan.

Fear eile a' mire ri m' chuachaig,
Is mise air bàrr nan stuadh g'a seòladh.

Fear eile a' mire ri m' nighneig,
Dh' fhàg mi fhìn an tìr Mhic Leòid i.

Shaoilinn nach gabhadh tu buachaill:
Bhitheadh snighe air a ghruaidh an comhnuidh.

Shaoilinn nach gabhadh tu cìobair,
Fhad 's a bhithinn fhìn an tòir ort.

Shaoilinn nach gabhadh tu seann-fhear,
Fhad 's a bhitheadh geall aig giullan òg ort.

Shaoilinn nach gabhadh tu griasaich,
Fhad 's a dhèanainn fhìn do bhròigan.

Shaoilinn nach gabhadh tu tàillear,
Fhad 's a chàirinn fhìn do chòta.

Hó rà hù à, nighean ó etc.

He also recorded the following fragment. This again is a love song addressed by a woman to a hunter, who hunts when all others are asleep.

(6) Is toil liom coisiche na frìthe,
Giomanach nam beanntan fuara,
Is toil iom coisiche na frìthe.

Is toil liom giomanach nan àrd-bheann,
'N uair bhios càch 'nan cadal suaimhneach.

Is toil liom giomanach a' mhunaidh,
Théid air uilinn anns a' luachair.

Is toil liom coisiche etc.

This again is but a fragment. It sings of the joy of lovers going to a sheiling.

(7) Siod mar rachainn fhéin is tu,
Bhuain a' ghasain ghiuthais ó,
Siod mar rachainn fhéin is tu.

Siod mar ruithinn, seo mar leumainn.

A mach air àirighean an t-sléibhe.

Buachailleachd a' chruidh le chéile.
Siod mar rachainn fhéin is tu etc.

The following is one of the finest songs Angus Nicholson has. In it the man first speaks and then the woman answers. He has heard that she has been betrothed to someone else. In Gaelic poetry stock expressions descriptive of woman's beauty have been used "ad nauseam." In this song the singer says that her eyebrows have the shape of the "sgólb," pointed ends and thin edges. But she has not been unfaithful to him, for she answers and says that she sees him yonder, high over the sea, as he pursues the deer. She praises his prowess as a hunter. The song has a beautiful melody.

(8) Hi rì im bó hil ó bha hó,
Hi rì im bó hi rì hil ù,
Hi rì im bó hil ó bha hó.

Tha sgeul ùr air tighinn do'n bhaile,
Gun do réitich mo chiad leannan.

Gun do réitich mo chiad leannan,
'S i bean òg nam blàth-shùil meallach.

'S i bean òg nam blaith-shùil meallach,
Fàileadh nan subh-chraobh dhe h-anail.

Fàileadh nan subh-chraobh dhe h-anail,
Dèanamh na sguilb air a malaidh.

Dèanamh na sguilb air a malaidh,
Dà cheann caol is faobhair thana.

Dà cheann caol is faobhair thana,
B' òg a fhuair mi bhuat do ghealladh.

B' òg a fhuair mi bhuat do ghealladh,
An lagan uaine 'buain a' bharraich.

Ise 'ga fhreagairt:
Chì mi, chì mi, chì mi, thallud,
Chì mi àrd os cionn na mara.

Chì mi àrd as cionn na mara,
Chì mi na féidh air a' bhealach.

Chì mi na féidh air a' bhealach
Is an giomanach donn 'gan leanail.

Is an geomanach donn 'gan leanail,
Le ghunna caol is le bhreacan ballach.

Le ghunna caol is le bhreacan ballach,
Dh' fhàgadh tu an damh donn gun anail.

Dh' fhagadh tu an damh donn gunn anail,
Air an fhraoch a' call na fala.

Air an fhraoch a' call na fala,
Bhitheadh do ghillean sgìth 'gan tarruinn.

Bhitheadh do ghillean sgìth 'gan tarruinn,
Bhitheadh do mhial-choin dian 'ga leanail.

Hi rì im bó hil ó bha hó etc.

This again is a love song. The man who is herding cattle on a sheiling sees a stag and hind disporting themselves at early dawn. His regret is that he has been unfortunate, for he and his love have drifted apart:

(9) Gur e mise tha fo éislean,
Hó ró o hó gù,
Hao ri iuraibh ó éile,
Hó ró o hó gù.

Anns a' mhaduinn is mi ag éirigh,
Hó ró etc.
Ann an àirigh na spréidhe,

Chì mi an eilid is a céile,

Is iad a' mireag ri chéile,

Cha b' ionann is mar a dh'éirich,

Nisde dhomh-sa is dha m' cheud-ghaol

Dol na's fhaide bho chéile.
Hó ró o hó gù etc.

In this song the woman declares she will not live if her lover remains away. She sees a boat coming from Uist of the barley, and, if she is not mistaken, her lover is aboard:

(10) Cha bhidh mi buan is tu bhith bhuam,
Thug mi luaidh òg dhut,
Cha bhidh mi buan is tu bhith bhuam

Gur e mise a tha fo mhulad,
Air an tulaich 'nam ònar.

Is mi ri amharc a' chaolais,
Is nach fhaod mi 'ga sheòladh.

Chì mi am bàta a' dol seachad,
Muir gu frasach m'a bòrdaibh.

Chì mi am bàta fo h-uidheam,
A' tighinn as Uibhist an eòrna.

Is mur a deachaidh mi mearachd,
Tha mo leannan air bòrd innt'.

Tha mo leannan 'ga stiùireadh,
Og ùr a' chùil bhòidhich.

Is tu gu stiùireadh i tioram,
Gun do ghillean bhith eòlach.

Is tu gu stiùireadh i dìreach,
Bho thìr ìseal an eòrna.

Tha mo ghaol-s' air a' ghille,
Tha o chinneadh Chloinn Domhnaill.

Tha mo ghaol-s' air an fhleasgach
Dhonn, leadanach, bhòidheach.

In this song the woman sees the ship, which bears her lover, passing. But if she is not his love she will no longer follow him. If she is not his choice then may he meet with adverse winds and storms. Such sentiments are not common in Gaelic songs:

(11) Ho ró bha hùg óireann ó,
Fallain gun till thu,
Ho ró bha hùg óireann ó.

Chì mi am bàta a' dol seachad,
O! mo chreach na bheil innte.

Mur e mise do leannan,
'Ga do leanail cha bhidh mi.

Is mur e mise do raghainn,
Gaoth 'na t' aghaidh is droch-thìde.

Gaoth 'na t' aghaidh is sruth tràghaidh,
Muir a' gàirich gun till thu.

Is math thig siod air mo leannan,
Bròg bhairriallach, mhìn-dubh.

Is math thig éibhleadh dhe'n bhreacan dhut
Cho math 's thig á Sruighlaidh.

Is math thig boineid chùil-àird dhut
Agas fàbhar a' Righ innt'.

Dalta cìche mo mhàthar,
Càch ag ràdha nach till thu.

Ho ró bha hùg óireann ó.

In the following song the woman laments that her lover has crossed the ferry. He has gone a year ago and her sanity has gone a week ago. Since he has bound the firm

knot of wedlock, often do tears stream from her eyes. There is a high degree of sustained beauty in the couplets. It is without question a lovely song and it has a fine melody.

(12) Hì éile hó gù,
Dh' fhalbh mo rùn air an aiseag,
Hì éile hó gù.

Dh' fhalbh mo rùn bho chionn bliadhna,
Is thriall mo chiall bho chionn seachdainn.

Dh' fhalbh mo rùn air a' bhàta,
Gu ma slàn a thig e dhachaidh.

Dh' fhalbh Iain is dh' fhalbh Domhnall,
Is dh' fhalbh fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich.

Bho 'n ghabh thu an fhadhail,
Cha do raghainnich thu m' fhaicinn.

Bho 'n a chuir thu snaidhm righinn,
Is tric snighe fo m' rasgan.

Bidh a' ruadhag is a laogh aic'
Aig mo ghaol-sa a' tighinn dachaidh.

Agus lach a' chinn uaine
Thig o bhruachaibh Loch Airceig.

Bu tu stiùraiche a' bhata,
Is cha sàraich muir bhras thu.

Agus snàmhaiche a' chaolais,
Nach glaodhadh an t-aiseag.

Hì éile hó gù etc.

In the following song the woman praises her yellow-haired shepherd lover. The song ends on a note of anxiety. She has heard that he is lying in a fever on the western shore of Loch Fyne. She fears that death will be the outcome and that his body will not be brought home.

(13) O! 's toil 's gur ro-toil liom,
O! 's tòil liom an cìobair,
O! 's toil 's gur ro-thoil liom.

Is toil liom cìobair nan caorach,
Bhios 's an aonach 'gan dìreadh.

Is toil liom fear a' chùil bhuidhe,
Nì a' bhruthach a dhìreadh.

Is toil liom fear a' chùil fhàinnich
Dhìreadh àrd o srath ìseal.

Is toil liom fear a' chùil dosraich,
Nach dochainn na cìrean.

Is toil liom fear a' chùil dualaich,
Ged nach d' fhuair mi dhomh fhìn e.

Is tu 'nad shìneadh 's an fhiabhras,
Taobh a n-iar de Loch Fìne.

Is gun fhios 'm fhìn nach e 'm bàs e,
Is nach toir àd a Phort-rìgh thu.

O! 's toil 's gur ro-thoil liom etc.

The following also is a fine song. It is somewhat unusual. However, the Gaelic people were not so much affected by Victorianism. The singer has been jilted, but hopes that it was not owing to misbehaviour on his part. He had promised the girl a ribbon if he could lie with her for a space. She retorted that even if given a ribbon and gown she would not accede to his request. He, however, knows the reason: some secret lover has displaced him.

(14) Ho ró chuir mo leannan cùl rium,
Tha mi an dùil nach dubhairt mi dàna e,
Ho ró chuir mo leannan cùl rium.

Nighean donn fo bhonn na bruthaich,
Dh' fhàg thu mi gu dubhach, cràiteach.

Is iomadh oidhche air bheagan cadail,
Chaidh mi tamall air do thàilleabh.

Is an oidhche nach éireadh a' ghealach,
Gheibhinn allaban is ànradh.

Ma leigeas tu dhomh laighe tiota,
Gheibh thu ribin bhuam a màireach.

Ged gheibhinn ribin is gùn bhuat,
Cha laighinn dlùth riut ann am fàs-taigh.

Tha fhios 'm fhìn gu dé is coireach,
Fear eile a bhith a' falach 'nam àite.

Ho ró chuir mo leannan cùl rium etc.

This last song is sung to a "ceòl mór" tune. It is a lament for one Duncan who has gone to the hill and has not returned. It combines simplicity and intensity.

(15) Chaidh mo Dhonnchadh 'n-a bheinn
Chaidh mo Dhonnchadh 'n-a bheinn
Chaidh mo Dhonnchadh 'n-a bheinn
Is cha dànaig dhachaidh.

'S e mo Dhonnchan-s' a bh-ann,
'S e mo Dhonnchan-s' a bh-ann,
'S e mo Dhonnchan-s' a bh-ann,
Is mo chall mar thachair.

Fuil do chridhe is do chuim,
Fuil do chridhe is do chuim,
Fuil do chridhe is do chuim
Ann an luib do bhreacain.

A bhean dhona gun chéill,
A bhean dhona gun chéill,
A bhean dhona gun chéill,
Cum do bhréid agus t'fhalt ort.

Is mur a bitheadh tu fhéin,
Is mur a bitheadh tu fhéin,
Is mur a bitheadh tu fhéin,
Siod an sgeula nach b' ait liom.

These are by no means all the songs that are recorded from Angus Nicolson. Nor are they all the songs that were left by Màiri Iain 'Ic Chaluim. Angus has many more

from that source and many from other sources too. All the above songs have melodies and it is hoped to publish them soon. The authors of the songs must remain unknown, but their compositions have withstood the test of time. I am afraid that we to-day have lost the creative genius of the numberless anonymous poets and poetesses of the past. That we differ from them is evident, for the song-writers of our day and of the past number of decades fell short of the nameless ones who gave our people a unique song tradition. Here there is no striving after effect, no superficiality. Theirs is great poetry in that it springs from direct experience. Love, sorrow or tragedy impel them to express themselves. It can be argued that oral transmission debases the material, but, when it is the property of a succession of sensitive critical people, a sifting process often takes place and we get what is best. It is best because it has impressed itself on the minds of tradition-bearers.

Despite all our pretensions, we in Scotland, and we Scottish Gaels as well, are about the most fatuously ignorant and vandalist people in the West of Europe. In no country has there been so much wanton destruction of what was valuable as in Scotland. We will be told by some Scots to-day that the corpus of Gaelic literature is insignificant. But our best literature is not to be found in the printed editions of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, Donnchadh Bàn or Rob Donn. It is to be found in the traditional folk-poems and songs of the common people. We are doing our duty neither to ourselves nor to the cause of European folk-culture, if we dismiss our oral traditions or if we fail to perpetuate them in some form, as the most enlightened of European peoples are doing. Apart from their intrinsic value and their importance as a contribution to West-European culture, we should feel that it is incumbent on us to raise some memorial to the like of Mairi Iain 'Ic Chaluim, some lasting tribute to those whom the Irish poet, the late F. R. Higgins, so aptly described as "the lowly, the humble, the passionate and knowledgeable stock of the Gael."

TRADITIONS OF THE MACKENZIES

By WILLIAM MATHESON

15th April, 1949

There are contemporary references to persons identifiable as MacKenzies as far back as 1480,[1] and it is safe to assume that the MacKenzies had been in existence as a clan long before then. Most of our information about this undocumented period has come to us in the form of traditions first recorded by several compilers of family histories in the seventeenth century (hereafter referred to as "the family historians"). Alexander MacKenzie, the clan historian, rejects the story of Colin Fitzgerald, which is not to be classed as a genuine tradition at all, as we shall see ; but otherwise he gives us[2] what is in effect a conflation of these traditions, slightly modified from the genealogical point of view so as to accord with the MS. of 1467.[3] The resulting account of early clan history fails to carry conviction, but it does not follow that the traditions themselves are to be discarded. The need is for a new and more critical approach to them.[4]

The first step is to note that the afore-mentioned family histories frequently contradict one another. If we take the two most accessible of these, the one by John MacKenzie of Applecross,[5] and the other by the Earl of Cromarty,[6] many such contradictions occur, as may be seen, for example, in the following genealogies, compared in double column, with letters in brackets to draw attention to points in dispute :—

MacKenzie of Applecross.	Earl of Cromarty.
I.—Colin Fitzgerald, married daughter of Kenneth Matheson.	I.—Colin Fitzgerald, married daughter of Kenneth Matheson, *a quo* Mac Coinnich.(*a*)

II.—Kenneth, married daughter of MacIver. *A quo* Mac Coinnich. (*a*)

III.—Murdoch, married daughter of MacAulay. (*b*)

IV.—Kenneth "na Sròine," married daughter of MacDougall of Lorn (*c*), who was thrown over Scatwell Bridge. (*d*)

V.—Murchadh na Drochaid, married daughterof MacLeod of Lewis(*e*), with issue Murchadh Dubh.(*f*) Executed at Inverness.(*g*)

VI.—Murchadh Dubh nan Uamhag, married a daughter of MacLeod of Harris.(*h*) By a daughter of the Laird of Assynt he had Murchadh Riabhach.(*k*) Natural sons : Dugall, Hector, and Alexander. (*l*)

II.—Kenneth, married Morvha, daughter of MacDougall of Lorn. (*c*)

III.—Kenneth. Assisted Bruce.

IV.—Kenneth " na Sròine," married a daughter of MacLeod of Lewis (*e*), with issue Murchadh Dubh.(*f*) By another wife he had Murchadh Riabhach.(*k*) Natural sons : Eachann Biorach, Dubhghall Deargshuileach, Alasdair.(*l*)

V.—Murchadh Dubh. Conveyed for safety to MacDougall of Lorn. (*m*) Married daughter of MacAulay.(*b*) Scatwell Bridge episode(*d*) represented by a blank.[7]

VI.—Murchadh na Drochaid, married Fingalla, Daughter of MacLeod of Harris.(*h*) Imprisoned at Dingwall.(*n*)

VII.—Alasdair Ionraic. Reared by MacDougall of Lorn.(*m*) Married (1) a daughter of MacDougall ; (2) a daughter of MacRanald. Imprisoned at Dingwall.(*n*)	VII.—Alasdair Ionraic, married (1) Ann, daughter of MacDougall of Lorn ; (2) Margrat, daughter of MacDougall of Morar.

The descent of the MacKenzies from Colin Fitzgerald has been shown by Skene to be an invention of the seventeenth century,[8] and has not been seriously entertained by subsequent writers. But it does not follow that the other names in the pedigree are fictitious. Contradictions there are, but in a sense they inspire confidence—the confidence that we are dealing with genuine traditions, though considerably distorted and confused. It is apparent, for example, that there was some embarrassment about the accident that befell the wife of one of the chiefs on the bridge of Scatwell. Some accounts state that she fell off the bridge ; others represent the episode as an attempt on her life. If the narrative were a fabrication it is unlikely that the question of including such an incident would arise. We are thus left with the problem of trying to unravel this tangled skein of traditions with the help of such other sources of information as may be available.

The best point of departure is the MS. Genealogy of 1467, dating back two centuries earlier than the family histories. This MS. has been found reliable, subject to certain reservations. In particular, it has to be realised that one of the objects in view appears to have been to provide a common ancestry for certain groups of clans. In doing so no doubt existing clan traditions were taken into account, but the groupings, and to some extent these traditions themselves, probably reflected the state of feeling between clans at the time of writing. One group of clans to whom a common ancestry is assigned consists of the MacKenzies, the Mathesons, and Clann Ghille Annrais. The

last named do not concern us here, and all that need be said is that there is reason for regarding this account of their ancestry as an invention, and for giving more weight to the tradition of an early connection with the MacLeods, as recorded in MSS. both in Easter Ross and Harris.[9] The relationship between the MacKenzies and the Mathesons, on the other hand, need not be doubted. Several traditions assert it, and no tradition denies it. It may be noted, in this connection, that there is a marked similarity in the personal names favoured, whereas the pedigree of Clann Ghille Annrais contains names like Pàl, never found among the other two clans.

The relationship between the MacKenzies and the Mathesons, as given in the MS. of 1467, may be represented thus :

	Coinneach
Eoin	Mathghamhain (Mathan)
Coinneach	Coinneach
Murchadh	Murchadh
	Donnchadh
	Murchadh
	Donnchadh
	Murchadh

It so happens that the Matheson pedigree can be checked at both ends against contemporary references. One answering to the name of the above Coinneach mac Mathghamhna appears on record twice at dates which the number of generations in the pedigree would lead us to expect. His exploits against the Norsemen of Skye in the summer of 1262 are described in the saga of King Haco,[10] where he is called "Kiarnakr sun Machamals." (*Kiarnakr* represents Gaelic *Cainnech.*) Two

years later we find " Kermac Macmaghan " being rewarded for his services against the Norsemen.[11] Dr. Alexander MacBain regarded the Christian name here as Cormac, a name never associated with the Mathesons or any other northern clan. The true interpretation would appear to be that the MS. has been misread,[12] 'nn' being practically indistinguishable from 'rm' (the same number of downward strokes), and that we should accordingly postulate " Kennac," a form in which the name often appears on record.[13]

Counting five generations from 1262, Murchadh, whose name is last in the Matheson pedigree, must have flourished *c.* 1400, and indeed most of the other pedigrees in the MS. end about that date. We have no contemporary reference to him. But we know the name and patronymic of the chief of the clan in 1428[14]. In that year James I summoned the northern chiefs to answer for their conduct to him at Inverness. A list of their names has been preserved by Walter Bower,[15] Hector Boece,[16] and Sir James Balfour.[17] A comparison of these lists makes it clear that by patronymic Matheson was " Alexander Macmirkyn " or " Mackmurkine," which represents Gaelic Alasdair mac Murchaidh. This, in turn, has led to the identification of himself and his brother Ruaidhri as prisoners of the Earl of Mar in the castle of Inverness in 1415—probably a reprisal for supporting Donald of the Isles in the year of Harlaw.[18] The father of these brothers should thus probably be identified with the last person named in the pedigree of the Mathesons as given in the MS. of 1467.

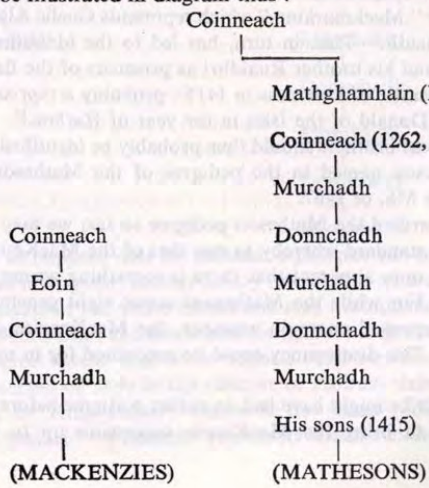
Having verified the Matheson pedigree so far, we may next take it as a standard whereby to test that of the MacKenzies ; and it is at once apparent that there is something wrong with the latter. For while the Mathesons count eight generations from the supposed common ancestor, the MacKenzies count only four. This discrepancy could be accounted for in several ways :

(1) The scribe might have had an earlier pedigree before him, and failed to bring the MacKenzie succession up to date.

Against this supposition is the apparent absence of any other similar case elsewhere in the MS.

(2) The gap of four generations might be accounted for by an error on the part of a copyist. The names Murchadh and Coinneach recur so often that a transcriber's eye might inadvertently pass over a number of names. But in a MS. which is little more than a concatenation of names it seems probable that there would be some control upon such mistakes. Moreover, when it is remembered that one of the objects of the compilation was to manufacture a remote relationship between certain clans, it is not unlikely that the number of generations in the different branches of the same stem (as shown in the MS.) was counted, so as to ensure an approximate correspondence.

(3) There is still another possibility, and that is that the pedigree of the MacKenzies, like that of the other clans, proceeds backwards from *c.* 1400, and that the link-up with the Mathesons is otherwise than represented. This supposition may be illustrated in diagram thus :



There are reasons for thinking that this is the most likely solution to the problem, as will appear in what follows.

Like the Mathesons, the MacKenzies have no record of their ancestor who flourished *c.* 1400 ; but, also like the Mathesons, they can produce the name of their chief in 1428. The sources already quoted for the events of that year call him " Kennett Moir " and " Kenethe Moire " (Coinneach Mór), and he is probably to be identified as the subject of the following entry in the *Exchequer Rolls*[19] for the year 1414 : " Et Keneath Murchirson de Rosse, laboranti in partibus Rossie pro quiete regni, ex causa considerata super compotum, x lib." This shows that we should expect the name Murchadh to appear in the MacKenzie pedigree *c.* 1400, for Keneath Murchirson stands for Gaelic Coinneach mac Murchaidh. It may be added that the proximity of this entry to the other one in the following year already cited leaves us with a suspicion that the services so rewarded were not unconnected with the imprisonment of the Mathesons in the castle of Inverness.

Coinneach comes next above Murchadh. His *floruit* (in the amended genealogy) would be *c.* 1370. There is no contemporary authority for his name, but there is possible confirmation from a non-MacKenzie traditional source. Hugh MacDonald, the Sleat historian, tells us that John, Lord of the Isles, had by Algive (Amy MacRuari) a daughter " who was married to Kenneth Achiench Mackenzie, so called being nourished on a spot of land of that name near the head of Lochaw."[20] " Achiench " stands for Gaelic Ach a' Cheannthaigh (the latter word has the epenthetic vowel between its component elements). The meaning of this place-name was obscure to the late Professor W. J. Watson, whose conclusion was that it contained a personal name unknown to him.[21] But this is not so : the meaning is " field of the head of the house," i.e., " chieftain's field," the reference being presumably to the MacCorquodale barons, who had a residence nearby. The MacKenzie historians aver that some early members of the family took refuge with their mother's people, the MacDougalls

of Lorn, whose vassals the MacCorquodales were. John of the Isles and Amy MacRuari got a papal dispensation to marry in 1337.[22] A daughter of the marriage would thus be a contemporary of Coinneach in the amended pedigree, and it is possible that he is the same as Coinneach Ach a' Cheannthaigh.

The next name above Coinneach is Eoin. There is no reference to him in the writings of the family historians or elsewhere. His *floruit* would be *c.* 1340.

The next name above Eoin is Coinneach (*floruit c.* 1310). There is no contemporary reference to him, but what may be confirmation from a non-MacKenzie source is afforded by the Latin history of the Mackintoshes (*c.* 1660), which relates that contemporary with Eneas, sixth laird of Mackintosh (died in 1346), were "Robert, Kenneth, Godfrey, and Michael, progenitors of the Inneses, Mackenzies, Roses of Kilravock, and the Brodies."[23] As the soubriquets of the other persons named Kenneth have already been accounted for, there is some likelihood that this Kenneth is to be identified as Coinneach na Sròine, in which case the family historians are right in putting the latter part of his life (as they all do) in the reign of David II. They tell us that he was deprived of the constableship of Eilean Donnan Castle by the Earl of Ross, and some of them give the further information that he was executed at Inverness in 1346. But they unite with one voice to claim that his followers held out in Eilean Donnan, after having recaptured it, and that his son and successors re-established themselves in Kintail. Now, in point of fact, there is no documentary evidence (apart from some charters given by the Earl of Cromarty which appear in no public record and have been, and ought to be, characterised as forgeries) that the Clan MacKenzie as such had a footing in Kintail until the end of the fifteenth century. What evidence there is points the other way. In 1342 William, Earl of Ross, grants a charter of the ten davochs of Kintail to Reginald son of Roderick of the Isles ;[24] and another charter, dated 1350, is given and signed by the Earl at Eilean Donnan.[25] These charters show that the Earl of Ross was superior of the

lands, and that he also had *de facto* possession of its chief stronghold.

The indications are, in fact, that a disaster of the first order befell the old custodians of Eilean Donnan in the time of Coinneach na Sròine, as a result of which actual possession of the castle passed into other hands ; and we look for some explanation outside the partial accounts given by the family historians. We find it in the fact that in 1331 no less a person than Randolph, Earl of Moray, then Warden of the Kingdom, had to take severe measures against the occupants of the castle He sent into Kintail his Crowner (possibly the Earl of Ross), who took possession of it, and celebrated the arrival on the scene of the Warden by exposing the heads of fifty " misdoaris" on its walls.[26] The clan historian, Alexander MacKenzie, fails to face up to the implications of all this, and merely suggests that Coinneach na Sròine must have allowed his followers to get out of hand ![27]

What we have here, of course, is part of the campaign against the enemies of the house of Bruce. The family historians, while admitting a marriage connection with the MacDougalls of Lorn, deny the political implications of such an alliance, and would like to have it thought that the MacKenzies covered themselves with glory on the field of Bannockburn. Perhaps they were not aware of the events of 1331. In any case, the record of these events serves to demolish the picture which they sought to build up.

To understand the real posture of affairs at the time we may recall that William, fourth Earl of Ross, began by being an opponent of Bruce, and had frequent dealings with Edward I. But Edward died in 1307, an event that enhanced Bruce's prospects of success. Forced to re-appraise his situation, the Earl went over to Bruce's side, and from then on he was his faithful lieutenant in the north. In this change of policy he apparently failed to carry with him some of his vassals, particularly on the western seaboard, and strained relations with Coinneach na Sròine and his kin must have followed upon the

pact with Bruce. By 1331 the continued contumacy of these vassals of the Earl made it necessary to take action against them at the highest level.

There is some evidence to show that these proceedings were followed by a protracted struggle, sustained on the one hand by the Earl of Ross, assisted by the Munros, Dingwalls, and Clann Ghille Annrais, and on the other by the clans of central and western Ross who had close associations with the family of Coinneach na Sròine. It may be useful to make clear who the latter were. Sir Robert Gordon mentions three clans, whom he calls "Clanjuer, Clantalvigh and Clanleajwe."[28] Taking these in turn, "Clanjuer" are the Clan MacIver (*Clann Iomhair*), whose first coming to Ross will be referred to hereafter. The name "Clantalvigh" has led to much confusion. Yet there can be little doubt as to its Gaelic form. In his anglicised spelling of Gaelic Sir Robert Gordon several times reproduces a 't' intruding between 'n' and an initial aspirated 's,' thereby conforming to older Gaelic usage. (For example, MacVurich writes *clann tsidhigh*, i.e. *Clann t-Sithigh*, in the Book of Clanranald.[29]) Thus "Clantalvigh" should be interpreted as *Clann t-Sealbhaigh*. But when *Mac* is substituted for *Clann* there is no question of an intrusive 't.' Moreover *Sealbhach* when preceded by *Mac* has the initial 's' aspirated, while the 'bh' may be quiescent, its presence indicated only by the epenthetic vowel after 'l.' It is therefore not so strange as might at first appear that the family historians should write "MacAulay" where Sir Robert Gordon writes "Clantalvigh." In at least one MS., however, that of Dr. George MacKenzie, it is distinctly stated that the MacAulays who figure in the narrative are of different ancestry from the MacAulays (*Clann Amhlaidh*) of Lewis. The account given of their ancestry is no better than antiquarian invention, but at any rate it is clear that the difference was realised.[30] To add still more to our difficulties, however, some of the family historians write of the "Clan Tarlich;" and we can only suppose that this represents another attempt at anglicising *Clann t-Sealbhaich*, under the mis-

apprehension that the personal name referred to was *Tearlach* ; an error that still persists in the surname MacErlich. Most surprising of all is that the Rev. John Macrae, the author of one of the family histories, calls them "the Clan Tarlich or Maclennans."[31] It would take us too far away from our subject to examine the origins of the clan (or clans) named Maclennan in Ross-shire ; but on this evidence some (but not necessarily all) of them represent the ancient stock with whom we are here concerned. The Rev. John Macrae also records a tradition that certain Maclennans had their early habitat in Glenelg,[32] and in this connection the name of one of the four brochs of Glenelg may be to our purpose. The four names have been given as follows : Castle Chalamine, Castle Chonil, Castle Tellve, and Castle Troddan ;[33] which in Gaelic would presumably be Dùn Chalmain, Dùn Chonaill, Dùn t-Sealbhaigh, and Dùn Trodain.

Sir Robert Gordon's "Clanleajwe" are doubtless the Macleays (*Clann Dhonn-shléibhe*, with the first element in the personal name disappearing in unstressed position), who at the time in question possessed lands in Strathconon and elsewhere in central Ross.[34] According to tradition, their chief had as his residence the crannog in Loch Achilty.[35] The ancient *dùthaich* of the Macleays was in Argyll, where they were followers of the MacDougalls of Lorn.[36] One of the early MacKenzie chiefs, most probably Coinneach na Sròine, is said to have married a daughter of MacDougall of Lorn. It was the custom in those days to send a bodyguard (*léine-chneas*) of clansmen with a bride to her new home ; which suggests that the presence of the Macleays in Ross may be accounted for in this way.

After 1331 it would appear that Donnchadh Mac Shealbhaich became the leader of these confederate clans. (Somewhat later, we are told, it was Domhnall Garbh Mac Iomhair.[37]) The family historians represent Donnchadh as holding out in Eilean Donnan until the fortunes of Coinneach na Sròine's family were restored. They concede that he lost possession for a time, the Earl of Ross, by means of a message purporting

to come from the imprisoned chief, and accompanied by his ring, having procured the surrender of the castle without bloodshed. But afterwards Donnchadh recaptured the castle by attacking those who were carrying provisions to it (at a stream since called Allt nam Balgan) and putting his own men in their place. This account may have some historical basis, but, if so, the sequence of events must have been in the reverse order. It is clear that the Earl of Ross made good his hold on the castle, into which he no doubt put a garrison whom he could trust. The Macraes came from the east to Kintail about this time, and it might be tempting to suppose that they came to keep the castle. But as by tradition their affiliations have always been with the MacKenzies, it is more probable that they came to assist Clann t-Sealbhaich and allied clans in their feud with the Earl. This may be the basis of the tradition heard by Dr. Samuel Johnson in 1773, according to which the Macraes were originally "servants to the Maclellans (*sic*)."[38]

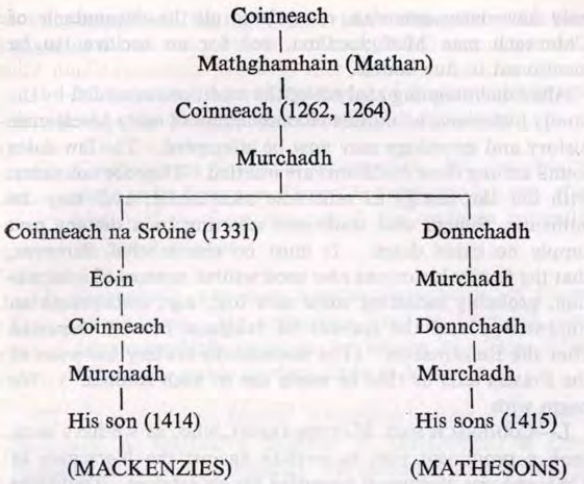
At this point reference must be made to the clan fight at Bealach na Bròige. Much obscurity surrounds the date and circumstances of this conflict. Sir Robert Gordon gives the date as 1275,[39] the Rev. James Fraser as 1374,[40] and the Earl of Cromarty as "the next yeir after Harlaw."[41] Alexander MacKenzie claims that the Foulis papers prove that the correct date is 1452,[42] but, as Sheriff MacPhail writes, "his account of the preceding incidents does not inspire confidence."[43] One of the references given by MacKenzie has nothing to say on the matter at all,[44] and it would appear that his claim is based on a MS. family history and not on any contemporary record. In any case, it is now possible to state that there is nothing in the Foulis papers to bear out his contention.[45] The date 1452 is, moreover, quite impossible to reconcile with the accounts of the battle that have been preserved. By 1452 the Earldom of Ross had become merged in the Lordship of the Isles. All the traditional accounts (and there are at least three accounts) agree that the battle was a kind of rearguard action fought by the western clans against one of the old Earls of Ross in

command of his principal henchmen, the Dingwalls and the Munros, and that Munro of Foulis was among the slain. It is therefore very much to be doubted whether the battle could have taken place at any time in the fifteenth century. What is certain is that there was what MacKenzie terms "an obscure clan fight" in 1369, in which Robert Munro, eighth of Foulis, was killed while assisting William, Earl of Ross, in the pursuit of "a band of marauders."[46] There can be no doubt that this is correct, for in a charter of date 9th August, 1369, in which William, Earl of Ross, dispones the lands of Catuell to Hugh de Munro, the reddendo clause is "for services rendered and to be rendered, and also for the laudable service of his father lately killed in defence of the said earl."[47] As this is the only chief of the Munros of Foulis who was killed in circumstances answering to the traditional accounts of Bealach na Bròige, we may conclude with some confidence that the above reference gives us the true date. The battle thus fits into the picture as part of a struggle which began at least as early as 1331 and continued for many years thereafter.

We now have to consider who Coinneach na Sròine was. Both MacKenzie of Applecross and the Earl of Cromarty make him a great - great - grandson of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna, through the latter's daughter, said to have married the fictitious Colin Fitzgerald. Skene has shrewdly pointed out, with regard to several Highland clans, that "their tradition asserted a marriage of the foreign founder of their race with the heiress of that family of which they were in reality a branch."[48] This would mean in the present instance that Coinneach na Sròine was actually a descendant of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna in the *male* line. That this was so might be surmised in any case. It is certain that the family historians' hero Colin Fitzgerald never existed; it appears on their own showing that both Coinneach mac Mathghamhna and Coinneach na Sròine were hereditary constables of Eilean Donnan Castle ; and the obvious conclusion is that the latter

was the male representative of the former, for Coinneach mac Mathghamhna had no need to leave his succession to a daughter —the existence after his time of a clan known as Clann Mhic Mhathghamhna is proof of that.

Yet Coinneach na Sròine cannot have been a great-great-grandson of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna. Chronology will not admit of it. If we suppose that the number of generations in the MacKenzie and Matheson pedigrees is the same, this would make Coinneach na Sròine the grandson of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna. Furthermore, if the relationship with the Mathesons was misrepresented in the MS. of 1467 as already suggested, it is unlikely that any name was suppressed, for the probable object in view (to be referred to hereafter) could be achieved without doing so. There is thus the possibilty that Coinneach na Sròine was a son of Murchadh, and at any rate a grandson of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna. A study of the traditions recorded by the family historians bears out this conclusion. When the story of Colin Fitzgerald was invented, probably by the Earl of Cromarty, they all deferentially stepped into line, though some ventured to express their doubts. How would they insert Colin in the pedigree they already had? Simply, no doubt, by adding him on at the top, above the person previously regarded as the founder of the clan, namely, Coinneach mac Mathghamhna. Take away Colin from the beginning of MacKenzie of Applecross's pedigree, and the first three names correspond to the conclusion just arrived at above—Kenneth, Murdoch, Kenneth "na Sròine." (The Earl of Cromarty has Kenneth, Kenneth, Kenneth "na Sròine," but there is a reason for this. He admits, as something well known, that Coinneach a' Bhlàir, who died in 1491, was the fourth Kenneth of his line;[49] and, in order to make the removal of the name of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna more plausible, he presumably brought up the number once more to four by substituting Kenneth for Murdoch.) The true descent of the MacKenzies and their relationship with the Mathesons is therefore probably as shown below :



The above amended form of the pedigree in the MS. of 1467 would account for the claim, persistently made (e.g., in Matheson of Bennetsfield's MS. History of the MacKenzies), that the MacKenzies are descended from the Mathesons. The truth appears to be a little different, viz., that the MacKenzies are descended from the eponymous ancestor of the Mathesons. This is a distinction which oral tradition could hardly be expected to preserve ; and confusion could very readily arise in a situation in which two clans with different surnames were in fact descended from a common ancestor. A closer look at these surnames points to the same conclusion : as shown by the MS. of 1467, and indeed by Gaelic usage down to the present time, the MacKenzies are *Clann Choinnich* whereas the Mathesons are *Clann Mhic Mhathain* (not *Clann Mhathain*),[50] and these are but two ways of saying the same thing —that Coinneach mac Mathghamhna (or mac Mhathain) is the ancestor of both clans. It is probable, indeed, that there would

only have been one clan, comprising all the descendants of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna, but for an accident to be mentioned in due course.

After the foregoing analysis of the traditions recorded by the family historians, an outline reconstruction of early MacKenzie history and genealogy may now be attempted. The few dates found among these traditions are inserted. They are consistent with the chronology as otherwise ascertained, and may be authentic, though oral traditions referring to a distant past supply no exact dates. It must be remembered, however, that the family historians also used written sources of information, probably including some now lost, e.g., inscriptions on tombstones, and the records of religious houses, dispersed after the Reformation. (The seventeenth century historian of the Frasers tells us that he made use of such records.[51]) We begin with

I.—COINNEACH MAC MATHGHAMHNA, who, as we have seen, took a prominent part in warfare against the Norsemen in 1262, and was afterwards rewarded for his services. Traditions apparently about him were current in Ross-shire until recent times—it is said that Eilean Donnan Castle was built by him—but it will be more convenient to deal with these in some detail towards the end of this paper. As will be shown hereafter, there is reason for thinking that his tomb (possibly bearing a legible inscription) was known as late as the seventeenth century. The family historians give the definite information that he died in 1304, and that he was buried in Iona. They also preserve a tradition—and here, as in other cases, we should ignore the egregious Earl of Cromarty—that he married a daughter of MacIver, possibly Iomhar Crom, the common ancestor of the MacIvers, who flourished in Argyll in the first half of the thirteenth century. We may conjecture that the bride had a bodyguard (*léine-chneas*) of clansmen to accompany her to the north, and that this accounts for the appearance in Ross of the MacIvers, among whom the tradition has been that their ancestral home was Glassary in Argyll.[52]

Coinneach mac Mathghamhna was followed by his son, probably

II.—MURCHADH. According to most of the family historians he married a daughter of Mac Shealbhaich with issue :

(1) Coinneach na Sròine, of whom next. His descendants came to be known as *Clann Choinnich*, though not after him. If we have interpreted the evidence correctly, he had a brother

(2) Donnchadh, who bore a name characteristic of Clann t-Sealbhaich. He apparently lived in Lochalsh, and his descendants came to be known as *Clann Mhic* Mhathain, and in modern times as Mathesons.

III.—COINNEACH NA SROINE. According to most of the family historians, he married a daughter of MacDougall of Lorn (possbily Alexander de Ergadia). He identified himself with the anti-Bruce faction even after his superior, the Earl of Ross, had thrown in his lot with Bruce. The outcome was the punitive expedition of 1331. He himself was imprisoned, and the lands he held from the Earl were bestowed elsewhere, for example the lands of Kinlochewe, which were given to Leòd Mac Gille Annrais, who had taken a leading part in the hostilities against him. (Here is an additional reason for doubting that Clann Ghille Annrais and the MacKenzies were kinsmen.) It may be that Donnchadh Mac Shealbhaich recaptured Eilean Donnan Castle, but, if so, it cannot have been for long. It is clear that the Earl of Ross was in full possession by 1350. Coinneach na Sròine was executed at Inverness in 1346, but the struggle continued, no doubt with all the more bitterness, culminating in the savage fight of Bealach na Bròige in 1369. Coinneach seems to have left two sons who, after the events of 1331, fled for refuge to their mother's people in Lorn :

(1) Murchadh, of whom next.

(2) Eoin, who probably never returned to Ross, and is therefore entirely unknown to the seventeenth century family historians. But he had a son Coinneach, whose place in the 1467 pedigree (as amended in this paper) suggests that he was contemporary, and possibly identical, with Coinneach Ach a' Cheannthaigh, so called because he was fostered (probably by MacCorquodale) at the place of that name in Lorn, and of whom after Murchadh.

IV.—MURCHADH returned to Ross, seeking to regain his lost inheritance. He succeeded in exacting vengeance on Leòd Mac Gille Annrais, but always remained more or less an outlaw, as is indicated by his soubriquet Murchadh Dubh nan Uamhag (Black Murdo of the Caves). He died in 1375. By a woman from Assynt he had a son Murchadh Riabhach. When the succession became settled presumably in the line of Coinneach mac Eoin there was a tendency to write off Murchadh Riabhach as illegitimate, but the family historians are not unanimous on the point, and their disagreement tells its own tale. We may indeed suspect that the house of Murchadh Riabhach was once of greater consequence than they are willing to admit. Thus in 1438 we find a certain " Murchedus Revach Armiger " witnessing a charter by Alexander, Lord of the Isles.[53] He looks like a descendant, possibly a grandson, of the first Murchadh Riabhach. If so, we must reckon with the probability that at the time of Harlaw, and even a generation later, the MacKenzies were divided into two rival factions, one supporting the King and the other the Lord of the Isles.[54] Returning now to Murchadh Dubh nan Uamhag, he was not in the direct line of ancestry of the later chiefs, but he was probably recognised as chief in his own day and was well remembered as the Robin Hood of the clan, with the result that his name intruded and contributed to the genealogical confusion into which the family historians fall after Coinneach na Sròine. Murchadh Dubh's progeny having lost the succession, we now turn to

V.—COINNEACH MAC EOIN. If he is the same as Coinneach Ach a' Cheannthaigh his marriage to a daughter of John of the Isles may have helped to pave the way for a return to Ross. It is reasonable to surmise, however, that the decisive factor was the death of the last of the old Earls of Ross in 1372. It may have been the new Earl, Walter Leslie, who saw fit to allow Coinneach to return, but—and this is a point to stress—not to Kintail. It was probably at this juncture in their history that the MacKenzies became the occupants of the crannog on the artificial island in Loch Kinellan near Strathpeffer. Kinellan had formerly been a hunting seat of the Earls of Ross. It has been stated that the MacKenzies took up residence there in the latter part of the fifteenth century, when the Earldom of Ross was annexed to the Crown,[55] but this is on the erroneous assumption that they had been living in Kintail up to that time. Some of the family historians have it that the lands of Achilty were their first possession in the lowlands of Ross, others say Killin (or Kildun) near Dingwall. There is no evidence, however, that they had acquired these lands by the end of the fifteenth century ; and, indeed, in the detailed traditions recorded in the family histories Kinellan is the residence of Alasdair Ionraic, who was chief considerably before that date (and of whom hereafter). If Walter Leslie, Earl of Ross, was responsible for installing the MacKenzies in Kinellan or its vicinity he may have done so with a purpose. Here the head of the family would be well within his reach, and he would also (it may have been hoped) be in some sort a hostage for the good behaviour of his kinsmen towards the west. We may surmise, however, that in the event it was his settlement in this locality which led to the division of the MacKenzies and the Mathesons into separate clans, taken together with the fact that they pursued divergent paths in politics, with the MacKenzies for the King and the Mathesons for the Lord of the Isles. Some of this chief's followers, perhaps with his connivance, threw his wife over the bridge at Scatwell. She had a

miraculous escape and soon afterwards gave birth to a son who in consequence of this episode was known as

VI.—MURCHADH NA DROCHAID. It may be that he married a daughter of MacLeod of Lewis (or Harris) and had at least two sons :

(1) Coinneach, of whom next.

(2) Alasdair, of whom after Coinneach.

VII.—COINNEACH, on record as Coinneach Mór in 1428 and as Keneath Murchirson in 1414. The reward granted to him in the latter year suggests that the family historians are right in stating that the MacKenzies refused to join Donald of the Isles in the Harlaw campaign. (Hugh MacDonald, the Sleat historian, writes that at the battle of Harlaw MacKenzie, along with Cameron of Lochiel, was in the reserve under Iain Mór, Donald's brother,[56] but, if so, the reference may be to the head of the family of Murchadh Riabhach.) The lesson of 1331 seems to have been thoroughly learnt by at least one branch of the MacKenzies, and here we find the true historical significance of the clan motto "Cuidich an Rìgh." (The Earl of Cromarty's story is that the motto refers to the rescue of King Alexander III from an infuriated stag by Colin Fitzgerald[57]—all of which of course is pure invention ; and the adoption of a stag's head as the clan emblem doubtless rests on no better foundation.) It would appear that the succession did not devolve upon the issue, if any, of Coinneach Mór. The family historians refer to several illegitimate sons of the early chiefs, but are not in agreement about their paternity. Perhaps some of them were sons of Coinneach Mór. Next we have

VIII.—ALASDAIR IONRAIC, said in the family histories to have been a son of Murdoch, and this may well be so. It is common to all accounts that he was a very old man when he died. One authority gives the date of his death as 1488.[58] John MacKenzie of Applecross makes it 1472.[59] This latter date is more likely to be correct, for it can be shown that

Alasdair's son Coinneach a' Bhlàir had succeeded to the chiefship by 1480.[60] If Alasdair Ionraic was a very old man in 1472—Alexander MacKenzie writes that he died at the age of ninety[61]—then he could well be a younger brother of Coinneach Mór. According to the most likely account, he married a daughter of Angus mac Ranald, first of the old MacDonalds of Morar. (Some of the family historians seem to have confused them with the MacDougalls of Lorn because in Gaelic they were styled *Clann Dubhghaill.*) Alasdair Ionraic is said to have had some trouble with bastard uncles before he made good his claim to succeed. Perhaps, if for uncles we substitute nephews, we may be near the truth. That the family historians know nothing of Coinneach Mór would then be explained as a consequence of the direct line of ancestry of the later chiefs not passing through him.

The foregoing reconstruction of early MacKenzie history and genealogy inevitably contains a considerable element of conjecture, and all that is attempted is to make more coherent use of the sources, traditional and documentary, than has been done, for example, in the only existing full scale history of the clan. This, in turn, may make it easier to assess the significance of any further evidence that may come to light as a means of confirming the picture that has here been drawn or of showing where it requires modification. It is certainly desirable that the traditions drawn upon in this paper, and other similar traditions, should not be ignored, and that efforts to interpret them aright should continue. One essential is to be alive to the motives of those who undertook to commit such traditions to writing. We have observed some of the distortions of historical truth perpetrated by the Earl of Cromarty in the case of the MacKenzies. But in fact none of the family historians with whom we have been concerned escapes the suspicion of a certain amount of suppression and falsification of truth, at any rate those of them who were MacKenzies. Two particular examples deserve our attention.

First of all, there seems to have been a concerted effort to conceal the fact that the early record of the clan was one of rebellion against the Crown, and that, as a result, they were deprived, for at least a century and a half, of their ancient patrimony of Kintail.

Then, again, there is reason to suspect that they resented their ancestral connection with the Mathesons, especially if this carried any imputation that they were a junior branch—an imputation that might seem well founded since the Mathesons had remained in the ancestral lands (the *dùthaich*) and they had not. This perhaps accounts for the fact that in the MS. of 1467 they are represented as the descendants of an older brother of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna's father, even though this leaves the pedigree woefully lacking in the requisite number of generations. At a later date their expedient was to invent a Norman ancestry (of value in the society with which their leading men now wished to identify themselves) and to acknowledge a connection with the Mathesons only on the female side. The background to this misrepresentation is partly provided by the estrangement of the two clans since Harlaw with its suspected sequel of treachery among kinsmen.

Something may now be said about the early origins of the MacKenzies. In the MS. of 1467 the ancestry of Coinneach mac Mathghamhna is traced back for several generations as follows: "Cainnech mac Mathghamhna mic Cainnigh mic Aonghasa mic Cristin (i.e. Gille Crìosd) mic Agad (i.e. Gille Adhamhnain ?) mic Gillaeoin Oig mic Gillaeoin na hAirde." Gille Eoin na hAirde (John of the Aird) must have flourished in the eleventh century. Beyond him the pedigree is fabulous, but in constructing it use has been made (though without much regard for chronology) of names that occur in the annals.

Who was Gille Eoin na hAirde ? There is no ground for identifying this place-name, as has been done, with Ardross (*Aird Rois*). The Aird, without qualification, is the territory

stretching along the southern shore of the Beauly Firth, and more particularly that part which juts out between the Beauly River and Newton Bay. That the ancestors of the MacKenzies came from there is a supposition that fits in well with several things we know about the locality. This was part of the ancient province of Moray, which had a turbulent history in the time of Gille Eoin na hAirde and for several generations thereafter. From the days of Malcolm Canmore the men of Moray were in frequent revolt against the Scottish kings, who as frequently had to take warlike measures to subdue them. It may have been Malcolm IV who inaugurated the policy of removing them to other parts of the kingdom. The contemporary *Chronicle of Holyrood* records the following under the year 1163 : "And King Malcolm transported (*transtulit*) the men of Moray."[62] We should, of course, like to know more, but the statement, bare of details as it is, cannot be discounted, no matter how imaginatively John of Fordun and other subsequent writers may have elaborated on it. Some historians have envisaged the removal of the whole population of Moray, and then proceeded to cast doubt on the record. But it is much more likely that the reference is simply to leading men of the province who were regarded as fomenters of rebellion ; to the king the advantages of dispersing them widely throughout the land must have seemed considerable. The significance of the date 1163 may be merely that it was looked upon as the year in which such operations began ; and, indeed, there are grounds for supposing that William the Lion carried on his predecessor's policy, thus making possible grants of land to the Norman families who first appear in the north during his reign or soon afterwards. The Aird became a fief of the Crown held by one John Bisset, who probably entered into possession when William was consolidating his power in Moray after the rebellions of 1179 and 1187.[63] It is not unlikely that this grant to John Bisset was preceded by the removal from the Aird of descendants of Gille Eoin na hAirde and their settlement in Kintail.

We can understand what may have happened more clearly when we remember that in the time of Gille Eoin na hAirde the Aird was on the extreme northern frontier of the Kingdom. To the north of the Stockford of Ross the great Norse Jarl Thorfinn held sway. When some time later the tide of Norse conquest flowed back northwards and westwards, the removal of a leading family from the Aird to Kintail would serve a double purpose in the eyes of the Scottish king. On the one hand, he was dispersing troublesome subjects, and making it more difficult for them to take concerted action ; but, on the other, he was also making use of a race of experienced frontiersmen by placing them at a point where they could carry on the fight with the old enemy ; and, as we have seen, this policy paid dividends, for one of the family so transplanted, Coinneach mac Mathghamhna, played an important part in the final overthrow of Norse power in the Isles.

The occurrence of the name Cristin or Gille Criosd in the pedigree might suggest a connection with the Macraes. (It may also be noted that in the badly confused version of the pedigree given by MacVurich two further names are entered as father and grandfather of Gille Eoin na hAirde, viz., Mac Rath and Maol-suthainn.[64]) Gille Criosd is, of course, the characteristic personal name among the Macraes, whose tradition was that they came from the Aird to Kintail in the fourteenth century.[65] Moreover, they have always claimed an ancient kinship with the MacKenzies. The site of their ancestor's house (*Làrach Tigh Mhic Rath*) is pointed out on the southern slope of the Hill of Clunes, and is marked by a number of large stones, supposed to have formed the foundation of the building.[66] It is to be noted that the Hill of Clunes is in the Aird proper, and it seems not unlikely that the Macraes are of the ancient stock of Gille Eoin na hAirde. There is a tradition about the house at Clunes which suggests that it was regarded with a degree of superstitious awe. It was said to have been built in one night by the fairies, who went about their work chanting :

Gach sgolb 's gach sgrath
Gu Tigh Mhic Rath,
Gach fiodh 'sa' choill
Gu Tigh Mhic Rath,
Ach eidheann mu chrann is fiodhagach.[67]

(Every pin and divot
For the House of Mac Rath,
Every timber in the forest
For the House of Mac Rath,
Except ivy on a tree and bird-cherry.)

This tradition might indicate that the house excited wonder as a more advanced type of construction than had previously been seen in those parts.

A clue to even remoter origins may lie hidden in the fact that as late as the seventeenth century the MacKenzies kept up an ancient friendship with the Macleans. At that time the location in Iona of the tomb of the early MacKenzie chiefs was known to the sheanachies Fergus MacRourie and Mildonich MacLean, who supported their assertion that the two clans had a common ancestry by stating that it was situated next to that of the Maclean chiefs.[68] Kinship between the MacKenzies and the Macleans is also vouched for by MacVurich in the Book of Clanranald, where the Macleans are represented as descended, and taking their name, from Gille Eoin na hAirde.[69] But this will not do in the light of what we know about Maclean genealogy from older sources. As given by MacFirbis, the Maclean pedigree contains the significant name Mac Rath and goes back to "Sean Dubhghall Sgoinne" (Old Dugall of Scone), whose *floruit* would be some time in the eleventh century. Skene identifies him with Dufgal son of Mocche, described as " senex, justus et venerabilis," on record in the Chartulary of St. Andrews soon after 1100 as an arbiter in a perambulation of certain lands in the district of Fortrenn.[70] We thus have reason to believe that the ancestors of the

Macleans had an ancient connection with Scone, a former seat of the Scottish kings, and one of the four royal manors of Gowrie. It follows that, if the MacKenzies and the Macleans are of the same stock, one possibility to envisage is that, at some date earlier than the eleventh century, the ancestor of the family represented by Gille Eoin na hAirde came to the province of Moray from Gowrie.

It might not be worth while pursuing our researches thus far were it not for certain peculiar elements in the traditions of the MacKenzies and Mathesons to which we must now turn our attention. To understand their possible significance we may begin with the name Gowrie. It is generally agreed that this territory acquired its name from the people who once inhabited it, known as *Cenél Gabrán.* This was one of the three Irish tribes who invaded and conquered part of what is now Scotland in the fifth century. Within recent times it has come to be realised that considerable enclaves of such Gaelic-speaking invaders succeeded in establishing themselves far to the east of the main settlements long before the union of Scots and Picts under Kenneth mac Alpin. Among these pioneers we must suppose that a section of Cenél Gabrán won for themselves a "swordland" bounded on the east by the Isla (which then apparently flowed into the Firth of Tay), on the west by the Tay, and on the north by the mountains ; since when the territory has borne their name.

Next, we must consider Cenél Gabrán as a tribal name. The current view appears to be that they were the descendants of Gabran, one of the early kings of Dalriada, and took their name from him. But this is very doubtful. Suspicion is aroused by at least two considerations. Adamnan tells us of one Ioan, son of Conall, son of Domnall, who was a contemporary of Columba, and describes him as belonging to "the royal race (*genus*) of Gabran."[71] His relationahip to the king of that name could not have been less than great-grandson. But when we consider that King Gabran died *c.* 559, that his son Aidan was born *c.* 534, and that his great-grandsons appear on record

much later than the time of Columba,[72] the idea that this Ioan was descended from him can hardly be entertained. Our suspicion is confirmed when we turn to *Senchus Fer n-Alban* and the Genealogies in the Book of Ballymote. In the *Senchus* we find this statement : " Now the *three* parts of Dalriata are the tribe of Gabran, and the tribe of Angus, and the tribe of Loarn Mor."[73] Contrast this with the following in the Genealogies : " The *four* principal tribes of Dalriata are the tribe of Gabran, and the tribe of Loarn Mor, and the tribe of Angus, and the tribe of Comgall."[74] Comgall was a brother of King Gabran.[75] It therefore looks as if the statement that there were four tribes resulted from a belief, or a desire to spread the belief, that Cenél Gabrán were descended from the king of that name. For this could only be made plausible by suppressing, or ignoring, another account of the matter, according to which families not descended from King Gabran but from his brother nevertheless belonged to Cenél Gabrán. It is fortunate that this much more credible account has been preserved in the *Senchus* : " The tribe of Gabran (has) five hundred and sixty houses (in) Kintyre, and in the territory of Comgall with its islands."[76] The indications are, therefore, that the name Cenél Gabrán was an ancient one, much older than the sixth century. Indeed, we may well wonder whether the reference is to a human ancestor at all.

We are now coming close to the twilight period in our history when pagan and Christian encounter one another for the first time. Only the Christian has left any record of the encounter, and we are much too dependent upon what he has chosen to tell. Even what he does tell is often presented in a Christian context, or a context which will not offend Christian susceptibilities. Though there will inevitably be argument about particular cases, there can be no doubt, for example, that pagan divinities, including those regarded as divine ancestors, were euhemerised ; it was obviously in the interests of the Christian to reduce heathen gods to the status of historical personages—and much easier than to eradicate the memory

of them altogether. Such may be the background to the attempted identification of the ancestor of Cenél Gabrán with the sixth century king of the same name. Yet this may in some respects be a different case, in which we are concerned, not necessarily with a divine ancestor, but with that mysterious affiliation of a tribe with a particular animal which is known to have existed in the pagan past, if only on the evidence of place-names, for example, the ancient names *Inse Orc* (Orkney) and *Inse Cat* (Shetland), and others still extant, such as *Cataibh* (Sutherland). These places by their nomenclature preserve the memory of the " Boars " and "Cats" who were once their (human) inhabitants. If so, a similar affiliation with the fox and the goat may be implied in two of the tribal names of Dalriada—Cenél Loarn and Cenél Gabrán.

The foregoing three paragraphs have been inserted as a prelude to the examination of certain peculiar features in the traditions of the MacKenzies and the Mathesons to which reference has already been made. We may begin with the Mathesons. There is a tradition according to which a sixteenth century chief would not eat goat-flesh, a fact well known to his enemies, for they used the knowledge in order to pick a quarrel with him. We are told that " he was so notoriously prejudiced against the flesh of goats that it would be a studied insult to present it to him."[77] This suggests something stronger than a chance personal aversion, and we are left to suspect that he could not eat goat-flesh *because he was a Matheson*, i.e., that the notorious prejudice was a tabu, of a kind found among other Highland clans, usually in association with the notion of some ancestral connection with the animal in question. We should therefore expect to find evidence for such a notion in the traditions of the MacKenzies and/or the Mathesons. The fact that we do makes it tolerably certain that the goat was their tabu animal. But this is the point at which to consider their ancestor-legend in some detail.

The " plot " of this legend will be familiar to the student of folklore : it has been termed the " Expulsion-and-Return

Formula." According to J. G. von Hahn,[78] it comprises sixteen (I-XVI) incidents or elements, to which Alfred Nutt, in a later study,[79] adds two more (IXa and IXb). It may therefore be useful to summarise our ancestor-legend, inserting the appropriate Roman numerals from the analysis just mentioned.

There are in fact two very different stories, though both appear to be variants of the same basic type. The first tells how Eilean Donnan Castle came to be built. A Kintail chief " of the same race as the Mathesons " has an only son. When he is born, (IXb) he receives his first drink out of a raven's skull, and this enables him to understand the language of birds. The time comes when his father asks him what the birds are saying. " They are saying," he replies, (IV) " that one day you will wait upon me as my servant." The father is angered, and (V) turns the son out of the house. He joins a ship bound for France. By means of his special knowledge he puts an end to the annoyance caused to the King of France by the continual chirping of birds about his palace. The King in gratitude gives him a fully-manned ship, and (IX) he sails to distant lands, but, whatever the land, he can understand and speak the language of the people. . . . . (X) He returns to Kintail a rich man, and anchors his ship near his father's residence at Totaig. His father does not recognise him, and waits on him at table, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the birds. The son proves his identity by means of a birthmark. His ability and knowledge of the world recommend him to King Alexander II, who commissions him (XII) to build Eilean Donnan Castle as a defence against the Danes.[80]

The other story also is unfortunately known only in an English version, and has been considerably " written up" and romanticised, with the insertion of spurious personal names such as Flora. But when this overlay of alien sentiment has been discounted, certain essential and genuine elements remain, as will be seen in the following summary. A powerful chief has an only son. Shortly after his son's birth there is a re-

bellion against him, and he is slain. (II) The mother of the child is made prisoner. (V) Her sister takes to flight with the child, carrying with her his father's sword and mantle as evidence of his noble birth. After many days of travelling she takes refuge in a cave near Loch Maree. (VI) *Here the child is suckled by a dun-coloured goat.* The goat is traced to the cave by its owner, and the child is discovered. He is thought at first to be (I) of supernatural origin—a fairy child. Eventually the owner of the goat, (VII) a widow, undertakes to bring the child up. The lord of Eilean Donnan discovers the child in the widow's house, and on hearing that he is known to them as " MacGabhar " (*sic*) he tries to gain possession of him, for (IV) there is an old prophecy that his family is to be supplanted by one so named. The child escapes to (IX) another part of the country, and grows up in the service of the local chief. He takes part in a raid on neighbouring territory and is made prisoner. This territory turns out to be none other than (X) his ancestral country, where his mother has re-established herself and been joined by her sister (the one who had fled with him when he was a child). He proves his identity by means of the sword and the mantle, and also by a scar on his arm, and is acclaimed as *Mac Coinnich Mór.* He subsequently marries the daughter and heiress of the lord of Eilean Donnan, eventually coming into possession of all the latter's lands, and so the prophecy is fulfilled.[81]

The first story is of some historical interest. There is, for instance, the specific mention of Totaig as the dwelling-place of the hero's father. At Totaig are the remains of a broch called Caisteal Gnùgaig, and the significance of this reference may be that tradition pointed to this as the earlier residence of the same family one of whom later built Eilean Donnan Castle. But, looking at the legend as a whole, and granting that it is a variant of a type that has been classified, we still have to ask why the ancestor of the Mathesons (and the MacKenzies) should be made the hero of it. Was it because certain episodes in his life corresponded to incidents in this type of story? The

mention of a ship bound for France recalls that a French nobleman, Hugh de Châtillon, Count of St. Pol, who died in 1249, had a ship built at Inverness to carry soldiers to the Holy Land.[82] We may imagine Coinneach mac Mathghamhna taking passage on such a ship and learning foreign languages while serving in the last of the Crusades. This Crusade (1248-50) was led by Louis IX of France, who formed the Scotsmen in his entourage into a personal bodyguard, and in so doing founded the famous Scots Archer Guard of France.[83] To suppose that Coinneach mac Mathghamhna took part in the Crusade of St. Louis is of course a flight of fancy, but it may serve to illustrate how a historical personage could become the hero of a type of tale in existence long before his time.

The second story is significant mainly because of one incident in it—the ancestor of the clan, when a child, is suckled by a goat. True, it is a standard incident in this type of story, besides being a well recognised motif in other contexts.[84] Yet it must be considered remarkable, coming after the evidence already given, that the animal should be a goat and the clan the MacKenzies. All that is now lacking is a story showing that MacKenzies could assume caprine form ! No such story has come to light so far, but it may be significant that there is a very noticeable concentration of stories recorded in Ross-shire about humans who were in the habit of doing so.[85] One of these is of particular historical interest. It tells how Uisdean Mór mac Gille Phàdruig, of Letterewe, Lochbroom, killed a weaver whom he met at a ford in the shape of a hornless yellow goat.[86] It has not hitherto been noticed that this Uisdean Mór was a historical personage who lived in the fifteenth century. He was a son of Gille Pàdruig Ruadh O Beòlain,[87] whose father was Ruaidhri, son of the Green Abbot.[88] Uisdean Mór, in fact, was closely related to the old Earls of Ross, whose fortunes were founded on their hereditary possession of the lay abbacy of Applecross.[89] Perhaps the story of his contest with the hornless yellow goat represents a folk-memory of the enmity between the Earls of Ross and the MacKenzies in the

fourteenth century, or even of a still older antagonism, dating from the time when the ancestors of the MacKenzies came westwards as intruders into the territory of the O Beòlain family.

The foregoing evidence provides considerable justification for believing that the MacKenzies (and Mathesons) inherited some kind of goat cult from their ancestors. If the Macleans were distant kinsmen, it may be surmised that they did so also, and that, as late as the seventeenth century, this (or the memory of it) may have confirmed both clans in their belief in a common ancestry. As we have seen, the ancestry of the Macleans can be traced back to Gowrie, the territory of Cenél Gabrán ; and this suggests the possibility that the goat cult came from there too. In the light of the evidence, it is certainly tempting to interpret the name Cenél Gabrán as implying the notion of a " goat-affiliated kindred " observing a tabu against eating goat-flesh—a tabu no doubt sternly enjoined upon successive generations of their descendants, and surviving, perhaps down to the sixteenth century or even later, as a remarkable link with a distant past.

NOTES

1 *Exchequer Rolls* VIII. 597 ; IX. 405 ; *Registrum Magni Sigilli Regum Scotorum* II. No. 1451 (31st August, 1480).

2 Alexander MacKenzie, *History of the MacKenzies* (2nd ed.), 40ff.

3 For this MS. see Mackinnon, *Catalogue of Gaelic Manuscripts*, 72 ; *Cellectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, 50ff., 357ff.; Skene, *Celtic Scotland* III. 458ff., where it has been collated with similar Irish and other MSS. With characteristic indifference to the comparative value of his sources, Skene undertakes (*ibid.*, 485n.) to " correct " the pedigree of the MacKenzies by relying upon much later and inferior genealogical material in the Book of Clanranald (*Reliquiae Celticae* II. 300), where a sequence from the pedigree of the Mathesons has by some strange chance become embedded in that of the MacKenzies. For the purposes of this paper a photostat of the MS. of 1467 has been used.

4 A thoroughgoing criticism of these traditions should be based upon a detailed study of the various family histories and their recensions, showing how they are related to one another, and possibly to other similar works such as Sir Robert Gordon's *Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland*. This would be a difficult undertaking, not only on account of the great number of MSS., but also because some of the more important of them, believed to be in private hands, would require to be traced.

5 *Highland Papers* (Scot. Hist. Soc.) II. 5ff.
6 Fraser, *Earls of Cromartie* II. 462ff.
7 " Murdo ni Troit so called," followed by a blank (*ibid.*, 469).
8 *Celtic Scotland* III. 351ff.
9 *Ane Breve Cronicle of the Earlis of Ross* (1850), 30 ; R. C. MacLeod, *The MacLeods of Dunvegan*, 2, 4. It is hoped to deal with this question on another occasion.
10 *Hakonar Saga* (Rolls Series), 327. For " Kiarnakr " we should perhaps read " Kiannakr." Cf. ON. *Kiallakr* for Gaelic *Cellach*. (See Lewis and Pedersen, *A Concise Comparative Celtic Grammar*, 3.)
11 *Exchequer Rolls* I. 19-20.
12 The record is extant only in a transcript made in the seventeenth century for the Earl of Haddington, and is described as " by no means free from copyists' errors " (*ibid.*, xxxvi).
13 E.g., *Registrum Episcopatus Moraviensis* (Bannatyne Club), xxxiii ; Fraser-Mackintosh, *Invernessiana*, 106.
14 For the date see Fraser-Mackintosh, *op. cit.*, 104, 105 ; E. W. M. Balfour-Melville, *James I, King of Scots*, 284.
15 *Joannis de Fordun Scotichronicon* ; *cum Supplementis et Continuatione Walteri Boweri* (1775) II. 489.
16 *Chronicles of Scotland*, tr. Bellenden (S.T.S.) II. 384.
17 *The Historical Works of Sir James Balfour* I. 157.
18 *Exchequer Rolls* IV. lxxvii, 228.
19 *Ibid.*, 211.
20 *Highland Papers* I. 27.
21 *Celtic Place-names of Scotland*, 262.
22 *Highland Papers* I. 73.
23 *Macfarlane's Genealogical Collections* (Scot. Hist. Soc.) I. 168-9.
24 *Origines Parochiales* (Bannatyne Club) II. Part II. 392.
25 *Ibid.*, 394.
26 *Wyntoun's Chronicle* (Historians of Scotland) III. 380.
27 *History of the MacKenzies*, 51-2.
28 *Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland*, 36.
29 *Reliquiae Celticae* II. 156.
30 *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries* XIV. (1879-80) 371-2.
31 This MS., which Alexander MacKenzie, the clan historian, calls the Ardintoul MS., was written *c.* 1700 by the Rev. John Macrae, minister of Dingwall, author of the " Genealogy of the Macras " (*Highland Papers* I. 195ff.). There is a copy of it, made soon after 1740, in Edinburgh Public Library.
32 *Ibid.*
33 Alexander Gordon, *Itinerarium Septentrionale* (1726), 166.
34 *Highland Papers* IV. 98-9. The significant name " Duley McLey " occurs in Strathconon in 1726 (*ibid.* II. 336).
35 *Old Statistical Account* VII. 162 ; *New Statistical Account* XIV. (Ross and Cromarty) 238.
36 *Maclagan MSS.* (Glasgow University Library), No. 100.
37 *The Wardlaw MS.* (Scot. Hist. Soc.), 83.
38 *A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775), 64.
39 *Loc. cit.* The date is perhaps a transcriber's error for 1375.
40 *Wardlaw MS.*, 83
41 Fraser, *Earls of Cromartie*, II. 471.
42 *History of the MacKenzies*, 79.
43 *Highland Papers* II. 17.

44 *History of the Munros*, 20.
45 See *Calendar of Writs of Munro of Foulis* (Scottish Record Society; ed. C. T. McInnes).
46 *History of the Munros*, 13.
47 *Calendar of Writs of Munro of Foulis*, No. 6.
48 *Highlanders of Scotland* (2nd ed.), 187.
49 Fraser, *Earls of Cromartie*, II. 483.
50 See also *Maclagan MSS.*, No. 192 (Song to the Highland Clans).
51 *Wardlaw MS.*, 115. There were also older MS. histories not now extant. According to the Rev. John Macrae, "Parson McQueen alias Maceanuy some say he was Archdeacon of Ross " wrote a genealogy of the MacKenzies in the time of Kenneth, Lord Kintail, and the next after him to write on the subject was John MacKenzie of Fairburn (*MS. History of the MacKenzies*). Parson MacQueen was William MacQueen of Corrybrough, sub-dean of Ross, deposed in 1594 (*Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanae* VII. 70 ; *Macfarlane's Genealogical Collections* I. 244). John MacKenzie of Fairburn died in 1645 (MacKenzie, *History of the MacKenzies*, 514).
52 P. C. Campbell, *Account of the Clan-Iver*, 103n.
53 *Clan Donald* I. 529.
54 Murchadh Riabhach appears in *Ane Breve Cronicle of the Earlis of Ross* (p. 32) as a son of Paul MacTire (Paul the Wolf), who figures in the MS. of 1467 as the representative of Clann Ghille Annrais. But this is clearly an error, arising from his association with Paul son of Leod (Fraser, *Earls of Cromartie* II. 468), who must have been closely connected with Paul MacTire. It is well established that *Sliochd Mhurchaidh Riabhaich* have always been accepted as an authentic branch of the MacKenzies. Some of them can still be identified in Lewis.
55 Alexander MacKenzie, *History of the MacKenzies*, 80; *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries* LI. (1916-17) 50.
56 *Highland Papers* I. 30.
57 Fraser, *Earls of Cromartie*. II. 464.
58 *Scots Peerage* VII. 497.
59 *Highland Papers* II. 21.
60 *Exchequer Rolls* and *Registrum Magni Sigilli*, as in Note 1.
61 *History of the MacKenzies*, 81.
62 A. O. Anderson, *Early Sources of Scottish History* II. 251.
63 The Rev. Archibald MacDonald gives 1211 as the date when the Aird was granted as a fief to John Bisset, but cites no authority (*The Old Lords of Lovat and Beaufort*, 2). John Bisset first appears in the Register of the Bishopric of Moray as superior of the lands at some time between 1203 and 1224 (*Registrum Episcopatus Moraviensis*, No. 21 and p. 1v).
64 *Reliquiae Celticae* II. 300. But the names no doubt properly belong to the Maclean pedigree (Skene, *Celtic Scotland* III. 481 ; *Macfarlane's Genealogical Collections* I. 120).
65 *Highland Papers* I. 208-9.
66 Alexander Macrae, *History of the Clan Macrae*, 4-5.
67 From the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, once of Redcastle, a native of Kiltarlity.
68 *Highland Papers* I. 198-9. Fergus MacRourie was perhaps a Beaton, for the name Fergus occurred among the Beatons. (If so, MacRourie is a patronymic.) He may be the same as Fergus Beaton, mentioned by Martin Martin as the possessor of Gaelic medical MSS. (*Descrip-*

tion of the Western Islands (1703), 89). The Mull bard Eachann Bacach, in an elegy composed in 1648, refers to a certain " Mac Fhearghuis " as an expert in genealogy, and Ranald MacDonald of Eigg identifies him as " Clerk-Register of Icolmkill " (*Comh-chruinneachaidh Orannaigh Gaidhealach* (1776), 85n). He was probably official historian to Maclean of Duart. The last of these historians was certainly a Beaton. In 1716 he is described as " Mr. John Beaton the Last of the Shenachies a Man pretty well skilled in Irish Antiquities," and we are told that he had in his custody a " Catalogue " containing particulars of the ancestry of the Macleans (*Macfarlane's Genealogical Collections* I. 118; and see also *Analecta Scotica* I. 121, 124).

Mildonich MacLean is elsewhere by the Rev. John Macrae called Mildonich MacEoin (*MS. History of the MacKenzies*). MacLean in the other source may be a copyist's error for MacEan. This Maoldomhnaich was in fact court poet to Maclean of Duart, and was celebrated both in Scotland and Ireland for his learning and skill in his art. (Some of his poems, composed in the literary language and in the strict versification of the schools, have been preserved in manuscripts.) He belonged to a family of hereditary poets, originally from Inishowen, whose surname was O Muirgheasáin, but who were also known as Clann Mhic na hOidhche. (There are some of them still in Mull who identify themselves by this latter name ; their other surname has been anglicised as Morrison.) A branch of the same family were court poets to the MacLeods of Dunvegan. (*Analecta Scotica* I. 124 ; *Scottish Gaelic Studies* V. Part II. 101ff ; *Eigse* VI. Part I. 56ff ; *Maclagan MSS.*, No. 26.)

That such men may have derived some of their information from inscriptions on tombstones in Iona is suggested by the fact that in 1688 Mr. John Fraser, Dean of the Isles, stated that his father, also Dean of the Isles, had left him a book with copies of over three hundred such inscriptions. (The copies, if not made by Mr. Fraser's father, may have been of earlier date, but the important point is that this valuable source of information was available, whether on the stones or in the book.) The book had been lent to the late Earl of Argyle. (William Sacheverell, *An Account of the Isle of Man with a Voyage to I-Columb-Kill* (The Manx Society), 101.) For Mr. John Fraser and his father, see Lord Archibald Campbell, *Records of Argyll*, 410ff.

69 *Reliquiae Celticae* II. 300. See also *Macfarlane's Genealogical Collections* I. 119.

70 *Celtic Scotland* III. 343, 481.

71 *Adomnan's Life of Columba* (ed. A. O. and M. O. Anderson), 372n. Here Ioan is taken to be a great-grandson of King Gabran, and (perhaps in consequence of this) *genus* is translated " family." But *genus* is clearly equivalent to Gaelic *cenél*, and should rather be translated " race " or " kindred."

72 The death of King Gabran is thought to have taken place in 559, and that of Aidan in his seventy-fourth year in 608 ; while Donald Brecc, a great-grandson of King Gabran, was slain in battle nearly forty years later. (A. O. Anderson, *Early Sources of Scottish History* I. 21, 125, 166.)

73 *Ibid.*, clii.

74 *Ibid.*, clv.

75 *Ibid.*, clv, clvi.

76 *Ibid.*, cliii. The territory referred to is, of course, the modern Cowal, to which Comgall gave his name. Skene rightly follows the *Senchus* when he states that "Cinel Gabran consisted of the descendants of Fergus, whose son Domangart had two sons, Gabran and Comgall" (*Celtic Scotland* I. 229). But it would be more accurate to put it that Fergus and his descendants belonged to Cenél Gabrán. The natural interpretation of Adamnan's "royal race of Gabran" is the same, namely, that this was the race from which had sprung the line of kings who had reigned in Dalriada down to Columba's time.
77 *History of the Mathesons* (2nd ed.), quoting Matheson of Bennetsfield's *MS. History of the Mathesons.*
78 *Sagwissenschaftliche Studien* (Jena : 1876), table inserted at p. 340.
79 "The Aryan Expulsion-and-Return Formula in the Folk and Hero Tales of the Celts" (*The Folk-Lore Record* IV. 1-44).
80 Alexander Macrae, *History of the Clan Macrae*, 293-5.
81 *Celtic Magazine* III. 330-5 ; 389-95.
82 Matthew Paris, *Chronica Majora* (Rolls Series, ed. Luard) V. 93.
83 *Royal Guard of Scottish Archers in France* (Maitland Club), 74.
84 Stith Thompson, *Motif Index of Folk-literature* C.221.2 ; Tom Peete Cross, *Motif-Index of Early Irish Literature*, s.v. Tabu (C.221.1, 2; cf. C.841.7).
85 *More West Highland Tales* I. 460-1, and the references there given.
86 *Ibid.*, 454-9. Here it may be noted that the inhabitants of Gairloch were known as "Gabhair Bhuidhe Ghearrloch." (Information from Mr. John MacInnes.)
87 *Highland Papers* I. 34.
88 Book of Clanranald (*Reliquiae Celticae* II. 212).
89 This is the view of Skene (*Celtic Scotland* III. 292). See also his edition of John of Fordun's *Chronicle of the Scottish Nation* (Historians of Scotland) II. 434 ; and *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries* III. (1858-9) 275.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Murchadh na Drochaid (pp. 194, 195, 211-2): While we need not doubt that the family historians were recording a tradition current in their day, it may well be that the story of what befell this chief's mother came into being in order to account for his soubriquet after its true significance had been forgotten. Could it be that it was he who built the bridge of Scatwell ? In the light of what we know about other similar names, this would appear to be less improbable than to suppose that the reference was to an episode in which the central figure was his mother.

NORMAN MACLEOD — " CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL "

By EDWARD MACCURDY, M.A.

11th May, 1953

" The poor Highlands and Islands are as worthy of your efforts as Germans or Jews or Indians, and they require it just as much," was said by Norman Macleod to that more famous son for whom destiny had in store that he should become the leading Scottish divine of his day. It is, however, the elder of the two whose title to fame would seem to rest on the more secure foundation. For as is stated in the biographical introduction to *Caraid nan Gaidheal*: " So long as there exists a people on earth speaking the Gaelic and able to appreciate its power and beauty, its eloquence and pathos, linked to worthiest thoughts, so long will the name of Norman Macleod ' be remembered, honoured and beloved.' "

The words were written when the memories of his work as preacher and teacher were active. The perfect lucidity of his prose makes them still true, for it is such as to give him the premier position among the writers of Gaelic. It has been said of the Scots that the curse of the sermon is in the blood. Norman Macleod bore the affliction lightly as to the manner born. He was spurred not so much from a desire of expression as of exposition, and of the three sections into which *Caraid nan Gaidheal* is divided the longest is that concerning " spiritual things."

Born in the manse of Morvern in Argyllshire in the year 1783, ordained Minister at Campbeltown at the age of twenty-five, appointed seventeen years later to Campsie in Stirlingshire, he became eleven years later the minister to the principal Gaelic congregation in Glasgow. It was while at Campsie, where Highlands and Lowlands meet, that he revealed his

powers as a writer of Gaelic. The vogue of the magazines had begun. In the year 1817 " Blackwood's " had started on its triumphant career. What was more natural than that something of the kind should be attempted to supply the needs of the Gael? Dr. Baird, to whom the title " The Highlander's friend " was originally applied, was responsible for the initial plan of The Gaelic Messenger, which made its first appearance in May 1829, its purpose being " to stimulate the Highland mind through the Gaelic language to seek in literature what could be afforded through the English language." Norman Macleod gave of his best to the enterprise. The first number contains his translation of Wolfe's lines On the Burial of Sir John Moore, which has taken an honoured place in Gaelic anthologies. In the other issues are to be found his history of the expedition of Prince Charlie, letters from piper Finlay to his wife which reveals delightfully the home-loving nature of the Gael, and half a dozen of the inimitable dialogues in which his skill in the investigation of truth by discussion found expression.

Seven years before the appearance of The Gaelic Messenger the series of papers entitled *Noctes Ambrosianae* had commenced to run their course in " Blackwood," achieving from the outset a degree of popularity altogether unprecedented in the annals of periodical literature. The group whose names appeared as Christopher North, Tickler and The Shepherd, joined occasionally by others, were supposed to meet in Edinburgh at Ambrose's tavern, there to discourse as the mood took them on men and manners, life and literature. They might be said to form a sort of Brains' Trust which propounded its own questions and had the readers of " Blackwood " as listeners. It is, I think, extremely likely that their lucubrations served as an example in the mind of Norman Macleod when he decided to cast his series of papers in dialogue form. But the spirits whom he invoked in place of the fraternity of the tavern, were the well-known figures of the countryside — piper, badger hunter, crofter, postman, shepherd, sailor,

catechist and schoolmaster — whose vision, except in the case of the two last, was usually bounded by their own experiences.

The issue of The Gaelic Messenger ceased after two years. It was followed in 1840 by The Traveller of the Glens, which lived for a year longer. The Mountain Visitor was brought out by his son-in-law, the Rev. Archibald Clark, some years later. These three periodicals formed the quarry from which in the year 1867, five years after his death, came the greater part of the contents of *Caraid nan Gaidheal.* With the publication of this volume of selections from his writings, Norman Macleod took a leading position among the writers of Gaelic prose. The first section of the book contains twenty-four dialogues. From the simplicity of their outlook, extending as it does over a wide range of subjects, they may be said to mirror the world of the Gael in microcosm; and this is done in such a manner as brings more contentment to the mind of the reader than is to be got by following the clash of opinions and contest of wits in the *Noctes Ambrosianae.* They breathe a gentle sympathy and kindly humour. We see this delightfully in the figure of Malcolm the postman, lamenting with naïveté the coming of the penny postage which has caused his bag to be heavier and his round longer, lamenting it also for the sake of the poor Queen, who, as he says, is young and has been ill-advised, and can have no conception of the amount of shoe leather that it sometimes takes in order to deliver a letter in Mull. He finds what consolation he can in the reflection that penny postage cannot possibly last. Nor for that matter has it!

The same qualities of sympathy and humour are dominant in others of the dialogues, as when the wife of Finlay the piper suggests to him that he shall go south for the harvesting, as does big Peter who has recently given his wife a scarlet cloak and a straw bonnet. Finlay prefers to go on with his work at the stone quarry though she tells him that this will spoil his fingers for playing. He also prefers to spend his evenings at home. He does not admire Peter's gifts in the way that his wife does, and they discuss dress from different standpoints.

His denunciation of women's love of finery leaves her unmoved, but he is more successful when he appeals to her to consider that the children are coming on and that they must be provident for their sakes, and be content in the beautiful croft beside the stream where they have spent so many happy hours together.

These little scenes are presented with a Theocritean simplicity and fidelity. Their bubbling sincerity of speech has its counterpart in that famous fifteenth idyll of the talk of the Syracusan women who have come to Alexandria for a festival — chatter which, as Andrew Lang has said, has changed no more in two thousand years than the song of birds.

The humour loses its graver grace altogether in the spirited account that Hector, a crofter of Tiree, gives to the Traveller of the Glens of his first railway journey, which he took from Glasgow to Paisley, having been induced to accompany his son and a friend of his there in order to make the acquaintance of the girl to whom the son had recently become engaged. The noise and rattle of the machinery, the intensity of his terror and the jocular attitude of the two young men are described in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Dickens, whose Pickwick Papers had appeared only a few years previously. After doing full justice to the humour of the situation, the author turns to consider the fetish of speed which had just begun to make its presence felt. He does so with a prescience which becomes awe-inspiring if we think of it in connection with the present conditions of the roads.

The dialogues — six in number — between Hector of Tiree and the Traveller of the Glens show the character of the Gael in a variety of aspects ranging from the broad humour of the railway journey to the sadness of his enforced migration. His simplicity loses not a whit in the manner of the telling, as is seen in the account which he gives of his first night in Glasgow where the putting out of the gas in the bedroom by blowing at it had, as sequel, the spending the remainder of the night

in great discomfort with his nose protruding out of the window. Though unsophisticated and ignorant of many of the complexities of life, he is endowed with native sense and probity which will out. It finds opportunity to express itself with utmost clarity when the Traveller turns the conversation on what were then the recent wars in China and Afghanistan. Hector quietly puts aside the plea of the benefits that would result from the trade facilities obtained by the peace with China, by the remark that there was no reason for the war that was honourable to Britain. On his being told that after we had subdued the Afghans they rose up treacherously and made a shameful massacre of our people, his reply was: "Is that to be wondered at? If the French were to invade us and win the first round, would we not do just the same?" He held that the Afghans had a right to defend their country and that we ought never to have sent our troops there. In an outburst of indignant irony he asks whether the pipes played the famous lament, "Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuilleadh," as they left Cabul. It is in this conjunction that Hector remarks that he has hardly ever known anyone satisfied with land, no matter how much they had got. It will, I think, now be admitted by everyone that the verdict of time has upheld both his judgments. It is not altogether devoid of significance that in these anticipations the author should have chosen an unlettered Highlander as his mouthpiece.

The dialogues have a very wide range, as even those with Hector avail to show. His remark that he will have to leave the home of his youth because of the lack of opportunities there for his children causes the conversation to turn to New Zealand and so to the customs of the Maoris. Whenever Norman Macleod finds something to expound he fairly revels in the opportunity of giving information, and this he does with such an easy and artless grace that the reader finds himself participating in the interest shown by his listener, whether the topic be ethnological, as here, or whether he is telling of such phenomena of nature as the Northern Lights, Etna, the geysers

of Iceland and New Zealand, and of how Vesuvius has buried Pompeii and Herculanaeum with its lava.

In one of the dialogues George, the sailor, who has served twenty-five years in men-of-war, tells of his voyage with Parry to the Arctic regions; in another the theme is contemporary history and the schoolmaster holds forth upon the changes that have come about in the French monarchy since the return of the Bourbons. Something of an *olla podrida* when put together in a book, these pages while they appeared may be said to have opened a new window on the world to the dwellers in the glens.

But it is when the windows are opened inwards on the home life of the Gael, revealing its domesticities with all their attendant *gemüthlichkeit*, that the memory of the dialogues will be found most enduring. The vision of one such interior, which in subject and in the vigour and closeness of observation is not unlike some of the pictures of Jan Steen or Van Ostade, is led up to by an ingenious gambit which appears to be inserted purely in order to draw out Hector. The Traveller of the Glens is made to remark that the Highlands are the right place to live in for as long as the cuckoo is to be found there, but when the time has come for him to depart the big town is better. Hector's first reaction is concerned only with the habits of the cuckoo, but when the Traveller of the Glens proceeds to draw a satirical picture of the Highlands in winter he is roused into roundly declaring that he has never seen in a big town and never will see a time so happy, merry and cheerful as he has seen in the Highlands in the time of tempest and snow, and that he believes that there is more joviality and friendliness in evidence in the Highlands in winter than there is even in May itself.

The Traveller of the Glens would think to head him off but he refuses to be silenced, and the life of the farmstead, with workers and cattle, children and dogs, reacting to winter conditions and a neighbour who sings coming in, and the general air of contentment which prevails, is presented in a

series of vignettes with a fervour as simple and sincere as was ever that with which the singer of Sicily sang the praise of the life of the shepherds.

But despite this fervour it is not a blind preference which Hector shows. The big town is, as he admits, right enough as long as one has health and the power to earn, but when these have departed then the water will run from the mill and there will be no grinding of meal or prosperity.

Norman Macleod's prose communicates to us a sense of the potentialities of the language as does that of no other writer. I have tried to show something of its educational interest for the people upon whom these pages fell like manna in the wilderness. He gave them something which they never had either before or since, and had the scales not been weighted against Gaelic by authority, his work might have given the Gael the fullness of his birthright.

Its interest today is as a record of the Gael in his simplicity and in his loyalty to the causes for which he stands. Some of these time has shown to be ephemeral. For others it has brought confirmation and it is these that weigh heavier in the balance. Ideas are put forward which now, after the lapse of a century, are in process of being recognised; e.g. that education must in the first instance be conducted in a language with which the child is familiar and that instruction in Gaelic will not be a stumbling block but a help to the learning of English; that the water power of the Highlands if properly used is sufficient to turn the mills of the world; that the use of machinery will take work from the many. The author's customary role is that of *laudator temporis acti*, but on occasion he ranks as a pioneer.

Duncan, the crofter, tells how he could once go through a chapter of the Bible at great speed, in fact as rapidly as anyone in the country, without ever stumbling or stopping at a word, but he is out of practice; and when the Catechist enquires whether he does not practise reading the Bible, he asks whether he would desire him to be reading something that he would

not understand. The answer brings to my mind a remark a man once made to me about his school days in Skye sixty years ago, that he used to be beaten if he spoke a word of Gaelic, and so learnt to jabber away in English and for years did not understand the meaning of what he was saying. Duncan loved the Gaelic and it was a lifelong regret with him that he had never learnt to read it. So, too, I have heard an elderly couple at Broadford who talked Gaelic but could not read it, lamenting with tears in their eyes the fact that they had been denied the opportunity of learning to do so when at school. There would be comparatively few defenders of this policy today even on educational grounds. But more than a hundred years have passed since Norman Macleod made his Catechist say that there is no region in the world of which he has heard mention where they acquire a foreign language before they learn their own mother tongue except the Highlands of Scotland. Have the changes been such as to remove altogether the reproach which the words convey?

" The clearances " form a background to certain of the dialogues; half veiled though they be, their miasma affects the air. In that between Para and Finlay two verses tell in mournful cadence of the doom of exile which hangs over the Gael. The frequency of the occurrence of this theme in Gaelic poetry makes it the sign mark of its sorrowful nature.

Finlay looks forward to the happiness of ending his days in the glen that he loves, and he appeals to Para to do the same, but Para explains that he has no choice. The nest in which he and his children were reared has been plundered. Judgment has been pronounced, the summons of removal is out and leave they must. " But," he adds stoically, " I am not blaming anyone. It was their own. They did only what was just. But justice is sometimes hard. But why am I complaining? I have no right to expect compassion."

It was said of Columbus that he called the New World into existence in order to redress the balance of the Old. Certainly

Para and his like, as portrayed in these pages, would seem to be the ideal stuff from which hardy colonists are made.

It is this same Para who, at the close of one of the dialogues, is made to say that if his voice could reach to every part of the Highlands he would use it to give a word of advice to all, and this would be " Avoid going to Law." The chiefs and the ministers ought all to be asked, he says, to give the same advice, and if a cause of dispute arises, the matter should be referred to two honest men for their decision.

The women take a comparatively small part in these dialogues. They are usually represented as busy with useful things while the men are doing the talking. One old wife, however, sets a standard of excellence in brevity which would seem to be taken from life in the reply which she gives when asked how she is feeling: " I am tolerably well, Allen, and I must not be complaining. I keep my memory, my hearing and my eyesight. I can look after myself, keep an eye on the children, and give a turn or two to the spindle; and that is not bad when you are ninety."

The varied contents of the second section of *Caraid nan Gaidheal* reveal the author's strength and also his limitations as a creative artist. It was not in him to imagine characters. He wrote of what he knew, and he did this most effectively when memory was at his elbow guiding his pen. This power is seen *in excelsis* as revealing the tenderness of human emotions in the form of letters from the piper Finlay to his wife. Artless as bird music, they are almost photographic in respect of their fidelity. It is just how Finlay would write if feeling as he did about wife and children and the sanctities of home.

The parallels are in records of actual life. The letters home written by John Constable as given in Leslie's life of the painter present just such outpouring of affection as does Norman Macleod when he makes Finlay say to his wife: " Each day that has passed since I separated from you and the children seems like a year. I am at present in great Glasgow of the

steeples, the town of the noises. O that I were once more lying on the bank of the stream, hearing nothing but the murmur of the rills, the lowing of the cattle and the chirping of the birds." For her comfort he assures her that no delirium would ever suffice to send him to the big city, he would rather a scraggy hen and shell fish and the life-giving air of the hills and the blessed quiet, than to be choked with smoke, and on the one day on which he had looked for tranquillity to have the clang of church bells each striving to outdo the other. Robert Louis Stevenson in " The Silverado Squatters " says much the same of Edinburgh in the chapter, " The Scot Abroad ": " quaint grey castled city where the bells clash of a Sunday." But his remark suggests that he liked the sound and so I believe at heart did Piper Finlay, at such times as he was not thinking of his glen.

The four stories in *Caraid nan Gaidheal* do not count for much in the author's achievement. " The Spirit of Antiquity " seems an attempt to write an ancient Gaelic sgeulachd, but the result is somewhat of a pastiche. The atmosphere resembles that of some of the West Highland Tales though lacking their clarity of effect. " Mary of the Glen " and " Mary of the High Ascent " might be excerpts from a minister's case book in which his sympathy with suffering has found full expression, but a fondness for sermonizing has somewhat impaired his sense of proportion. The story of " The Dell of the Fairies " avoids either of these pitfalls but it is little more than an incident. " Mary of the High Ascent " is the oft-repeated story of eviction from the glen where a column of smoke rises from the chimney of one Lowland shepherd, but which had once been the home of twelve families. She tells how after much suffering her people had found occupation in Glasgow. It is a sad proof of the extent to which the evictions had left their brand on the life of the Gaelic people that no writer has ever described their social conditions without reference to them.

In " The Emigrant Ship " — a personal reminiscence told with simplicity and grace — they were the forerunner of the action. This narrative ranks among the finest of all Norman Macleod's writings, showing in brief compass his power to describe a scene of great beauty and also giving currency to the mood of the preacher, striving with quiet intensity to utter words of comfort to his stricken flock. The two halves of the endeavour meet in perfect harmony. Only one who has sojourned in the beautiful town of Tobermory which lies nestling at the head of its bay, and has seen it under its varying conditions, can fully appreciate the truth of the description of the entry into the harbour with which the narrative opens: " Sailing at the edge of the rocks with the branches of the trees bending close to us, the scent of the birch on the summer breeze and the sweet melody of a thousand small birds singing in every bush welcoming us as the vessel moves along slowly and quietly." As they approach they see the spectacle that the town presents, a spectacle which once seen can never fade from the memory: " On the shore on either side is a row of large houses which looked as white as snow; and immediately behind them the hillsides rise steeply, and there grow luxuriantly hazel, rowan and ash, so close just above the houses that are beneath them that the branches seem as though they were twining about their roofs. Higher up on the brae another part of the town is visible between you and the skyline, so that it would be hard to find a spot anywhere that is so beautiful and so unusual."

Various ships were lying in the harbour, and small boats were going to and fro to one which was making ready to sail, and he learnt that it was taking emigrants to America. He went over to it and noticed a group of a blind old man sitting apart with three or four lads round him, a woman sitting at his feet in deep sorrow and her husband walking to and fro. The old man was not going to sail with them, and as a yawl came to take him off the ship he turned away because he could not bear to see the parting. He noticed also another

group who were watching a small boat coming round the Point. As it drew near they all rose to greet a venerable old man who came on board and sat down, the tears streaming down his face. " You have come as you promised," they said. " Before the sun rises over yonder mountain we shall be out of sight for ever. We are objects of pity today — the day of our misfortune." " Let me not hear this kind of talk," said the man, who was their minister. " Take courage, this is not a time to be fearful. Put your trust in God. He knows that you are going on this journey. It is in His providence that everything happens." And he tells them to be of good courage for they were not going beyond God's fostering care. It might be that they were going where they would find neither house of worship nor minister, but they must always remember God's holy day and remember that He is to be found wherever He is sought earnestly in Christ's name.

Then he gave them each a small Bible and prayed with them, and then they sang together part of the thirty-second psalm. The passage reads as a transcript from life. It must have been that Norman Macleod had himself on occasion ministered to his people in their distress in just such circumstances as he is here describing, because the sailing of a shipload of emigrants was not an unusual event during the period of " the Clearances."

A paper on Iona in which Dr. Johnson's tribute written on visiting the island: " That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona," is rendered into such graceful Gaelic as might have converted him to a belief in the potentialities of the language if he had been able to read it; a record of the MacCrimmon family — hereditary pipers at Dunvegan — a description of sunset seen from a hill top in Argyll; these all deserve mention in an attempt at critical estimate of his work. But I pass to his account of the Forty-Five, Eachdraidh mu Bhliadhna Thearaich, " The History of Charles's Year," for this has the value

of an historical document as well as being an excellent example of his style. Looking back upon events as they appear upon the page of history it would seem well nigh inevitable, human nature being what it is, that some attempt should be made to assert the rights of heredity before these passed into desuetude as against those which were the result of a parliamentary decree which changed the succession to the throne. In such defence it came naturally to the Gael to be a combatant and the record of it fell as naturally to the pen of a great master of Gaelic prose.

Calmly and dispassionately in the mood of the historian he tells of the fortunes of the expedition from the time of the Prince's landing with a handful of followers on the isle of Eriskay to his re-embarkation after the attempt had ended in failure and he had wandered to and fro for many months, with, as it seemed, a charmed life, amid a network of troops drawn round him for the purpose of effecting his capture. Some of the facts which he relates, as for instance those concerning the treatment of the wounded after Culloden, have not found their way into the pages of those historians who have relied on sources other than Gaelic, but this does not in any way impugn their authenticity.

The final paragraph in the History of the Prince's Year which tells with simplicity and dignity of his departure from Scotland, may serve as an example of the quality of Norman Macleod's work. I am fully conscious that — as the saying is — " it goes much better in the Gaelic ":

> " He reached the shore, where he spoke to those who followed him with courage and with great affection. From the eyes of every faithful hero who was present the tears were falling in a shower and there was nothing to be heard but a deep sigh. ' Oh, my faithful friends, I will still return,' said Charles, ' be of good courage, we will yet go together to the field of battle; we will eat and drink in the King's palaces, and then all shall see the regard that I have for the

Gaels.' He was then silent for a time and heaved ahe avy sigh — it was not possible for him to restrain them any longer; it was necessary for his tears to flow. He and a hundred of his followers went on board the ship and they set sail immediately. They stood out to sea and the breeze behind them; they spread every sail on the mast; they were seen at about the evening hour out between the Island of Muck and Coll; and before the sun had set the last of the Stuarts was borne away from the land of his ancestors."

There is an inherent solemnity in the simplicity of the concluding words which cannot be altogether absent from any translation, however inadequate. They ring the knell of an old chivalry.

Of Norman Macleod's skill as a translator of verse into Gaelic there are examples in *Caraid nan Gaidheal* in Cowper's Ballad of John Gilpin and a short poem Lavinia, as well as in Wolfe's famous lines. His muse combines artless spontaneity with complete mastery of metre and idiom in such a manner as to take his work into a category reached by few. It creates in me a lively wish that the power which is there revealed had set out to scale greater heights. I believe that he might — had he so willed it — have rendered such masterpieces as Gray's Elegy or Coleridge's Ancient Mariner into stanzas which would have been a lasting inheritance of delight to the Gaelic speaking people. Or as Schlegel by the excellence of his translations went far to give Shakespeare the position of a German classic and thereby enriched the mental horizon of his countrymen, so I could wish that it had entered into the mind of Norman Macleod to give of his scholarship for a like purpose. Had he done one, or at most two of the plays — say The Tempest and King Lear or Hamlet — I am confident that the result would have sufficed to show the well-nigh infinite potentialities of the Gaelic language to interpret the highest conceptions of human thought when its exponent is such a master of the art of expression as was Norman Macleod.

EARLY CELTIC INTERACTIONS

By Dr. D. J. MACLEOD, O.B.E., M.A.

8th February, 1954

When Caesar states that certain people in Britain were forbidden to eat the hare, the cock or the goose, he is not recording a mere dietetic peculiarity on the part of the ancient Britons.

The words convey little or nothing to the modern reader, but Caesar must have felt that he was recording something of importance in the historical sense, as we hope to show presently.

These ancient taboos are not quite the trifles they seem and some of them are extant, to this day, in the Highlands, if not in other parts of Scotland.

Has folklore of this type any contribution to make to the history of the civilised races? Evidence from archæology, language and tradition shows an original very widely spread race in the Highlands and Scotland generally, prior to the advent of Picts, Gaels and Norsemen. These pre-Celts have left their remains in barrows and megalithic monuments, weapons and utensils, and it is not difficult to this day, in some of the remoter parts, to recognise by headmark people possessing their physical characteristics—slight build, swarthy complexion, comely features. The clash of these races is still represented in folklore though history records only a few isolated scraps as to their presence, but the Highland section of folklore, in particular, is rich in traditional names, customs, rites, beliefs and folk-tales, all of which material, if cautiously studied, may be made to yield interesting information in point. The customs and superstitions in the Highlands are not the result of ignorance and stupidity, though compared with the knowledge and culture of an advanced civilisation they may appear to be—

this is a comparison that should never be made. Survivals such as those noted by Caesar are not so much a link between a primitive and a more advanced culture as evidence of antagonism between the higher and lower cultures. Such survivals reach us down the stream of time through people whose culture-stage is on a level with the culture to which the survivals belonged. Once the higher civilisation reaches them effectively the survival and its connotation are lost; hence survivals are to be looked for nowadays only among the peasantry, the uneducated, and those who live a primitive life out of touch with our rapidly advancing civilisation.

As the earliest race was, however, so widely spread, and as their physical characteristics still persist in modern Scotland (according to the anthropologists, Burns, the National poet, was of this Iberian stock), it will not be without significance, racially, if we can segregate in our folklore beliefs, rites or customs which are reasonably traceable to them. The earliest names we have, such as Orkney, Caithness, contain significant roots—ORC signifies, in old Celtic, "Boar"; "Cat" means that animal and Gaelic Cataibh (now Sutherland) means "among the cats"; Gaelic Arcaibh (Orkney), among the "Orcs"; Inis Cat, Isle of Cats, was the pre-Norse name for Shetland. Other Northern tribes noted by Ptolemy had names considered by Dr. Watson to signify "Sheepfolk" and "Ravenfolk." "Lorn" from the name of one of the sons of Erc, the original settler from Ireland, means "Wolf." So also the Epidii, "Horsefolk" of Kintyre, the ancient home of the MacEacherns, "Horselords."

The crests of various Highland clans contain figured animals, the Mackintosh (Clan Chattan) crest with its motto, "Touch not the Cat bot a Glove," being typical. Again, Ossian, the name of the great Celtic bard, means "little deer" (his mother having the animal form through being under a magic spell), while Cuchulainn, the Celtic hero's name, means "Hound of Culann." Totems, such as animal or bird crests, were individual or tribal; the symbol indicated the accepted origin of the bearer of it, or that he had some intimate peculiar connection with the animal or bird concerned. He was on no account to use the totem

bird or animal as food ; this is a peculiar custom among the Eudist savage races to-day. Cuchulainn was forbidden to eat of the flesh of the dog, and he came by his death through transgressing the law. The Book of Leinster (1150) says, "And another of the things that he must not do was eating of his namesake's flesh."

The hare, the cock and goose were of this class in ancient times, and the evidence on Celtic ground explains Caesar's reference. Respect for the hare in one district did not mean respect for it in all districts, only in its own totem district. It served as an omen for tribesmen. Boadicea is said to have drawn an augury from a hare taken from her bosom ; the course taken by it was deemed a lucky course for her army to take against the Romans. O'Curry (in his "Manners of the Ancient Irish") relates that Conaire, the Irish Chieftain, was interdicted from eating the flesh of a fowl, as he was regarded as descended from the bird ; in Scotland, among some of the Hebrides, the goose was looked upon as sacred—too sacred to be eaten. The same phase is unconsciously seen in food prejudices still in the Islands ; some favour skate, others dogfish, some limpets and razor fish, and those who do not, do not esteem greatly those who do. Caesar's remark, therefore, tells us something of the culture conditions of the Early Britons. Tribal or hero names such as those mentioned, reaching us from the remotest times, are not adequately explained as occupation or quality names. They point probably to the primitive pre-Celtic totem organisation which the Celtic invasions (Pictish and Gaelic) arrested or in part assimilated.

Affinity of this nature between certain tribes and animals is exemplified in modern times by the MacCodrums of North Uist, who are popularly regarded as being derived from the Seal race. There are now none of this name in the Island, though the tradition that they were very brown skinned and slim, in spite of their Norse name (Guttormr), is not without significance. (Cf. also Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's "Seal Croon" recently recovered in the Hebrides.)

Beliefs of this kind were localised tribally in primitive times, and point to a culture easily paralleled among primitive races still existing, but traceably connected through their contact cultures with British Neolithic peoples, such

as the Aborigines of the Scottish Highlands. They bring us back to a time when certain animals, birds, plants or natural features were regarded by the inhabitants as divinities, each locality or tribal district with its own form of animism or totem belief. It indicates also probably a time anterior to blood-kinship when various tribes signalised their identities in this fashion, and when culture was so primitive that only motherhood was recognised. The megalithic cultures were general, the specialised forms of animism more or less local. This pre-Celtic recognition of motherhood only shows its influence in the acceptance by the Picts, a people with some Aryan culture, since they spoke a Celtic language, of the principle of matriarchy, and we have an echo of it to this day in common expressions in Gaelic, such as that of which the English equivalent is, "I'll call no man brother except the son of my mother." Various rivers, such as the Lochy, noted by as early a writer as Adamnan as the abode of the "Black Goddess" (Loch in old Celtic means "black"), the Ness, etc. Mountain tops, fords, valleys, lochs and tarns were all looked upon by this earlier race as the abodes of local deities, benevolent or otherwise, and to this day one may listen to tales of water horses, river kelpies, sprites and such like, from the lips of old people who speak Gaelic only, and who, though living in the midst of a Christian culture, are still thoroughly in touch with the traditional pagan beliefs of their earliest youth.

These old people are, nowadays, extremely reluctant to speak of such things, and it requires much tact and the most careful approach in homely Gaelic to excite their memories and set them a'-speaking.

There can be little doubt that Celtic poetry, song, legend and folk-tale that are so live with fancy, and so sympathetic with nature, owe much of their inspiration to the spirit-qualities and beliefs of this gifted early race. The most widespread water-cult of all, due to these pre-Celts, is in connection with the holy wells associated in historic times with various Christian saints. The early church efforts to Christianise the earlier races in the Scottish Highlands, and elsewhere throughout Britain, was long resisted by this pagan water-cult, and the success of the church was, in

part, due to the policy of consecrating such wells and other heathen foci for Christianising purposes, but to this day this water-cult persists, and it persists strongest of all in the Celtic-speaking areas of Wales, Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. The rites and ceremonies in connection with these wells are ultimately part and parcel of a common neolithic cult.

After the Reformation it was noted that the Scottish wells "were all tapistried with old rags." Examples reaching well into modern times can be noted among the Hebrides and the northern counties, including Banff, Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness, Ross and Caithness. As noted by Martin, Kilmuir in Skye has Loch Seunta where offerings of small rags, pins and coloured threads were made to the divinity of the loch. At St. Malruba's Well, Ross-shire, rags were left on bushes, nails driven into an oak tree or sometimes a copper coin was driven in. Have we an unconscious echo of this in the nails which contributors in Germany during the Great War were entitled to drive into the statue of Marshal Hindenburg? At a well in Gigha it was the custom to leave a piece of money, a needle or pin or one of the prettiest variegated stones that could be found, and at a well in Jura devotees left an offering of some small token, such as a pin, needle, farthing or the like. At Montblairie in Banffshire the offerings of those who came to the fountain adorned the impending boughs with rags of linen and woollen garments, and the well was "enriched with farthings and bodles." In Aberdeenshire at Fraserburgh "Sinclair's Statistical Account" records "the superstitious practice of leaving some small trifle."

In Perthshire, at St. Fillan's Well, Comrie, worshippers left rags of linen or woollen cloth. In Caithness, at Dunnet, they threw pieces of money in the water, and at Wick it was the custom to leave a piece of bread and cheese and a silver coin, which people alleged disappeared in some mysterious way. In Ross, at Alness, pieces of coloured cloth were left as offerings, and at Fodderty and at Kiltearn shreds of clothing were hung on the surrounding trees. At Penpont, in Dumfries, a part of the dress was left as an offering; at Kirkcudbright, at Baittle, either money or clothes were left, and at Houston in Renfrewshire pieces of

cloth were left, as a present or offering to the saint, in the bushes. These wells or fountains were credited from the remotest times with healing properties, and the invalids approached the wells sunways or "deiseal" as the Gaelic phrase has it. This was pre-eminently the custom in the Highlands in connection with other ceremonies and is probably primarily connected with some form of primitive pre-Celtic sun worship. A funeral procession in the Highlands in the olden days approached the cemetery in this fashion, and it is not unusual to note the custom at a burial still in connection with placing the dead in the grave. Moderns unconsciously do something of the same kind when passing round a draw or dealing out cards.

Instances of the persistence to quite recent times of pagan faith in the water cures are numerous. In Loch Maree, after patients had drunk from the well, they were towed round the island. In Strath Fillan the patient bathed after sunset and before sunrise, and was then laid on his back bound to a stone in the Chapel of St. Fillan, and, if next morning he was found loose, the cure was considered perfect. In Ness, Lewis, a somewhat similar operation was carried out in the old temple at Europie in the case of those mentally afflicted. At Farr in Sutherland the patient, after a plunge in the water, drinking thereof and making his offering, had to be away from the banks so as to be out of sight of the water before the sun rose, otherwise the cure was ineffective. It is important to note that the ceremony had to take place in the absence of the sun ; thus at Muthil in Perthshire the time for drinking the water was before the sun rose or immediately after it set. There was also the condition that the water had to be drunk from a "quick cow's horn" (a horn taken from a live cow) "which indispensable horn was in the keeping of an old woman who lived near the well." This latter survival suggests an original custodian priestess. In the Island of Lewis, St. Andrew's Well in the village of Shader was made a test by the natives to know if a sick person was to die from his affliction. They sent someone with a wooden dish containing some of the water to the patient and the dish was thereafter laid gently upon the surface of the water ; if it turned round sunways it was concluded that the patient

would recover from his illness, but if not he would die. There are not wanting, examples where the primitive guardian deity of the spring is found in animal form. At Kilbride in Skye was a well with "one trout only in it; the natives are very tender of it and though they often chance to catch it in their wooden pails, they are very careful to preserve it from being destroyed"—Martin.

In the well at Kilmore in Lorne were two fish called by the inhabitants "Iasg sianta" or holy fishes. Other guardian deities were represented by frogs, worms or flies. The whole of this traditional evidence identifies the wells in question as the shrines of ancient local deities, in close touch with primitive non-Celtic ideas and thought. It is very significant in this respect that the area over which this cult is found is coterminous with that of megalithic monuments, a fact which suggests a megalithic date for such worship. It is also significant that it is so prominent in the Highlands of Scotland, in the country of the Picts where St. Columba, according to Adamnan, found a "fountain famous among this heathen people worshipped as a god" and where in its waters he overcame the Druids, and "then blessed the fountain," and from that day the demon separated from the water. Similar research in the direction of mountain, tree or rock worship would no doubt confirm the foregoing conclusion. Analogous, but more savage, pagan sacrifices to propitiate the demons of sickness and murrains are numerous even in recent times.

In 1678 the Presbytery of Dingwall note the proceedings against four Mackenzies "for sacrificing a bull in one heathenish manner in the Island of St. Ruffus, commonly called Ellan Moury, in Lochew, for the recovery of the health of Cirstane Mackenzie."

Within twenty miles of Edinburgh a relative of the late Professor Simpson, as related in P.S.A.S., Vol. 4, offered up a live cow as a sacrifice to this spirit of murrain.

Miss Gordon Cumming records a similar instance on her father's estate at Dallas, in Morayshire, about 1850.

In Mull, in 1767, in consequence of a disease among the cattle, the people carried out a sacrifice of this type in an elaborate way, though they thought it wicked to do so.

They carried to the top of a hill a wheel and nine spindles of wood. After extinguishing every fire in sight of the hill, the wheel was turned from East to West, long enough to produce fire by friction. If the fire was not produced before the moon rose, the incantation had no effect. A heifer was then sacrificed and the diseased part burned. They then lighted their own hearths from the fire and feasted on what remained of the heifer. An incantation was repeated by an old man from Morven during the whole time the fire was being raised. Keating records similar practices in Ireland to preserve the herds from contagious disorders. Similarly, a commonly practised cure for epilepsy in the Highlands and Islands was to bury a black cock alive, under the spot upon which the patient had the last fit. The demon of illness was understood to pass into the body of the bird.

This rite is not more than moribund yet. The principle clearly is a life for a life, and possibly points to a time of human sacrifice or substitution. (Cf. The belief that St. Oran was sacrificed in St. Columba's time.) As this was one of the principles of the Druids, and as the sacrifice of one animal for the sake of the herd is not apparently recorded for primitive non-Aryan races, the survival here may not be pre-Celtic though in line with the practices of the early race. The term Druid (druvid — very wise, very knowing — Thurneysen) may have been extended, as Henderson suggests, to the "Wise Men" of the pre-Celtic peoples, who brought over their own rites when the incorporation of the various races took place.

The cult of witchcraft, white or black, still with us in some form of magic belief in very remote areas, but disappearing fast, though not so fast as it is believed to be, is another belief which, along with its rites, seems firmly traceable by means of folk-lore to this pre-Celtic race which appears to have, archæologically, physically and psychologically, woven itself into the very web of our early history and racial qualities. Witchcraft has its own history, and not a very savoury one, in even fairly recent Scottish annals.

In the Highlands it had two main forms, white and black—white, benevolent and protective ; black, malevolent

and injurious. The protective form took the shape of incantations, charms and blessings, and many of them are really of a Christian character, intended to invoke the Trinity to defy evil agencies or effect cures. These incantations are difficult to recover, but various useful collections, which may be consulted, have been made by MacBain, Mackenzie of the Crofters' Commission, and Carmichael. During the Great War, Hebridean soldiers setting out for the front were not unknown in some of the more outlandish and primitive communities to proceed to France fortified with an amulet, over which a magic "sian" or invocation had been made.

An example of this white magic, which we personally witnessed not so long ago, was performed by a pious octogenarian lady. One of her cattle, which had been grazing on the hillside, had apparently become suddenly unwell. Her first enquiry, in her anxiety, was whether anybody had passed by the animal's neighbourhood. On being informed by her daughter-in-law that a certain man, who was locally reputed to have the "droch shuil," or evil eye, had passed and made some complimentary remark about her cow, she immediately took a basin of water, and, after placing a shilling in it, scattered the water over the animal's back. The animal, which had apparently suffered from some temporary disability, quickly recovered and the old lady and her neighbours were duly confirmed in their faith. Another form of magic cure, which we remember practised when animals were found suffering from wounds of any kind, consisted of washing the wounded parts with water in which three ancient tiny stone whorls had been dipped. These whorls, which were really of soap stone (steatite), and had in an age long forgotten been used as spindle whorls, were believed, and are probably still believed, to be "clachan nathrach" (serpent stones) produced by snakes on rare occasions in the hills. The charm was always in the custody of an old woman, who was spoken of as "wise," and was frequently in demand by the people of the locality.

A very interesting form of magic horoscope is the Frith, belonging to the Outer Isles only. It is, however, as the word indicates, of Norse origin (N. fret: an inquiry of the

gods as to the future), although it had its apparently Celtic counterpart. This horoscope commences with an incantation, and the person making it looks out over the countryside, and from the omens which meet the eye, divines the fate of the man or animal for whom the Frith is being made. The possible signs are very numerous. For example, a man approaching is an excellent sign and so is a cock looking towards you. A man standing means recovery; a man lying down, sickness; a beast lying down, illness or death; a beast rising up, recovery; a bird on the wing, a good sign; a woman standing, some untoward event; a woman passing or returning, fairly good; a woman with red hair, not lucky; a woman with black hair, lucky; a woman with brown hair, luckier; a lark or dove, a good sign; crow or raven, bad sign; a cat, good for Mackintoshes only; a pig, very good for Campbells and fairly good for others (there is a boar's head in the Campbell crest), etc.

Love charms, charms to obtain justice, increase of stock, for recovery or protection against fairies, etc., are too numerous to more than mention. Not so long ago one of the lecturers in Irish in Dublin University showed us an old Gaelic prayer book containing an appeal for protection from the fairies and their darts. Malevolent witchcraft included specially the deprivation of milk of its substance; i.e., milk which did not produce cream was said to be bewitched. We have known of three worthy old Church elders solemnly proceeding together to test all the milk basins of a whole village in order to detect the delinquent. A penny was gently placed upon the surface of the cream in each basin. If it sank, the milk was regarded as honest; if the cream was consistent enough to bear the weight of the penny it came under suspicion, and the owner was regarded as having by some magic means added the cream rightly belonging to his neighbour's milk to his own.

Various counter charms, a list of which will be found in Campbell's "Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands," were practised, but the most effective of these was no doubt also the best disinfectant. Here we have in our own day a primitive cult arrested by a higher cult, but still found side by side with it.

Martin's full notes on the island folk-medicine of his day could well be made the basis of an excellent medical thesis. The supposed power of witches to raise winds, to transform themselves into animal shapes such as cats, hares, mice, is well known in the Highlands. The point to note is the close connection in this lore between witches and the lower animals. In primitive communities, originally non-Aryan, the same beliefs abound, and the close parallel clearly suggests that the contact between the conquering Celts and the older race resulted in a continuity of the latter's mythic influences or beliefs. We are carried a step further in this argument in connection with well-known clay images of intended victims, which were injured in certain ways before being placed, to waste away, in a stream. In some cases stone arrow-heads, or elf-shots as they were called, were used by reputed witches for the purpose. Here we have a prehistoric implement, an untouched detail of early life, preserved for a peculiar use by witchcraft and pointing directly to a pre-historic race. They are supposed to be fairy darts, or arrows, thrown by the fairies at mortal man or beast, and always in folk-lore with deadly effect, and so, as Nilsson observes, it proves that it was not the Celts themselves, but a people considered by them to be versed in magic, who fabricated and used these stone arrows, and who were such a powerful racial factor as to inspire mythic conceptions in the minds of the conquering Celts.

"Who," asks Mr. Campbell in his "Popular Tales," "were these powers of evil who cannot resist iron, these fairies who shoot stone arrows, and are of the foes of the human race? Is all this but a dim, hazy recollection of war between a people who had iron weapons and a race who had not — a race whose remains are found all over Europe?"

In the Highlands the possession of a piece of iron was, of old, sure protection against fairies or evil spirits. The theory that the fairies represent traditionally an ancient pigmy race has been favoured by some folk-lorists; it is worth noting that beliefs such as those originated, not with the primitive races, but with the conquering race which displaced them, if it did not absorb them. The conquered race, driven out or despised, would in time inspire their

conquerors with mythic conceptions of their qualities and powers, or both, which ultimately developed along the lines of fairy folk-lore. Fairy craft itself may therefore be well explained in Scotland as Celtic beliefs regarding the powers, good and evil, of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Verse Speaking Associations nowadays find favour among the most cultured circles, but they and our Musical Festivals find their prototypes among the most ancient and most characteristic institutions of the Gael. Not less important in giving us a bird's eye view of the most ancient times were also the Prose Recitation Circles or Ceilidhs of the Highlanders.

These story-telling circles remain to our own day, though in feeble form, in our remote glens and island villages. Nevertheless, a generation ago they were still flourishing vigorously, and there lived Highlanders, men and women, with long memories for what they had heard from their fathers. Book lore for them had no meaning: they were the living books themselves, from whom famous collectors and folk-lorists, such as J. F. Campbell, Gregorson Campbell, MacInnes, MacDougall, the late Dr. Carmichael, and many others, gathered in the most direct and reliable way the very large amount of Highland oral popular literature now available in the original Gaelic, or in translation, to the reading public of every country.

Campbell of Islay, along with his assistants, spent some years wandering up and down the Highlands and Islands recording the folk-tales from the lips of the uneducated peasantry. Four large volumes published in 1860 and 1862 resulted. Much later five volumes, "The Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition," were published under the ægis of Lord Archibald Campbell, and recently a second edition of Carmichael's "Carmina Gadelica," two large handsome volumes, was issued. This last collection, the result of forty years' careful gleaning in the Hebrides among the people who then formed the last visible link between the remote past and the present, has compelled the admiration of Celtic scholars and comparative folk-lorists all over the world. Still more recently we have the five large volumes of Folk Songs gathered by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser and Kenneth Macleod. In addition, other publications, such as

the "Celtic Review" and the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," constitute a most valuable consulting library for those who may be desirous of extending their study of Highland Folk-Lore from original sources. Then again we now have the comprehensive Folk-Lore Studies of Donald A. Mackenzie, a native-born Highlander.

From oral sources in the last century were also obtained the very important collections of Gaelic proverbs made by Mackintosh and the late Sheriff Nicolson. Nicolson's Work (1882) contains over 400 pages of Gaelic maxims with translations. It is one of the richest mines we have for enabling us to judge of the philosophy of life current among the old Highlanders. The long winter evenings, especially in the Isles, the lack of intercourse on any scale worth speaking of between the mass of the folk and strangers; the fact that they were shut up, so to speak, in their native Gaelic; their traditional custom from time immemorial in every village for cronies of the old seanachie type to gather together, evening after evening, round the large peat fire on the middle of the floor, in their favourite ceilidh house, there to recount from memory in prose or poetry tales of the past, and perhaps discuss the present and the future, provided conditions favourable for the perpetuation of the Highland folk-tales. But for the collections mentioned, the present generation would lack the most valuable evidence they have of the social conditions of their fathers, and of many phases of cultural life for which their present complicated domestic civilisation offers no adequate compensation. The training received, consciously and unconsciously, by young and old at these evening ceilidhs was invaluable in the direction of strengthening the memory, in cultivating rapid and fluent oral composition (for correct and careful diction was much admired), in exercising the faculties of observation and reasoning, and in inspiring, as many of the tales and poems do, love of kindred, country, hospitality, courtesy, physical prowess and self-sacrifice.

The tales, as we have them now, consist of various strata, such as those of the earliest or mythological type, the Ultonian with its central figures such as Conchobar Cuchulainn (more concerned with Ireland than with Scotland, but

Cuchulainn is the recognised race hero), the Fionn-Ossianic Saga, and lastly the historical and, until recently, living folk-tales. The Dalriadic Scots, who ultimately gave its name to our own country, importing with them from Ireland much of the ancient Celtic pantheon from about the second century A.D., and, as a general rule, many of the tales in Ireland have very close parallels in Scottish Gaelic. This is only natural. But, on the other hand, some of the Gaelic folk-tales, especially those of unconscious genesis, have no doubt been bequeathed to Gaelic by the more ancient race displaced or absorbed by the Scottish Gaels. For centuries, until the plantation of Ulster, the cultural relationship between Ireland and the Scottish Highlands must have been very close, as many bards and professional story-tellers were in the habit of wandering up and down for purposes of entertainment in both lands, not to mention the Bardic or Ecclesiastical Schools which functioned until late mediæval times. The most ancient of the tales clearly indicate that the Celts believed in a future Elysium, but apart from that central fact details are vague. There was, at any rate, a happy Other World accessible sometimes to people whilst still alive, and reached over the sea to the West, or by entering a sidh or fairy mound, or by diving under the waves. To the Tireeman it was the Green Island (An Eilean Uaine), to other islanders on the West it was Land Under Waves (Tir fo Thuinn), Land of the Ever Young (Tir Nan Og), and to this day the Barraman, in intimate mood, tells tales with unconscious fervency of the mythic isle, visible on rare occasions to privileged fishermen, far on the dim West horizon, which he calls by the name of Roca Barraidh, a name of doubtful etymology.

Our Scottish Gaelic Folk-Lore, though so recently committed to writing, is not in itself recent, and no one can say definitely to what dim ages the original compositions belong, but there is a very vivid description in a very early folk poem of clearly pagan conceptions which graphically portrays the Celtic Valhalla. The MS. of this poem, recovered in Ireland, is definitely ascribed by both Thurneysen and Zimmer to not later than the seventh century, whatever the date of the original composition may be. Twenty-eight quatrains describe this wonderful land.

We give Kuno Meyer's translation of several of the quatrains:

"There is a distant isle
Around which sea-horses glisten,
A fair course against the white-swelling surge,
Four feet uphold it.

Feet of white bronze under it,
Glittering through beautiful ages,
Lovely land throughout the world's age
On which the many blossoms drop.

An ancient tree there is with blossoms,
On which birds call to the Hours;
'Tis in harmony, it is their wont
To call together every hour.

Unknown is wailing or treachery
In the familiar cultivated land,
There is nothing tough or harsh
But sweet music striking on the ear.

Wealth, treasures of every hue,
Are in the gentle land, a beauty of freshness,
Listening to sweet music,
Drinking the best of wine.

Golden chariots on the sea plain,
Rising with the tide to the sun,
Chariots of silver in the plain of sports
And of unblemished bronze.

There will come happiness with health
To the land against which laughter peals.
Into Imchiuin (the very calm place) at every season
Will come everlasting joy.

It is a day of lasting weather
That showers (down) silver on the land;
A pure-white cliff in the verge of the sea,
Which from the sun receives its heat."

Similar conceptions are to be noted from the most ancient folk-tales of other Celtic countries, notably those of

Brittany (Le Braz—La Léguide de la Mort), and while they partake, of course, of the mythology of other ancient Aryan peoples they are naturally best conserved in those remote parts where the Celtic languages are living fossils, still able to bear relevant witness. Folk tales of the Highlanders also supply the folk-lorist with evidence of other pagan religious beliefs, such as the bird and animal souls, the soul-forms of moths, butterflies, bees, trees and even stones. Closely connected with the blood-soul is the blood-covenant of the old folk-tales. Blood brotherhood existed in the Highlands until at least the 18th century. Ancient leagues of friendship were confirmed "by drinking a drop of each other's blood, which was commonly drawn out of the little finger." This had a religious and sacred significance, and anyone breaking the pact became practically an outlaw. One old Gaelic song says:

> "Thy wounds I did staunch,
> And many were they;
> Thine heart's blood I drank—
> Sweeter than wine, I will say."

Another old Hebridean song, frequently still sung (Ailean Donn) says: "I could drink, though to the aversion of others, not of the red wine of Spain, but of the blood of thy body after being drowned."

The earlier and more conscious heroic Sagas of Cuchulainn, Fionn, Ossian, Oscar, Conan, always have a great central and historic figure, whose valour, deeds and qualities form the main themes, and much vague legend, myth and magic lore are mixed up with elements of historical and social import. The dramatic element, especially in the Cuchulainn Saga, as in that of the Celtic Arthur and his Knights, is of a truly elemental type and contains material for the master hand some day to set forth on the world's stage.

The elements are certainly there for the dramatist who can use these themes for his play, as Malory in prose and Tennyson in poetry made use of King Arthur and his Knights. The style of this Gaelic folk-heroic poetry may be inferred from the following translation of a description

of Cuchulainn's chariot: "It was not long until Ferdiad's charioteer heard the noise approaching, the clamour and the rattle and the whistling, and the tramp, and the thunder, and the clatter and the roar, namely the shield-noise of the light shields, and the hissing of the spears, and the loud clangour of the swords, and the tinkling of the helmet, and the ringing of the armour, and the friction of the arms; the dangling of the massive weapons, the straining of the ropes, and the loud clattering of the wheels, and the creaking of the chariot, and the trampling of the horses, and the triumphant advance of the champion and the warrior towards the ford approaching him."

The Fionn-Ossianic Sagas are set forth in great detail and variety in the West Highland Popular Tales and Ballads. It is the later cycle of the two in Folklore and the manners and customs are changed. In the earlier saga it is hero against hero and their retinues are left in the shade.

Cuchulainn, like Hercules, or other demi-gods, stands isolated in his deeds of valour, in the latter cycle reaching our own day, the tales concern a body of heroes, called the Feinn, understood to be a sort of standing army to defend the country against invaders. The chief is Fionn, who does not outshine his companions in bravery or strength, but by putting his thumb under his wisdom tooth he is, when occasion needs it, omniscient. Hunting and the chase are a main theme and the history in it is more easily separated from the supernatural. The qualifications for joining the Feinn were as follows: "The candidate must give security that no revenge is to be secured by his death; he must at least compose a war song, be a perfect master of his weapon, and his running and fighting qualities must pass test by his comrades; he must be able to hold out his weapon by the smaller end without a tremble; in the chase, through plain and wood, his hair must remain tied up—if it fell he was rejected. He must be so light and swift as not to break a rotten stick by standing on it; he must leap a tree as high as his forehead, and get under a tree no higher than his knee; without stopping he must be able to draw a thorn from his foot; he must not refuse a woman without a dowry; offer violence to no woman; be charitable to the poor and weak, and he must not refuse

to fight nine men of any other nation that might set upon him."

The folk-tales gather up references to the historical Norse Invasions, though, of course, the historical Fionn and his heroes belong to a much earlier age. One of the popular Norse heroes who figures honourably in those folk-tales and ballads is Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, who died in 1103. As his name implies, he favoured and assumed the Highland dress of the Islands, and, along with his nobles, introduced its use to Norway.

The currency and popularity of these tales in mediæval and later times, when the Highlanders' religion was mainly a medley of the simpler elements of Christianity and their own superstitions, may be gauged from the fact that Bishop Carswell (1569) in his preface to his Gaelic translation of Knox's Liturgy, the first Gaelic book ever printed in Scotland, complains that his countrymen were fonder of listening to idle tales about the Feinn than they were of taking interest in the Word of God. These tales then reveal a real world though they do so through the shadows of supernatural Celtic fancy. They show us how the Celts from time immemorial loved feasts ; banqueting ceremonies show details of serving men, cup-bearers, wine, cask-shaped jars of earthenware or silver, meat served on platters of brass or wood or on plaited baskets. The wine of Gaul appears very early in a saga of the 8th century (Meyer). There are wheaten cakes with honey. Weapons are described from the spears and swords of the earliest times to the guns of the historical period. Several of the longer and more interesting sagas contain "runs" of peculiar onomatopoetic rhythm, probably the oldest section of the tales. Narrators relating these tales from time to time added words of their own and variants are numerous.

Here is an old sea "run" as given in the Highland oral version, after the three warriors embark in their vessel:

"They gave her prow to sea and her stern to shore,
They hoisted the speckled, flapping, bare-topped sails,
Up against the tall, tough, splintering masts,
And they had a pleasant breeze as they might choose
themselves,

Would bring heather from the hill, leaf from the grove,
willow from its roots,
Would put thatch of the house in furrows of the ridges,
The day that neither the father nor son could do it,
The same was neither little nor much for them,
But using it and taking it as it might come,
The sea plunging and surging,
The red sea, the blue sea lashing,
And striking hither and thither about her planks;
The whorled dun whelk that was down on the floor of
the ocean,
Would give a snag on her gunwale and a crack on her
floor,
She would cut a slender oaten straw with the excellence
of her going."

Nothing more truly indicates the grade of civilisation of a race than the esteem in which women are held, and no popular sayings or proverbs speak of women more respectfully than those of the Gaelic-speaking Highlander, though economic conditions have been as trying for them in their social system as in corresponding peasant communities. These sayings, like the longer popular tales, are not wanting in humour, but they never regard women as inferior beings or as mere sources of mischief, which is very often the point of view of the proverbs of greater nations.

We may conclude, then, from a survey of the Highlanders' folk-tales, that he and his race are in a very real way mirrored in them ; that if his character favours combat for the sake of glory, it favours it still more for the sake of fair play (Cothrom na Féinne), for the element of danger, and for the attraction of the unknown. Equally discernible is the spirit of indomitable personality everywhere.

With care, the Highland culture-evolution as set forth in folk-lore, and especially by recorders such as Martin, at first-hand can be made a fruitful line of research. It is at present virgin ground and no exhausted soil. In addition to the soul-history and social organisation of the race, the student of this folk-lore will find that he has succeeded in increasing not only his own knowledge but mayhap also knowledge generally.

NOTES ON THE MURCHISONS

By the Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A., Glasgow

25th March, 1955

Introduction

The Murchisons are by no means a numerous Clan. In point of numbers, by comparison with the major Clans, such as the Macdonalds, Macleods, Campbells, Mackenzies, Smiths and Blacks, they are insignificant indeed. Strictly speaking, they never were a "Clan," if by "Clan" is meant a more or less organised body, with an acknowledged Chief and with their own Clan lands. They might more accurately be described as a "Sept," but the question arises, "To which of the major Clans were the Sept of Murchisons attached or related?" According to the authorities on Clan tartans, the Murchisons are entitled to wear the Buchanan tartan and the Mackenzie tartan. They did not have, at any time, so far as known to me, a tartan of their own. I have seen a list of tartans, professing to be authentic, which indicated that the Murchisons are also entitled to wear the Macdonald tartan, but which Macdonald tartan I do not know. The relationship with the Buchanans and the Mackenzies will be referred to later. Meantime, with regard to the alleged connection with the Macdonalds, I can but hazard the guess that this is based on the fact that for many generations families of Murchisons have resided on the Macdonald lands in the Isle of Skye.

At the outset, also, one may notice the curious fact—at least many people express great surprise on learning it—that while one would expect the Gaelic equivalent of "Murchison" to be "MacMhurchaidh" (Son of Murdoch)—as indeed it is—the name invariably used, both by themselves and others, is "MacCalmain." This suggests, of course, that the Murchisons are a branch of the MacCalmans, which in fact they are.

While the bearers of the name of Murchison are, comparatively speaking, not numerous, they are far scattered, and it is probable that there are more Murchisons beyond the seas, especially in Canada and the United States, than there are in Scotland. "Murchison" as a place-name occurs many times. In Western Australia we find Mount Murchison, the Murchison River, Murchison District, the Murchison Goldfield, and the East Murchison Goldfield. In New South Wales, Australia, there are Murchison County and another Mount Murchison. In Victoria, Australia, there is a place called Murchison. In New Zealand there is Murchison County in the South Island, and also the ten-mile long Murchison Glacier. In South Africa there is the Murchison Range of Mountains. In Africa, too, are the Murchison Falls on the River Nile, named after Sir Roderick Murchison by Sir Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the Falls. In the same part of Africa we find the Murchison Cataract on the River Shiré, a tributary of the Zambesi. There is also a Murchison Bay in Lake Victoria. There is a town called Murchison in South Dakota, U.S.A., while in the frozen far north of Canada there is the Murchison Cape.

It would appear, then, that the Murchisons, even if not numerous, have managed to get around the world and leave their mark in sundry places. Two of the name have earned a place in the Dictionary of National Biography — Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, and Dr. Charles Murchison, who was an eminent London physician last century.

The purpose of this paper is to gather together whatever information I have about the Murchisons. This information has come from various sources, partly traditional, partly printed, but for most of the material I am greatly indebted to the Rev. Donald Mackinnon, Kennoway, who placed at my disposal a considerable amount of information which he had collected on this subject, including a Manuscript History of the Mackenzies, transcribed by Colin Mackenzie of New Burnside, 1760, and a later Manuscript dated about 1866. Whether the latter Manuscript is, or is a copy of, the genealogical collection on the Murchisons made by Captain Alexander Matheson, shipmaster, Dornie (see Transactions of Gaelic Society of Inverness, Vol. XLI,

p. 310ff. "Gleanings from the Dornie Manuscripts," by Mr. Angus Matheson, of Glasgow University), I do not know.

It must be stressed that all that is here offered is a collection of notes, with many points still to be clarified and corrected. It would require much more time that I can spare at present to do the necessary research in old rent-rolls and baptismal and other registers. Some day it may be possible to investigate the subject more fully.

Sundry References

The name "Murchison" is an Englishing of the Gaelic "MacMhurchaidh"; and "Murchadh," which, the scholars tell us, means "sea-warrior" (mori-catus), occurs as a personal name from very early times, and from it has been derived quite a variety of surnames which still are in use. Among these are Murchison, Murchie, MacMurchie, Murphy (a family found in Arran), MacMurdo, Murdochson, Murdoson, and Murdie.

George F. Black, in his great work on "The Surnames of Scotland," quotes the following references:

1452 Fowill Morchoison was a burgess of Inverness.

1473 John Murchosone was a witness in Peebles.

1541 Findlay Murguhasson and Neill Murquhason or Murquhessoun were tenants in Tiree.

1566 Alexander Murquhosaun and John, his son, were cruelly slain in Caithness.

1663 Katherine Murchie is recorded in Watten.

1664 Robert Murchie was a burgess of Irvine.

The family of MacMurdo, according to Black, can be traced back for a considerable period, being connected with the parish of Dunscore, but, although it appeared for the first time in Dumfries-shire in the late 16th century, the name originally appeared in Kintyre and Arran. There is mention of "Evarus (Ivar) Makmurthe" as a tenant in Kintyre in 1506. A Patrick Murdesone was a burgess of Perth in 1539. There was a Malcolm Murthosoun in Galloway in 1468.

The name "Murdie," according to Black, was a rare surname in Sutherland, and he suggests it may be connected with Murchison or Murdieson.

As already stated, and as we shall more fully consider later, the Murchisons are connected with the MacCalmans, and "MacCalmain" means, of course, "The son of the dove" (literally). The surnames "Dove," "Dow" and "Dowe" are said to be anglicised forms of MacCalman, although some of the Dows may derive their name from the Gaelic "dubh" (black).

The foregoing references seem to me to suggest that we cannot regard all who bear the name of "Murchison" or its derivatives as stemming from the one common ancestor. "Murchadh" ("Murdo" or "Murdoch") was a personal name from very early times, and a fairly common name, and there must have been quite a number of particular "Murdochs" whose descendants called themselves "Mac-Mhurchaidh," anglicised as "Murchison" and its cognates.

This paper, therefore, confines itself to those Murchisons who, according to the available records and according to family tradition, are all descended from a common progenitor, namely, Iain Mac Mhurchaidh Dhuibh Mhic Calmain, the said Iain having lived in the Kintail and Lochalsh districts of Ross-shire in the latter part of the 16th century. From him have descended the Murchisons of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, Applecross and Skye, and off-shoots of these families which have gone elsewhere, including many who have gone overseas.

Geikie's Account

In the first chapter of his two-volume "Life of Sir Roderick I. Murchison" (published in 1875), Sir Archibald Geikie writes as follows:

"Among the Western Highlands of Scotland there is no wilder tract than that which stretches between the Kyles of Skye and the line of the Great Glen. From the margin of the western sea the ground rises steeply into rugged mountains, which slope away eastward through many miles of rough moorland into the very heart of the country. The

bold Atlantic front of these mountains is trenched by deep and narrow valleys, of which the upper parts rise above the sea-level into dark and rocky glens, the lower portions sinking under the water and forming the characteristic sea-lochs or fjords of that region. In the shelter of these hollows, alike in the glens, and as an irregular selvage along the margins of the lochs, lie strips of arable land with farm-houses and the cots of the peasantry; but all above and around are the wild rough hills, shrouded for great parts of the year in mist, and catching the first dash of the fierce western rains, which seam their sides with foaming torrents.

"Even now (that is, in 1875), with all the appliances of modern travel, these tracts of Lochalsh and Kintail are little known, except in so far as they can be seen from the sea, or from the few good roads which have been made through them. But some five or six generations back they were to all intents as remote from the civilisation even of the Scottish Lowlands as if they had lain in the heart of Russia. No roads led across them then. They could be traversed only by bridle-tracks, too little trodden to be always easily traced among the bogs and crags over which they lay. Notwithstanding the noble inlets which bring the tides of the Atlantic far into these wilds there was then but little navigation, even of the simplest kind. Save the boats used in ferrying the lochs and in fishing, almost the only vessels ever seen were the smacks and cutters which from time to time smuggled ashore brandy and claret for the chiefs.

"Over this wild region the chiefs of the clan Mackenzie had for a long time held sway—a fierce and warlike race, exemplifying on their territory the curiously mingled merits and defects of the old Highland patriarchal system. In their midst, however, lay one or two smaller septs, sometimes in league with the dominant clan, sometimes in open arms on the side of their surrounding enemies. One of these septs went by the name of Mhurachaidh (sic) or Macmhurachaidh, that is, Murdoch or Murdochson, or, as it is now corrupted, Murchison. The first of the family must have been a Murdoch. Who he was, however, where he came from, and what he did to distinguish himself from the other abounding Murdochs of that part of Scotland, are questions to which no satisfactory answer seems now possible. Perhaps

he was one of the Mackenzies, or more probably of the Mathiesons, or clan Malghamna (sic), who possessed these tracts before the Mackenzies, and among whom Murdoch was a frequent name." (Footnote by Geikie here: "This suggestion has been made to me by Mr. W. F. Skene, who adds that 'the small septs are often the remnants of the older population'.") "He may have been noted above his fellows for some characteristic, so that his posterity came to be called after him."

"In the early part of the sixteenth century we find the Murchisons in possession of land in Kintail. In the year 1541, Evin M'Kynnane Murchison was proprietor of Bunchrew when he obtained a remission from James V for having taken an active part, together with some of his neighbours, in burning the castle of Eilandonan, the stronghold of the Mackenzies, at the mouth of Loch Duich. It has been conjectured by a friendly genealogist that for such deeds the sept received the soubriquet of 'Chalmaon' (sic), or 'the brave'; and that this title led to their being confounded with certain McColmans of Argyleshire." (Geikie's footnote here: "In the North-West Highlands the Murchisons are called in Gaelic McColman, and have been traced by some genealogists to an origin in Argyleshire, where a sept of that name occurs. The family traditions, however, insist on a more northern origin, as stated in the text.") "There must at least have been a wonderful versatility about the race" (continues Geikie) "for not many years after the raid on the Mackenzies, when the Reformation had already made way through the country, the churches of Kintail, Lochcarron and Lochalsh were in peaceable possession of different members of the family." Geikie then goes on to cite references, for which he was indebted to Skene, to John and Murdoch Murchison, parsons at Kintail, Lochalsh and Lochcarron, to whom we shall refer in greater detail later.

Geikie continues: "In the following century (1634) the Murchisons appear on the Ross-shire rent-roll as holding land in Lochalsh, of which they had obtained charters from the Crown. By this time, too, they seem to have settled their differences with the Mackenzies of Seaforth, for they then held rank as hereditary castellans of that same

Eilandonan stronghold which about a hundred years earlier they had assisted to demolish."

Geikie's views about the "civilisation" that centred in the Lowlands and had no parallel beyond the Highland mountain barrier are not our concern at the moment. What is interesting is his description of the relationship between the Murchisons and the Mackenzies and between the Murchisons and the MacCalmans. The suggestion that "Murdoch," the progenitor of the Murchisons of South-West Ross-shire, was a Mackenzie or a Matheson is disproved by family tradition, if by nothing else.

Buchanan of Auchmar's Account

In his work on "Ancient Scottish Surnames with the Origin and Descent of the Highland Clans and Family of Buchanan," William Buchanan of Auchmar provides the following information:

"Anselan Buey, or Fair," according to Auchmar, was the son of "Okyan," "provincial king of the south part of Ulster," and was of "Milesian stem or lineage." "Anselan Okyan" left Ireland in the year 1016, the 12th year of King Malcolm II, and landed with some attendants upon the northern coast of Argyllshire, near the Lennox. There he was, "by a nobleman who had a considerable interest in those parts, and in the king's favour, introduced to the king, who took him into his service against the Danes." Anselan Okyan so signalised himself in that service that he obtained in recompense of his service several lands in the north part of Scotland. In this way he acquired the lands of Buchanan on Loch Lomond-side, and his descendants took the name of Buchanan.

According to Auchmar, "The ancestor of the MacColmans was Colman, third son to Anselan, third of that name, and seventh laird of Buchanan, being brother to Gilbert, who first assumed the name of Buchanan, and to Methlan, ancestor of the MacMillans. Colman was an ordinary Christian name of old in this kingdom."

"The time and cause of this Colman's son's going to Argyllshire is not very evident, but it seems very probable to be in the reign of King Alexander III within a short

space of his cousin MacMillan's going into that country, whose good reception there might have been the principal motive of his cousin MacColman's following him. The only written document I find relating to the MacColmans is a charter, or life-rent right, granted by Duncan MacPharlane, of a part of his lands, to Christian Campbell, daughter to Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow his lady, dated in the year 1395, and in the reign of King Robert III. The trustees employed by Sir Colin to see this right completed were John Campbell, dean of Argyll, and John MacColman.

"I had an account of the MacColmans transmitted to me by that judicious and learned gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Alexander MacColman, minister of Lismore and Appin, which justly deserves the greater credit and regard, seeing it exactly agrees with that sent me by MacMillan of Dunmore, near the same time, in relation to his clan, as also with a written document, which came not to my hands several years after receipt of the said account. That delivered me by Mr. Alexander MacColman concerning the origin of that sept asserts that the ancestors of the MacMillans and MacColmans were brethren of him who first assumed the surname of Buchanan, though the same be not testified by any written document, but by a continued and inviolable tradition handed down from one generation to another, with which they are satisfied, always cheerfully acknowledging their original descent to be of the family of Buchanan, though they cannot so very distinctly tell the manner and circumstances of the same.

"There is also a very great evidence of the MacColmans' blood-relation to the name of Buchanan from this that, notwithstanding of the great distance betwixt the respective residences of these two names, and upon that account the seldomness of their mutual converse or correspondence with one another, yet they have the same inviolable love and entire respect for the name of Buchanan that they have for one another of their nearest relations, although no preceding acquaintance or good offices intervene.

"Moreover, although the MacColmans have resided in Mucarn and other adjacent places in Argyllshire upwards of four hundred years, yet they never gave any bond of Manrie or other acknowledgment to, or had the least

dependence upon, any person or clan in these parts, though there is no other sept in the same circumstances in all those countries but what are obliged to give some such bond or acknowledgment. The principal places in which these reside are Mucarn and Benederaloch in Upper Lorn, in the shire of Argyll. The men of best account of them are Mr. John MacColman, son to the said Mr. Alexander, who hath a little interest in Lismore; also another Mr. John, brother to the same Mr. Alexander, who hath ten sons, all men of good repute. Besides these, there are sixty effective men of that name in these parts."

That, then, is the traditional explanation of the link between the Buchanans and the MacCalmans. We now turn to the link between the MacCalmans and the Murchisons.

To quote Buchanan of Auchmar further: "There is another sept of these MacColmans in Kintail, in the Earl of Seaforth's land, descended of one Mr. Murdo (or, as the Irish term it, Murcho) MacColman, who went from Argyllshire into that country near two hundred years ago. These are termed in Irish MacAmhaisdirs (sic) or Mastersons, but term themselves in English Murchisons, from Murcho, their ancestor's ancient name. The principal man of these is Murchison of Ouchtertyre, in the parish of Locheilg in Kintail (sic—should be Lochalsh). These term themselves Dowes when in the Lowlands, and assert the Dowes upon Forth and other places to be descended of them, which Dowe of Arnhall, the principal person of that name, in a great measure owned, there being upon that account great intimacy betwixt the late laird of Buchanan and him; but both their estates being gone to other families, through want of male issue, that correspondence betwixt the two names is ceased."

Murchadh Dubh MacCalmain

According to the Manuscript placed at my disposal by the Rev. Donald Mackinnon (hereinafter referred to as "Manuscript"), "On the banks of the River Lochy in Lochaber resided a sept of the Celtic race named Clann Chalamain or MacCalmans, of whom Murchadh Dubh (or Black Murdoch), who occupied the farm of Sròn-na-bà A.D. 1520, was not the least considerable of the branch. This

Murdoch Dubh brought up his eldest son, John, to be a priest of the Episcopalian persuasion who got his first charge in Lochalsh. He built a chapel of unhewn stones on a prominent hill above Ardelve, and the ruins of the edifice can be seen at this day. Here John MacChalmain took his father's Christian name as his surname, which is in English Murchison, that is, Murdoch's son." "From this priest are descended all the Murchisons in the northern countries."

Iain Mac Mhurchaidh Dhuibh Mhic Calmain

According to Fasti Ecclesiae Scotticanae, John Murchison, "a Romish priest, who conformed at or soon after the Reformation," became Reader in the parish of Kintail, in the year 1574, his yearly stipend being £18.

The Manuscript, however, gives John Murchison, "priest of Kintail," an earlier date. It relates how in the autumn of 1537* "Donald Gorm Macdonald, fifth Baron of Sleat, came with a strong party to Kintail, hearing that Eilean Donnan Castle was but weakly garrisoned. A conflict ensued between the assailants and defenders, in which John Dubh Matheson, the castellan, was killed. At this time there was none in the castle saving the crier and Duncan MacGille-Chriosd MacRae, who knew Donald Gorm by his garb and mein among some other gentlemen of his party, looking where they might easiest make a breach so as to take possession of the castle. Duncan MacGille-Chriosd took the opportunity of shooting the only arrow he had left, which happened to be a barbed one, which lighted in and cut an artery of Macdonald's foot. Macdonald, being impatient of the pain, plucked it out, on which the blood gushed out so vehemently that it could not be staunched. Seeing this, his followers carried him to one of his boats, as he was evidently dying fast. They landed him on a sea-bank near Avernish, where he died. The bank is called 'Làrach Tigh Mhic-Dhòmhnaill,' that is, 'the site of Macdonald's house.'"

After the castellan of Eilean Donnan Castle, John Dubh Matheson, was killed, as already narrated, "a dispute arose between the MacRaes and the Maclennans of Kintail who

* Donald Gorm was killed at Eilan Donan in 1539—Clan Donald III, 469.

should have the charge of the castle. To compromise the debate of these clans, whom the Laird of Mackenzie found irreconcilable, and fearing they should kill one another, the Laird of Fairburn advised Sir Kenneth (who was the 11th Laird of Kintail) to appoint John MacMhurchaidh Dhuibh as castellan of Eilean Donnan Castle, he being a stranger in the country. The charge he faithfully discharged."

The Manuscript then quotes the rhyme of a sarcastic old woman in Kintail who was much against John MacMhurchaidh being appointed.

Mhic 'Ille Chalmain, a dhuine,
A Sròin na Bà an Loch-Abar,
Dé rinn thus' ad fhear-comhairle
Deagh Mhic Coinnich seo bhith againn.

Thou, MacCalman! O man!
From Sron-na-ba in Lochaber,
What made thee a counsellor
To the good Mackenzie we have?

The Manuscript goes on: "For this trust John MacCalman the Priest was assassinated, for shortly afterwards Sir Kenneth left the country, and as John MacCalman was coming on a Sabbath day from the Kirk of Kintail the MacLennans set a man in ambush near the road. As John was passing, he was shot with an arrow through the buttock, and so he fell. The assassin, seeing persons coming the way, and fearing he would be captured, made his escape. The Priest was carried to a boat, where he died."

There is a mystery here which needs clearing up. The Fasti relates that John Murchison was Reader at Kintail in 1574, and that in 1582 Donald Murchison* was presented to the church of Kintail on the demission of John, and that there is a contract between John Murchison and Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail in 1597, while the Manuscript associates the same John with an incident which happened in 1537 and suggests that his death followed not long afterwards.

* A Donald Murchison witnessed a Mackenzie of Kintail charter in 1577.

A further discrepancy is that, while the Fasti says that John Murchison, parson of Kintail, was married to Janet Grant, with issue, Murdoch, later minister of Kintail, the Manuscript says that "John Murchison the Priest was married to a daughter of Evander Mackay, Priest of Achgiurain in Glenshiel." The Manuscript adds that he left a numerous family, among whom however only four are mentioned.

(1) One of his daughters was married to Christopher MacDhonnchaidh, Chief of the MacRaes, A.D. 1578. So says the Manuscript. The Memorial Tablet within the ruined walls of Clachan Duich Church, Kintail, giving the list of "Chiefs of the Clan MacRae," states that the first Chief, Christopher MacRae, was married to Isabella Murchison, daughter of John Murchison, Episcopal priest of Kintail and Constable of Eilan Donan, and that the said Christopher lived between 1550 and 1600. The second son of Christopher MacRae and Isabella Murchison was Mr. Farquhar MacRae, who was born at Eilean Donan in 1580, and succeeded his uncle, Murdoch Murchison (to whom we refer later), as minister of Kintail and Constable of Eilean Donan in 1618.

(2) John, of whom nothing more is known.

(3) Mr. Murdoch, the eldest son, to whom we refer shortly.

(4) Another son, probably also called Murdoch, from whom descended the Murchisons of Applecross and Lochcarron (to be referred to later).

Maighistir Murchadh ("Maighistir Mór")

The Manuscript says that John MacMhurchaidh Mhic Calmain, Priest of Kintail, had, as his eldest son, Murdoch,* who studied for the Church and succeeded his father as Priest of Kintail and Castellan of Eilan Donan Castle, in which trust he presided till his death in the year 1618, and he was succeeded by his nephew, Mr. Farquhar MacRae (referred to above). Murdoch, we are told, commonly went

* Murdoch got a charter from James VI of lands of Harthill in Lochalsh in 1587, and a new charter in 1592. He witnessed a document in 1586.

under the name of "Maighistir Mór" ("Big Master"). He had a wadsett of Auchtertyre, Lochalsh, and left issue as follows:

(1) Evander, his eldest son (of whom later).

(2) Donald, his second son (of whom later).

(3) Mary, who married Murdoch Mackenzie, fifth laird of Hilltown.

(4) Rebecca, who married Maurice MacRae, Kintail, and left issue.

Turning to the Fasti, we find that in the year 1582 King James VI presented Donald Murchison to the parsonage and vicarage of Kintail on the demission of John Murchison, and in the same year he presented Murdoch Murchison to the vicarage of Lochalsh and Lochcarron, then apparently joined, and that Murdoch was translated to the charge of Kintail in 1614. How this Donald Murchison fits into the genealogy I do not know, but Murdoch is the "Maighistir Mór" already referred to.

Evander of Auchtertyre

Evander Murchison, the eldest son of Mr. Murdoch above referred to, was (according to the Manuscript) Tacksman of Auchtertyre, Lochalsh, and married Ann, daughter of Colin Mackenzie, son of Sir Roderick Mackenzie (Tutor of Kintail). It is on record that about 1650 Evander Murchison of Avenish (? Avernish) married a Mackenzie, and that in 1685 "Ewander Murchieson of Ochtertier" took the Test in Ross-shire. (In 1680 Alexander Murchison, feuar of Auchtertyre, appears on a list of Ross-shire heritors). Evander Murchison left issue as follows:—John, Roderick, Murdoch, Duncan, Mary. Mary married Farquhar Matheson in Fernaig. The families descending from these four sons we shall trace in turn. Meanwhile, we leave John, the eldest, until later in the paper.

Roderick, the second son of Evander, left a son,

John, who left two sons: Roderick and Kenneth, as follows:

(i) Roderick, who was a tenant at Ardelve, Lochalsh, where he died about 1840, aged 90. He was married

to Margaret, daughter of Kenneth Murchison, Achmore, with issue as follows:

(a) John, who emigrated to South America, and was living there in good circumstances in 1866.

(b) Kenneth, who married Christy or Christina, daughter of Duncan MacRae, Ardelve, and left issue. He died at Achmore.

(c) Isabella, who married John Matheson, Salachy, Lochalsh, with issue — Dugald Matheson, Merchant, Ardelve.

(d) Mary.

(e) Catherine.

(ii) Kenneth, "left a numerous family," including Duncan, who was a tenant at Craig of Lochalsh and married Christina, daughter of Roderick Maclennan, Duirinish, with issue — Kenneth, John, and John, which family were living at Craig of Lochalsh in 1866.

(3) Murdoch, third son of Evander, was a cattle-dealer. He married at Dail-na-spidail in Atholl, and returned to Caplach in Lochalsh, where he left a numerous family, among them being Alexander, Simon, Catherine (who married Donald MacRae, Cnoc-nan-carn, Camusluinie), and probably also the progenitor of the Murchisons of Kylerhea.

(a) Alexander, who had a son—Murdoch, who was twice married: 1st to Katherine, daughter of Kenneth Maclennan, Smith, Balmacara, with issue:

(i) Duncan, who married Ann, daughter of Kenneth MacMillan, Dornie, with issue: Murdoch, Alexander, Ann (who married Farquhar MacRae, pensioner, Dornie, their son being the Rev. Alexander MacRae, Priest of Beauly), Catherine, Janet, Margaret, and Jean.

1. Murdoch, who joined the 78th Regiment in 1793, became a Sergeant, and on the eve of being promoted was lost in a transport coming from Bengal to Bombay, which took fire on 29th February, 1804.

2. Alexander, who also joined the 78th Regiment with his brother Murdoch in 1793. He returned home from India, and is said to have been "a strong powerful man." He married Margaret McKerlich, Bundaloch, with issue:
   (a) Murdoch, married Flora McKerlich, died at Bundaloch, and left issue: Duncan, Alexander, and Margaret.
   (b) John, was married to Ann, daughter of Roderick Finlayson, Bundaloch, and (in 1866) had issue: Murdoch and Janet.
   (c) Janet, who married Donald MacLennan, Bundaloch. They emigrated to Australia.

(ii) Janet, married Alexander Ferguson, at Mountgerald, Easter Ross.

Alexander, son of Murdoch, was married, 2nd to Mary, daughter of Simon Murchison, with issue, a daughter, Mary, who married Farquhar Macdonald, Letterfearn.

The Murchisons of Beolary

(b) Simon, son of Murdoch, 3rd son of Evander, had, according to the Manuscript, a son, "Mr. Murdoch Murchison, Factor to Macleod, who lived in Glenelg, a gentleman well-known in many parts of Scotland. When Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mr. James Boswell came on their Highland tour in 1773, they were sent a gift of rum and sugar by a local gentleman, whom Boswell calls Mr. Murdoch Murchison of Beolary, Glenelg, Factor to the Laird of Macleod." The Manuscript goes on: "He (this Murdoch) married a daughter of Murdoch MacRae, Morvich, Kintail, by whom he left a numerous family. John, his son, was Tacksman of Beolary, Glenelg, but left no issue. Another son, Duncan, married a daughter of Macleod of Scalasaig and left issue — Donald, Magnus, and Roderick. The family emigrated to America. Magnus left issue, Ludovick Murchison, who was sheep-manager at Inverguseran, Knoydart, in 1866."

This is Johnson's reference to the kindness received at Glenelg at the hand of a Murchison: "Having surmounted the hill (i.e. Ratagan) at last, we were told that at Glenelg, on the sea-side, we should come to a house of lime and slate and glass. This image of magnificence raised our expectations. At last we came to our inn, weary and peevish, and began to enquire for meat and beds. Of the provisions the negative catalogue was very copious. Here was no meat, no milk, no bread, no eggs, no wine. We did not express much satisfaction. Here however we were to stay. Whisky we might have, and I believe at last they caught a fowl and killed it. We had some bread, and with that we prepared ourselves to be contented, when we had a very eminent proof of Highland hospitality. Along some miles of the road, in the evening, a gentleman's servant had kept us company on foot with very little notice on our part. He left us near Glenelg, and we thought on him no more till he came to us again, in about two hours, with a present from his master of rum and sugar. The man had mentioned his company, and the gentleman, whose name, I think, is Gordon, well knowing the poverty of the place, had this attention to two men, whose names perhaps he had not heard, by whom his kindness was not likely to be ever repaid, and who could be recommended to him only by their necessities."

James Boswell's account of the incident is as follows: "Ewan Campbell, servant to Mr. Murchison, factor to the Laird of Macleod in Glenelg, run along with us to-day"—that was as they rode through Glenshiel. "He was a fine obliging little fellow." That evening, after they reached the Glenelg inn, Boswell writes: "Mr. Johnson would take nothing but a bit of bread, which we had luckily remaining, and some lemonade which he made with a lemon which Joseph had for him, and he got some good sugar; for Mr. Murchison, factor to Macleod in Glenelg, sent us some, with a bottle of excellent rum, letting us know he was very sorry that his servant had not come and informed him before we passed his house; that we might have been there all night, and that, if he were not obliged to set out early next day for Inverness, he would come down and wait upon

us." Boswell continues: "I took some rum and water and sugar, and grew better."

It will be noted that, although Johnson has a vague impression that their benefactor's name was Gordon, Boswell is in no doubt who it was, namely, Mr. Murchison, factor to Macleod in Glenelg. Unfortunately, he does not give us his Christian name. What a pity that Murchison did not know of the arrival of the two distinguished travellers in time to give them a night's hospitality under his own roof. Had that happened, we might have had an interesting page or two about him, and Glenelg might have evoked happier memories for Johnson and Boswell in later years than it actually did.

The Manuscript says that this Murchison, factor to Macleod in Glenelg, was Murdoch, son of Simon, son of Murdoch, third son of Evander of Auchtertyre. Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, in his "Antiquarian Notes" (2nd series, 1897), page 237 ff., after referring to "old Cameron of Beolary" as "a noted, successful farmer," writes: "Long prior to Mr. Cameron's time the tenant of Beolary was Mr. John Murchison of the Lochalsh family of that name. I have several of his and his wife's letters. Writing on the 20th of August, 1782, Mr. Murchison says: "I had the mortification to be informed last week of the death of a second brother that I have lost by this unfortunate war. He died at Charleston on the 27th of January last, occasioned by the opening of his old wounds, which he got the day his other brother was killed at Stoney Ferry. He was a pretty loving young man. God knows their deaths is a great heart-brake to me, as my affection for them was very great."

Fraser-Mackintosh goes on to refer to a lease "by Macleod to John Murchison, his factor in Glenelg, of the two penny lands of Beolary, and Ludovick Murchison, his father; the two penny lands of Arrieharachan, as then possessed by John Macleod and his sub-tenants; and the four penny lands of Achaconon, as possessed by Donald Macleod and other tenants. The tenant had power to assign one-half of the subjects to his second brother, Roderick, and the other half to his brothers—Duncan, Magnus, and Donald. The endurance was for fifty-seven years, from

Whitsunday 1774, and the rent £472 Scots. Notwithstanding the favourable terms, and that Macleod dispossessed several of his clan, the lease, dated the 8th of December, 1767, did not terminate successfully. John Murchison died in 1811, survived by one brother only, the Duncan before referred to. Two others, as previously mentioned, soldiers, died in America."

The Manuscript, as already noted, calls John of Beolary's father Murdoch, while Fraser-Mackintosh indicates that he was Ludovick. In any case, whether Ludovick or Murdoch, he is remembered for his kindness to Johnson and Boswell. Or may it not have been his son, John, who did the kind deed to the wayfarers?

The two beautiful silver Communion Cups still in use in the Parish Church of Glenelg bear an inscription stating that they were presented by Mr. John Murchison of Beolary. The inscription runs: "Mr. John Murchison, Tacksman of Beolary, from his attachment to the Parish in which he was born, Presents these Communion Cups to the Kirk Session of Glenelg, 1796."

On a horizontal table-type of tombstone in the old Churchyard at Glenelg there is the following inscription: "Here lie the remains of John Murchison, Tacksman of Beolary, who died on the 20 July 1811. Also the remains of Duncan Murchison, his brother, who died on the 22 July 18—, aged — years. Lodk. Murchison, died at Balvraid, 6th Jany. 1896, aged 81." Unfortunately some of the figures in the year of Duncan's death, and his age, are no longer legible.

It should be noted that the Beolary above referred to is a quite different place from that which now bears the name. The present Beolary is on the north side of the Glenmore River in Glenelg, and is what was formerly known as "Achachuirn." The former Beolary (the farm of which the above-mentioned Murchisons were tenants) was right opposite, on the south side of the river, and is now known as Scallisaig. The old Scallisaig was then some distance further up the Glen on the south side of the river, but no trace of it remains except a green mound and a tree or two.

The Manuscript states that Murdoch Murchison of Beolary, father of John, had a numerous family. Of these,

John and Duncan have already been mentioned. Two other sons lost their lives on military service in the American War of Independence. The names of three daughters are known — Mary, who married a Morrison, and had a son, John; Marion, and Ann. It is also said that John of Beolary was married to an Isabella Mann.

With regard to Duncan, brother of John of Beolary, who is stated by the Manuscript to have married a daughter of Macleod of Scallisaig and had three sons, there was also a daughter, Mary, who married Donald Macleod, with issue, a son John. Ludovick, son of Magnus, son of Duncan, said to have been sheep-manager at Inverguseran in 1866, is probably the "Lodk. Murchison" whose name appears on the Glenelg tombstone as having died in 1896.

There will be occasion to refer later to these Murchisons of Beolary when I come to say something about my own family.

The Murchisons in Skye

For over a century and a half at least there have been Murchisons in the Isle of Skye, and families of the name are at present located in the Parish of Snizort, in the Parish of Portree, and in the Parish of Sleat (at Kylerhea). I am unable to give much information about the Skye Murchisons, other than the particular family to which I myself belong, the Murchisons of Kylerhea. I am, however, indebted to the Rev. Donald Mackinnon for a genealogy of the "Murchisons of Caledonian Hotel, Portree." Although that Hotel is no longer in possession of that family, the name may stand.

Murdo Murchison (who he was is not stated) had at least three children:

(1) Farquhar, who had two children, Murdo and Flora (known as Flora Murchison of Corry).

(2) a son, whose son was Farquhar Murchison from Ardghlais near Arat, Torridon, this Farquhar being thus a cousin of Murdo Murchison and Flora Murchison of Corry.

(3) a daughter, who married a Finlayson, with issue, Donald Finlayson, at Craig, Lochcarron, who married Janet Mackenzie, with issue: Finlay, Mary, Donald

(who married Mary MacNair), Jessie, Peggie, and Rebecca. (Janet Mackenzie was the aunt of Donald Mackenzie, Merchant, Plockton, whose daughters are Mrs. Gray and Miss Mackenzie, Plockton.)

According to family tradition, the progenitor of the Murchisons of Kylerhea was John Murchison (said to have been called "Seoc" in Gaelic), and he is said to have been a Tacksman of, or at, Torrin or Elgoll in the Parish of Strath, Skye. Intending to emigrate to America, he sold his stock. In those days banks were practically unknown in the Highlands, and so "Seoc" entrusted his money along with sixteen head of cattle to the keeping of Murchison of Beolary, who is said to have been his second or third cousin. However, being prevented from going to America by the outbreak of a war with America, believed to be the War of 1812 rather than the earlier War of American Independence (1775-83), "Seoc" came to Kylerhea and was there given temporary tenancy of a croft by Lord Macdonald. Before the war ended, Beolary, it is said, either went bankrupt or defaulted and refused to return to "Seoc" what was his own. "Seoc," therefore, could not go to America and so stayed on in Kylerhea, where his croft has remained in the possession of the family until this present time. It is said that John's father went from Lochalsh to Skye, where the daughters of the family married Mackenzies and Macleods of Skye. The name of John's father and grandfather are unknown, but it is very probable that his grandfather was one of the numerous family of Murdoch, third son of Evander of Auchtertyre. This would make John or "Seoc" a second cousin of John of Beolary.

I was told some 25 years ago by a distant relative, the late William Martin, Glenelg, that in his early days he remembers my grand-aunts being teased when they visited Glenelg with the question, "An tàinig sibh a thogail na creiche?" ("Have you come to get the spoil?"), the reference being understood to be to the money and stock of which their grandfather, "Seoc," had been dispossessed by his relative, John of Beolary.

Our family at Kylerhea still bury their dead in the Lochalsh churchyard, where the family of Auchtertyre have

their burial ground also. This is a clear indication of the old close connection with Lochalsh and Auchtertyre.

John Murchison ("Seoc") was twice married.

(a) His first wife may have died at Kylerhea or before he moved to Kylerhea. From her there was the following family:

(1) John (or Malcolm), who was in partnership with a son of the Rev. John Mackinnon of Strath and a brother of the Rev. Donald Mackinnon of Strath. He was hurt by his own horse and died of the injury.

(2) Margaret, who married William Martin, and had issue:

(i) Donald, who died young, but left a son, William (the William Martin who was my informant referred to earlier).

(ii) Malcolm, who was in the navy.

(3) Murdoch, who was probably the youngest member of this first family of "Seoc." He was for a time Gaelic schoolmaster in Glenbeg, Glenelg. He left issue as follows:

(a) Malcolm, crofter at Kylerhea, and fisherman. Married Margaret MacInnes, Airor, Knoydart, and died in 1911, with issue:

1. Malcolm, born 1874, married Ann Moffat (died 1947) in 1906. Crofter at Kylerhea and seaman. Died 1954, with issue: Thomas Moffat (minister in Glasgow and formerly in Glenelg), Malcolm Murdo (veterinary surgeon in Cheshire), Margaret Ann (married in England), Agnes (married in England), James Alexander (at Glenelg).

2. Catherine, married John Macpherson, Duisdale Mor, Sleat, with issue: Alexander, and Malcolm (deceased).

3. Murdoch, lived in Inverness. Killed in First Great War (1918), with issue: Margaret (died in

childhood), Thomas (now in Inverness), and Malcolm (now in Inverness).

4. Sarah, unmarried, lives at Kylerhea.

5. John, unmarried, missionary at Kylerhea from 1921 to 1954, lives at Kylerhea.

(b) Margaret, married, no family.

(c) Mary, married a Macdonald. The family lived in Glasgow.

(d) Ishbel or Isabel, married a MacRae, with issue, a daughter Ann, who lived at Erbusaig, near Kyle, with issue, a daughter Margaret (deceased).

(b) John Murchison's second wife was I know not whom, but the second family included the following:

(1) Iain or John, unmarried. Worked as a quarryman in Edinburgh; was injured and died there.

(2) Malcolm. Died unmarried.

(3) Isabel, who had a son, John MacGillivray, who was mate on the ship "Avlona" for thirty years and died at Bilbao in Spain.

(4) Leezie, who was twice married, with issue, a son from the first husband, and another son, Iain Smith, from the second.

(5) Colin, the youngest in the family. He had a large family as follows:

(a) Peggy, married to Allan Maclaren, Invergordon.

(b) Christina, married to Duncan Cameron, with issue: Dugald (a doctor), Colin (killed), Sandy (deceased), Angus (in the Fife police), Duncan (in Glasgow), Mary Ann (a nurse), Morag, and Christina (a nurse).

(c) Effie.

(d) Mary, married Roderick Maclaren.

(e) Jessie.

(f) Angus, who married Catherine Sutherland, sister of Robert Sutherland, Penefiler, Portree, and lived at Arnisdale. Died in 1954. With issue: Colin (headmaster in Glasgow), Hector (Police Superintendent in Glasgow), Allan (at Sandbank), Catherine (in Glasgow), Angus Duncan (in Glasgow Police), Ewen (a Surgeon-Commander in the Royal Navy), John (a doctor).

* * *

We now return to the family of Evander of Auchtertyre, having traced the descendants of his second son, Roderick, and his third son, Murdoch. His fourth son was Duncan, who left two sons:

(a) John, who married Christina, sister of Colonel Donald Murchison (to be referred to later), with issue, Mary, who married Roderick Mackay, Dornie, Kintail.

(b) William, who died in Lochalsh, with issue:
Murdoch, who had a son—
Donald, who had two sons,

(i) Murdoch, who resided at Ardinarff in 1840, with issue, Duncan, Donald, Roderick, Finlay, and Catherine—who all emigrated to New Zealand.

(ii) Duncan, who lived at Dunbar in 1866.

* * *

We now turn back to John, the eldest son of Evander of Auchtertyre. He was born in 1680, and the Manuscript says that he was very handsome and in bodily strength had very few equals. He went in the Highlands under the name of one of "The Four Johns of Scotland" ("Ceithir Iainean na h-Alba"), another of whom was John MacRae of Conchra, one of the high officers of William, fifth Earl of Seaforth. Both John Murchison of Auchtertyre, who was a Major in one of Seaforth's three regiments in the 1715 Rising, and John MacRae of Conchra lost their lives at the Battle of Sheriffmuir. The Manuscript states that at Sheriffmuir John Murchison fought gallantly, defending his master's cause. Stimulating his brother soldiers to die on the field of battle rather than yield, he fell mortally wounded when

his sword broke, and urging with his last breath the survivors to continue faithful he fell a hero in the prime of life at the age of 35 years. He was born in the year 1679.

John Murchison of Auchtertyre was married to Janet, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, younger of Lochshiel, near Tain, and left three sons and two daughters, as follows: Alexander, Simon, Kenneth, a daughter who married Murdoch, son of Christopher MacRae of Airigh-dhugain, and left issue; and the other daughter who married John MacRae of Camusluinie and left issue.

Simon, the second son of John, emigrated to North Carolina with a respectable handsome family of nine sons in 1774.

Kenneth, the third son of John, was a man of great bodily strength, and is said to have burst a blood vessel lifting a heavy stone in Glen Udalain, which stone can be seen (or could be seen in 1866) opposite the house of his great-grandson, Dugald Matheson, Merchant, Ardelve. He died at Craig of Lochalsh, leaving a family of daughters.

Alexander, the eldest son of John of Auchtertyre, was Tacksman of Auchtertyre, and was for some time Factor to Lord Seaforth about the year 1773. According to Geikie, he reached the age of ninety-nine "and saw the fortunes of the family retrieved by his eldest son, Kenneth, whom he actually outlived." Alexander married Margaret, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Lentran, with issue: Kenneth, and Janet, who married Captain Duncan MacRae of Inverinate in Kintail, who was Chief of that name.

Kenneth, the son of Alexander, was born at Auchtertyre in 1751. He studied medicine in Glasgow and Edinburgh, took the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and while still a young man went out as surgeon to India, where he remained for seventeen years. "A lucrative appointment at Lucknow enabled him to amass a competent fortune, with which, coming home again about the year 1786, he not long afterwards purchased from his maternal uncle, Mackenzie of Lentran, the small estate of Tarradale in Easter Ross. He appears to have been a man of much force of character, a thorough Celt, generous, yet with enough of worldly wisdom to keep him from losing

his possessions as his forefathers had done. He wrote his journals in Gaelic, but used the Greek characters, which he held to express the sound of his native tongue better than Roman letters could do. Having gratified the ambition, so common in Scotland, to become a laird, he kept up old Highland ways, and as long as he lived at Tarradale had as one of his retainers a piper, who also played the harp. Fond of antiquities, he devoted himself to those of Tarradale and its neighbourhood, and made a collection of urns and other objects found in tumuli and elsewhere on the estate. He was one of the original members of the Highland Society of London, and a warm friend of the scheme of the British Fisheries for the employment of the people of the Western Highlands and Islands. In those days doctors were scarce in the Highlands, hence Dr. Kenneth Murchison's house formed a centre of attraction to the sick and maimed for many miles around. As he took no fees, his popularity became more widespread than was wholly pleasant, so that in the end he set on foot an agitation which resulted in the erection of the Northern Infirmary of Inverness." So wrote Geikie. The Manuscript gives a briefer but more picturesque account of Dr. Kenneth. This is what it says. "He studied medicine, in which he made a great proficiency. He went to Calcutta in 1772 as a surgeon in the Cafay's service. Being a very able man and a great classical scholar, he obtained the special notice of Warren Hastings, Sir Eligh Imperry, and other notabilities, and after twelve years of service in the East made a trust fortune. He became a great favourite of the Nabob of Acrot for curing a distemper in his daughter, for which he gave him a heavy sum of gold. He returned to Europe in 1784 and first travelled in France and Italy, and afterwards in parts of Ireland and England, and, finally returning to his native country, he settled there by purchasing in 1788 the estate of Tarradale from his maternal uncle, John Mackenzie of Lentran."

In 1791, Dr. Kenneth married Barbara, daughter of Mackenzie of Fairburn, with issue Roderick Impey, Alexander (who died in childhood), and Kenneth.

Kenneth, the third son of Dr. Kenneth of Tarradale, was born in 1794, became Governor of Singapore and Penang, and died in 1854, with issue, two sons, Kenneth and

Roderick, and a daughter, Charlotte, who married Colonel Cox.

Roderick Impey, the eldest son of Dr. Kenneth of Tarradale, was born on 19th February, 1792, at Tarradale. His father died in 1796, and his mother married Colonel Robert MacGregor Murray, and settled in Edinburgh with her two sons. There Roderick was educated, and also at the Grammar School, Durham, and the Military College, Great Marlow. In 1807 when he was still under 16 years of age he was gazetted an Ensign in the 36th Regiment. He went to Portugal and served there with distinction, sharing in the famous and gallant retreat of Sir John Moore and his troops to Corunna. In 1809 he went to Sicily as aide-de-camp to his uncle, General Mackenzie, and returned in 1811. At the Peace of 1814 he was put on half-pay, but in August of that year he married Charlotte, daughter of General Hugonin, and soon afterwards he retired from the army. His marriage, it was said, was the turning point of his life. "His wife saved him from being a mere idler." He applied himself to scientific studies, and became a world-renowned geologist, whose career need concern us no further. He is described as "a man of indomitable energy and great power of work," and published some 180 scientific papers as well as several important books. "He was not a profound thinker, but a keen-eyed and careful observer." He died on 22nd October, 1871, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery, London.

Dr. Charles Murchison, who was born in Jamaica in 1830, is said (in the Dictionary of National Biography) to have been the younger son of the Hon. Alexander Murchison, M.D., a cousin of Sir Roderick's, but I am as yet unable to trace the exact connection. When Charles was three years old the family settled in Elgin, and Charles at the age of 15 entered on the study of Arts in Aberdeen University. Two years later he began the study of medicine in Edinburgh University. In 1853 he entered the Bengal Army of the East India Company, but, on arriving in India, was appointed Professor of Chemistry at the Medical College in Calcutta. In 1885 he settled in London as a physician, and became one of the best-known names in his profession. He received the LL.D. from Edinburgh University, and was also a F.R.S.

He died in 1879. In 1859 he had married Clara Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Bickersteth, a surgeon in Liverpool. There were nine children, one of whom was Charles Kenneth, later known as Sir Kenneth Murchison, on being created a Knight in 1927. Sir Kenneth was born in 1873, and died within the past few years. He published "Family Notes and Reminiscences" in 1940, but I have not seen this book.

Colonel Donald Murchison

We have now dealt with all the descendants of Evander of Auchtertyre of whom we have any information. We now turn back to his brother, Donald, son of the Rev. Murdoch ("Maighistir Mór").

This Donald, second son of Mr. Murdoch, had a portion of the farm of Auchtertyre. He left issue as follows:

(1) John, of whom later.

(2) Ann, who married Christopher MacRae, Tacksman of Araidhbhuachain.

(3) Donald, who had a son,

Donald Og, who was an innkeeper in Kyle of Lochalsh.

John, son of Donald, second son of Mr. Murdoch, was Tacksman of Bundaloch, Kintail. He married a daughter of Alexander MacLennan, Morvich, Kintail, and left issue as follows:

(1) Donald ("Colonel Donald"), of whom more later.

(2) Murdoch, who married Mary, daughter of Mr. Finlay MacRae, minister of Lochalsh (1695-1716). He resided in Brahan, and left issue. He was wounded at Culloden. Dr. Corbet, who was at Beauly in the 1870's, was a great-great-grandson of this Murdoch.

(3) Margaret, who married John Ban Mac Dhomhnaill Oig Macrae, and left issue.

(4) Christina, who married John, son of Duncan, fourth son of Evander of Auchtertyre.

Donald ("Colonel Donald"), the eldest son of John, was born at Bundaloch about 1687. According to the Manuscript, "at his birth he happened to be a weakling, and had a squint in one of his eyes. The midwife said of him that, if he lived for the space of 24 hours, he would survive and would be as brave a man as any in his day and generation. He survived, was sent to school, and became a classical scholar, and was afterwards proficient in military tactics."

When William Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth, raised his tenants in the year 1715 to join the Stuart standard, he chose Donald Murchison to be his Lieutenant-Colonel; hence the following stanza by Matheson, the Seaforth bard (in English):

The crafty Colonel
Whose name is Donald
Will take the chief lead
Over thy country's people.

Seaforth raised all his tenants who were able to carry arms, consisting of 3,000 faithful mountaineers. The flower of his followers fell at Sheriffmuir. Later, when Seaforth was in exile, Donald Murchison acted as his factor and chamberlain, and collected the rents on his estate and sent the money to him, and this in spite of the fact that the estate was under the Forfeited Estates Commissioners, who made several attempts to gain control of the Seaforth territories in Wester Ross but in vain, thanks to Colonel Donald's tactics. Donald was involved in the Battle of Glenshiel in 1719, when a few Spaniards who had landed in Loch Duich, along with local men, fought the Government troops. He is said to have been responsible for blowing up Eilan Donnan Castle lest it fall into Government hands. He also came off best in a famous skirmish at Ath-nam-Muileach in the wilds of Glen Affric in 1721, when he repulsed a force under two Easter Ross men who were acting for the Forfeited Estates Commissioners. It is unnecessary to say much more here about Colonel Donald's career. There is an interesting paper about him by Dr. William Mackay in "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Volume XIX. There the names are given of those who were involved with Donald in the affray at Ath-nam-Muileach. They include a number of

Murchisons, as, e.g., "John Murchison of Auchtertire," "Donald Murchison of Auchtertyre," "Evander Murchison, son to John Murchison McEan Vic Conil (that is, Mac Iain Mhic Dhomhnaill) in Achnabein." "Donald Murchison in Achachoraran, brother to the deceast Achtertoir," "Murdo Murchison, brother to the deceased Auchtertoir," "Alexander Murchison, brother to the deceast Auchtertoir," "Alexander and Mylies Murchison, sons to John Murchison McEan Vic Conil in Achnabein."

In a Whig poem written in 1737, Donald is spoken of as a sort of cateran. It runs as follow:

> Keppoch, Rob Roy, and Daniel Murchison,
> Cadets or servants to some chief of clan,
> From theft and robberies scarce did ever cease,
> Yet 'scaped the halter each, and died in peace.
> This last his exiled master's rents collected,
> Nor unto king nor law would be subjected.
> Though veteran troops upon the confines lay,
> Sufficient to make lord and tribe a prey,
> Yet passes strong through which no roads were cut
> Safe-guarded Seaforth's clan, each in his hut,
> Thus in strong-holds the rogue securely lay,
> Neither could they by force be driven away,
> Till his attainted lord and chief of late
> By ways and means repurchased his estate.

It is said that, later on, when Seaforth gained possession of his estates, which Donald had done so much to preserve for him, he was so ungrateful as to treat Donald very shabbily, leaving him unrewarded and neglected. Donald, it is said, pined away under this treatment and died in the very prime of his days of a broken heart. He is buried in a remote little churchyard on Cononside in the parish of Urray. Sir Roderick Murchison erected in his memory the tall obelisk which stands on a height near the sea between Kyle and Balmacara in the parish of Lochalsh. The inscription is as follows: "Tulloch Ard. To the Memory of Donald Murchison, Colonel in the Highland Army of 1715. He successfully defended and faithfully preserved the Lands of Kintail and Lochalsh from 1715 to 1722 for his Chief, William, the exiled Earl of Seaforth. Erected by his

great-grand-nephew, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, K.C.B. 1863."

Sir Roderick appears to have been in error in regard to his precise relationship to Colonel Donald. He probably accepted the statement in "The Domestic Annals of Scotland" that, when Lord Seaforth raised his clan to fight for King James in 1715, Donald Murchison and "a senior brother," John, "went as field-officers of the Regiment, Donald as Lieutenant-Colonel and John as a Major." Sir Roderick was, as we have already noted, the great-grandson of John, who was killed at Sheriffmuir, but Donald was not a brother of John, if the account in the Manuscript is to be accepted. John was the son of Evander son of the Rev. Murdoch Murchison. Colonel Donald was the son of John son of Donald son of the Rev. Murdoch. That is, John was a cousin of Colonel Donald's father.

The Murchisons of Lochcarron and Applecross

Over twenty years ago the late Philip Murchison, blacksmith, Lochcarron, recited to me in Gaelic his family line, which led back, generation by generation, to the progenitor, "An Sagart a bha an Loch-Abar" (the priest who was in Lochaber), that is, John Murchison, parson of Kintail. My notes of the information given me by Philip Murchison have been supplemented by further information from the Rev. Donald Mackinnon, and, although, of course, there are many names omitted, the line of the Murchisons of Lochcarron and Applecross may be set forth as follows.

Philip Murchison traced his ancestry back for me to Coinneach Dubh (who lived at Craig). Mr. Mackinnon's genealogical table corresponds with Philip's all the way back to Coinneach Dubh, but for the earlier generations they are at variance. Philip said that Coinneach Dubh was the son of Murdoch (who lived at Coulin), who was the son of Kenneth, and between Kenneth and "An Sagart a bha an Loch-abar" there were one or more generations or links unknown to him. Mr. Mackinnon's table says that Coinneach Dubh was the son of Alexander of Corryleerie, who was the son of Donald (who lived at Tullich), who was the son of Murdoch (at Kirkton), and this Murdoch Mr. Mackinnon

thinks may be a younger brother of the Rev. Murdoch, son of the Rev. John of Kintail, it being not uncommon to have two of the same name in the same family.

Coinneach Dubh of Craig had two sons:

(1) John of Moruisg, known as "Iain Bàn nan Oran." He went to America with all his family except his son,

Kenneth of Corryleerie ("Coinneach Buidhe"), who had a son,

Finlay ("Finlay Gow"), the first blacksmith at Lochcarron, who lived at Rhibhuachan, and had a son,

Kenneth ("Coinneach a' Ghobha"), with issue:

(a) Finlay ("Philip"), blacksmith at Lochcarron, my informant;

(b) Flora, who married Malcolm MacRae, and had a daughter, Proby, who married Captain William Murchison.

(2) Kenneth Og (at Moruisg), who had a son,

John of Applecross, born 1750, and had issue:

(a) Finlay Ban, who went to America with his 13 children.

(b) William ("Uillean Bàn"), who married Janet Maclean.

(c) John, who went to Dublin.

Uilleam Bàn had several children:

(i) John.

(ii) Finlay (at Toscaig), who had a son, Captain William Murchison, who married Proby MacRae, and has several children, including Malcolm F. Murchison, Edinburgh University.

(iii) Donald.

(iv) Kenneth.

(v) William.

(vi) Elizabeth, who married Duncan Murchison with issue:

(a) John, who died and left a son, Duncan.

(b) Janet (Mrs. Mackenzie).

(c) Ina.

(d) Maggie. Died in Inverness.

(e) Kenneth, a doctor in Oldham.

(f) Dolina, who married her first cousin, Captain Roderick Murchison.

The Murchisons of Point Prim

As this paper is already unduly long, one cannot devote very much space to the many Murchisons who went abroad. Reference has frequently been made in the paper to families which emigrated at various times.

At the end of the 18th century a Murchison lived in Portree, Skye, and, plying the trade of a shoemaker or cobbler, was known as "An Griasaiche." He had a son, Donald. Donald and his second wife, Ann MacGillivray, landed in Prince Edward Island in 1803, being among the party of 800 people brought there by Lord Selkirk. They settled in the six-mile long promontory of Point Prim. It was natural that many of these people and their descendants should take to the sea, on which they suffered many losses. It is said that over two dozen of Donald Murchison's descendants were lost at sea in the days of "wooden ships and iron men." Donald called his new home "Auchtertyre" after the ancestral home in Lochalsh. He died in 1831, aged 88, while his wife died in 1838, aged 87. Their descendants are very numerous and are found in both North and South America, and have included many who have achieved eminence in various walks of life, including more than one millionaire.

GLENELG, INVERNESS-SHIRE: NOTES FOR A PARISH HISTORY

By the Rev. T. M. MURCHISON, M.A., Glasgow

8th March, 1957

The parish of Glenelg is one of the largest in Inverness-shire. The civil parish extends from the Ross-shire boundary on the north to Loch Morar on the south, a distance of some twenty miles as the crow flies. It extends inland and eastwards from the Sound of Sleat, which separates it from the Isle of Skye, a distance of some ten to twenty miles.

The civil parish includes three well-defined districts: (1) Glenelg proper, lying between the Ross-shire boundary (where it marches with the parish of Glenshiel) and Loch Hourn (which separates it from Knoydart); (2) Knoydart, which lies between Loch Hourn and Loch Nevis, and (3) North Morar, which lies between Loch Nevis and Loch Morar, beyond which to the south is the civil parish of Ardnamurchan. On the south-east the parish of Glenelg marches with the parish of Glengarry.

In this paper we shall confine ourselves to the area which we call Glenelg proper, which is now and has been for many years the ecclesiastical parish, although at one time the minister of Glenelg had to serve the whole civil parish right down to Loch Morar.

Glenelg is an ancient district, and was obviously a place of considerable importance from the earliest times. The indications of pre-historic habitation suggest that its human history stretches as far back as that of any other parish in the Highlands and Islands. Its position, on the west mainland facing the Isle of Skye, gave it strategic importance, especially during the long centuries when the main way in and out of Skye and the Hebrides beyond lay across the ferry at Kylerhea, between Glenelg and Skye.

Glenelg, moreover, is one of the most fertile and attractive districts in the north-west Highlands, once carrying a considerable crofter population, later on famous for its sheep farms and deer forests, in more recent times to a large extent re-settled as small-holdings, and now also to a considerable extent planted by the Forestry Commission and by local proprietors.

* * *

This paper is not intended to be a history of the parish. It is merely a selection of material drawn from various sources, from which, with greater amplification and further research, a parish history might be put together. There is no history of the parish, but there are many references to Glenelg in many books and documents.

It was my good fortune to have a double connection with Glenelg. Firstly, I spent my boyhood years at Kylerhea, in Skye, just two miles across the Sound from Glenelg, and my mother's people had been shepherds (Moffats and Fosters) in Glenelg and the surrounding parishes for several generations. Secondly, from 1932 to 1937 I was parish minister of Glenelg. It was during this period that I began to collect all the information I could obtain about the parish.

The material I have collected has been culled from many different sources.

First of all, there are numerous printed books, covering archæology, accounts left by various visitors in the past (as, for example, Johnson and Boswell), the Statistical Accounts, Origines Parochiales, clan histories, especially those dealing with the Clan Macleod and the Clan Fraser.

Secondly, there are unpublished records. The Kirk Session records of Glenelg go back only to 1831, but the records of the Synod of Glenelg and the Presbytery of Lochcarron go back to 1724, and I have had the opportunity of going through and extracting from all these. Earlier the parish of Glenelg was included in the Synod of Argyle, and the minutes of that Synod for the period 1639 to 1661, edited by the late Mr. Duncan C. Mactavish, have been published by the Scottish History Society. "The Book of Dunvegan," edited by the late Canon R. C. Macleod of Macleod from the charters in Dunvegan Castle, is a mine of information,

and I have also been provided with unpublished material from the Dunvegan Charter Chest through the kindness of the late Mrs. Brenda Osbaldistone-Mitford, the Canon's daughter.

Thirdly, during my ministry in Glenelg there were still living in the parish several very knowledgeable survivors of an older generation, full of local lore and tradition. There was, for example, John Macrae, one of the old Highland schoolmasters; William Martin, who had sailed the seven seas; Angus Stewart, blacksmith; Donald MacRae, "An Gobha Mór"; Donald MacMillan, known as "The Champion"; my own grandmother, Mrs. Agnes Moffat (née Foster), who had spent all her long life of well over ninety years in the parishes of Glengarry, Glenshiel, and Glenelg, as well as Strath in Skye. My great regret is that I did not take note of much more from these oral sources than I actually did, but one is usually wiser after the opportunity has gone. Now these old friends have all passed on, but I am grateful for what I did learn from them of earlier days.

* * *

The Place-Names of Glenelg

The place-names of Glenelg fall into four groups, indicating the four languages which have been spoken in the parish in historic times.

(1) Who the Picts were, whence and whither, it is not for me to say. The experts differ. It seems to be agreed, however, that place-names incorporating the element "pit" or "pett" are "Pictish." Such names occur fairly frequently in the east of Scotland (as, for example, Petty, Pitfour, Pitlochry), but, according to the late Professor W. J. Watson, there are only two such names on the west, and both are in Glenelg. They are "Pitalman" and "Pitalmit," and are found in old documents and old maps, and even in the Kirk Session records of a hundred years ago, but they have died out of popular usage in the parish, chiefly because they were crofting townships which were "cleared" a century ago to make way for a large sheep-farm. Before that happened, however, the old Pictish name, in the case of one of these, had been Gaelicised. "Pitalman" became "Baile-an-ailm,"

and this name is still in use. It is the name of a group of ruined walls in Glenmore, where once happy families dwelt and where bracken now holds sway. (The Pictish "pett" is said to have meant the same as the Gaelic "baile"—a township or farm.)

(2) There are quite a number of Norse names. The Norsemen occupied the west mainland, which includes Glenelg, for upwards of five hundred years, and not surprisingly have left their mark. Among the Norse names are Bernera, Scallasaig, Sandaig, Arnisdale, and Barrisdale. These names seem to me to incorporate personal names, which suggests that these places were originally land-holdings held by the leading Norsemen whose names they commemorate. "Bernera," for example, is said to mean "Bjorn's land."

(3) Most of the place-names in Glenelg are pure Gaelic, and some of them are very beautiful. There is, for example, Bealach na h-Oidhche, on the shoulder of Beinn a' Chapuill, and along with it go Allt Bealach na h-Oidhche, Loch Bealach na h-Oidhche, and Creag Bealach na h-Oidhche.

(4) There are English names, an increasing number. "Baile a' mhuilinn" has become "Milton." The nondescript name "Quarry" (in Gaelic, "An Cuaraidh") is applied to a beautiful little village. "Cnoc an t-sobhail" has become "Barnhill." "An Lagan Mor" has become "The Big Slack." "An Clachan" — where church, hotel, and post office are — has become "Kirkton."

Many old place-names have been forgotten. In Macfarlane's Geographical Collections (circa 1630) we read of "Achmaire in the mids of Glenelg"; "Childag, a mile from the Kirk at Kilchonan"; "Barnsaig-moir," "Barnsaig-beg," "Leadgachulle," "Achtacharn," "Toldowy." Away back in 1583, in a charter of life-rent given by Norman Macleod of Dunvegan to his wife, there is mention of the following: Lekewuir, Clamboyle, Achanahevill, Achatydowling. None of these are remembered or can be identified to-day.

From a rental of Glenelg, as it was in the time of the 19th Chief of Macleod, 1664 to 1693, I cite the following place-names and append notes provided by the late Mr. Kenneth Macleod of Swindon, England, who was a native of Glenelg:

"Vorblickir." Now "Bourblach," the residence and glebe of the parish minister to this day.

"Leithold-beg" and "Leithold-more" in Glenmore, both obsolete.

"Achichuirne," now obsolete, the place now being called "Beolary," a name transferred from the opposite side of Glenmore.

"Knockfuin," "Pitalmaig," "Milmore"—still traceable and included in the farm, but now broken up into small-holdings.

"Swordilan," now "Swordlan," at the junction of Glenmore and Glenbeg, six miles inland. It was here that Angus Macleod lived, locally known as "Aonghus Mac Alasdair," who, along with five sons, fought at Culloden, where he and four of them were killed. One son managed to escape. It is on record that he was wounded in the abdomen, and while holding part of his entrails in the lapel of his kilt he accounted for several redcoats with his claymore.

"Biallvraid," in Glenbeg, now "Balvraid" ("Baile a' bhràghad"), where Kenneth Macleod himself was born. His note is as follows: "My own birth-place. My forebears were landholders here from time immemorial. My father once possessed documentary evidence that he himself was the eighth generation in the direct line to hold those lands. He was the last of the line to live there. He was born in 1811 and died in 1898, and with him died volumes of material which ought to have been preserved."

"Achidadyle," "Cluimboile" and "Craunchile" have entirely disappeared from memory. "Leainver," "Lagandow" and "Blarnimaith" are also obsolete.

A discussion of the place-names of Glenelg would require a whole paper to itself. I shall merely list a few of the more interesting and discuss the meaning of the two most important ones.

"Teanga na Còmhstri" (The tongue of strife) fittingly describes a small pendicle of land between two burns, on the boundary between Ross-shire and Inverness-shire (or Glenshiel and Glenelg parishes). This strip of land has been claimed by both parishes and counties.

"Caolas an làmhachaidh" (The strait of dexterous handling) well describes the narrow channel (about 200 yards across)

between the mainland and Skye at Kylerhea. Here for centuries was the ferry to Skye, to which we shall refer later. Here the tide rushes swiftly, sometimes up to 7-8 knots, and here many a ship came to grief. I myself can recall two large tramp steamers which, getting out of hand in the strong currents, ran aground in the narrows during the 1914-18 war.

"Iomair nam fear móra" (The ridge of the big men) at Bernera is the site where the Fingalians were supposed to be buried and where a huge skull was once dug up.

On the top of Glasbheinn, on the borders of Glenshiel and Glenelg, is "Càrn Cloinn Mhic Cruimein," where are buried "nine-nines" of MacCrimmons, slain in battle. For the full story see Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, XXX 142 (a paper by J. G. Mackay).

"Uamh na Gliogadaich" or "Uamh na Gliongarsaich" is in Galder—"the cave of clinking or tingling."

"Cachaileith nan Casan Gorta." A very descriptive name —"the gateway of the sore feet."

"Beinn a' Chaisteil" and "Pàirc a' Chaisteil" (The ben of the castle and the park of the castle) refer to the site of the ancient castle of the Macleods.

"Druim Sgurr nan Cabar" — the ridge of the hill of the antlers.

"Allt Grannda"—the ugly stream.

"Spìdean Dhòmhnaill Bhric" — the pinnacle of freckled Donald. Who this Donald was I do not know.

"Bac an dùin"—the hollow of the fort. This is a field on the glebe, near to the site of a pre-historic dun, and is said to have been the place where open-air Communion services were held at one time.

"Torr na h-iolaire"—eagle-mount.

"Tobhta Mór"—where the Clarsair Dall (to whom I refer later) had his dwelling.

"Dail-dreaganais," the old name for part at least of what now goes under the name of "Quarry."

"Allt na Seana Gheid"—the burn of the old ridge. Here was the old peat-road by which the Glenelg people conveyed their fuel home in the old days.

"Loch Iain Mhic Aonghuis," at the junction of Glenmore and Glenbeg, "John MacInnes's loch." The story to account for its name is to the effect that a John MacInnes, who lived nearby, one day saw a very fine horse on his land. He thought he might put it to work for him, but, being somewhat suspicious, first asked the advice of a wise neighbour. The neighbour said he could use the horse provided he was careful never to retain it beyond sunset. John saddled the horse and had several days' ploughing out of it, but took good care to unyoke the horse before sunset each day. One day, however, being anxious to finish a particular field, he carried on with the ploughing as the sun went down. No sooner had the sun disappeared underneath the horizon than the strange horse freed itself from the harness, seized poor John in its mouth, and plunged with him into the loch. All that was ever seen of John thereafter was his lungs, later found in "Coire an Sgamhain." The "Each-uisge," no doubt!

"Torr na Fala"—the hillock of blood. This is a short distance up Cosaig from Kirkton. It was here that, in times of destitution, the people bled the living cattle and mingled the blood with their scanty meal to keep body and soul together.

"Creag an Iasgair"—the fisher's rock—stands beside the Free Church, with no water nearby. It is said, however, that the Glenmore river used to flow past it until the river was diverted a century ago.

"An t-Amar"—the channel or canal. This is an artificial channel made over a century ago by the proprietor in connection with a boat-building industry which he tried to establish.

"Tobar an fhìona"—the well of wine—is an ancient well close to the parish church and graveyard, and probably a "holy well" of early times.

"Creag an Dà Shimileir"—the two-chimneyed rock—used to jut up and partly overhang the main road between Glenelg and Glenbeg. The coming of motor traffic, large lorries and vans, and especially cattle floats, necessitated its removal by blasting. I remember it well.

"Port a' Ghàrraidh"—the haven of the wall—I associate with the late Angus Maclean, reckoned to be a "simple"

sort of man but in fact possessed of the sort of wit that Gilleasbuig Aotrom in Skye had. On one occasion a melodeon player was giving proof of his musicianship and entertaining the locals with a great variety of tunes. When he had exhausted his repertoire, Angus remarked seriously, "Cuiridh mi geall nach cluich thu am port seo." "Gu dé am port?" asked the melodeonist. "Port a' ghàrraidh," said Angus!

"Srath a' Chomair"—the strath of the confluence—is at the head of Glenbeg, at a place where ancient hill-tracks from Glenelg, Glenmore, Glenshiel, and Loch Hournhead and Glengarry meet. It was at one time the site of a regular market, to which people came from the parishes of Kintail, Glenshiel, Glenelg and Glengarry.

That must suffice for mention of place-names. But two deserve special attention.

There is the word "Glenelg" itself. The older native speakers I knew never called it "Gleann-eilge" in Gaelic, but "Glinn-eilge." I once mentioned this to the late Dr. D. J. Macleod, and he suggested that "Glinn-eilge" was a locative form. I myself, however, prefer to regard it as a plural—"the glens of Elg." In Glenelg proper there are actually three large glens—as well as some smaller ones—Bernera glen, Glenmore and Glenbeg.

The second part of the name, "Elg," is difficult to explain. It goes back very far, and W. J. Watson cites "iath Eilge" (the region of Elg) and "fear finn Eilge" (lord of fair Glenelg) from old manuscripts. Some suppose that Ealga was the name of the Norse princess alleged to be buried on the top of Beinn-na-Caillich in Skye, just opposite Glenelg. The two parish ministers, Colin MacIver and Alexander Beith, who contributed the accounts of the parish to the Old and New Statistical Accounts respectively, suggest the name "Glenelg" was originally "gleann seilg" or "gleann eilid," the valley of hunting or the valley of the hind. Beith says that both meanings are "equally appropriate, whether meant to be descriptive of the regular and extensive sweep of the mountains or of the rich verdure and covert by which they are distingushed." The Fingalians used to live and hunt in Glenelg, according to tradition, and this has been cited in support of the meanings just mentioned.

Watson himself points out that "ealga" means the same as "muc" or pig. The pig was apparently a sacred animal to the old Gaels. Ireland was called "Muc-innis" or "Innis-ealga" (island of boars or of the torc). Glenelg had its share of wild boars in the old days. It was in Glenelg that, according to tradition, Malcolm, third chief of Macleod, overcame the wild "torc" or "tarbh" (the animal is differently described in different versions), which gave the Macleods their crest and their slogan.

Watson also says that "ealga" means "excellent, noble," and he suggests that Glenelg means "the noble glen" or "the glen of the noble river." Macbain also favoured this interpretation.

The learned Hector Maclean of Islay argued that Glenelg meant "the fertile glen," from a word "elg" meaning a cultivated field or plain.

My own suggestion is based on what W. C. Mackenzie says about similar names. A charter of 1282 spells Glenelg as "Glen helk," while in popular Gaelic speech a Glenelg man is called "Eilginneach." This would seem to indicate that "elg" was earlier "helgin," and "helgyn," according to Mackenzie, means in Norse "holy place" ("helg-vin"), and so, he says, Elgoll in Skye (properly Helgoll) means "Holy Hill." But why should Glenelg be described as a "holy place?" As we shall see, it was the site of a Christian community from the seventh century onwards, and there are indications that in pre-Christian days rites of pagan worship were practised here, as witness the cup-marked stones in the parish.

The other place-name which has aroused much discussion is "Loch Hourn." Popular opinion makes it to be "Loch Iuthairne" (loch of hell), in contrast with its neighbour to the south, "Loch Nimheis" (Loch Nevis), alleged to mean "the loch of heaven." An old map writes it down as "Loch Hell." Macbain took it as "Loch Shuirn," from "Sorn" (a furnace or gulley), while Watson made it out to be "Loch Shubhairne" from "Sùbh-bheàrn" (berry-gap). At the head of Loch Hourn there is a corry called "Coire Shùbh," on which Watson fastens in support of his argument. He also cites from the poetry of John MacCodrum and the Book of the Dean of Lismore to show that there was an initial "s"

in the word, although local Gaelic speakers have long since forgotten all about it. The Dean has: "Leigeadh deireadh de mhùirn eadar Seile is Subhairne" (They make an end of jollity between Shiel and Loch Hourn). MacCodrum says:

> "O cheann Loch Shubhairne nam fuar-bheann
> Gu bun na stuaighe am Mòrair."

I must confess I find both Macbain and Watson far-fetched and fanciful, and I think there is something to be said for the traditional derivation, "The loch of hell." There is no sea-loch in Scotland more beautiful on a fine summer day; there is none more terrifying and dangerous in winter gales. Many lives have been lost in Loch Hourn, once the scene of great herring fishings.

The Antiquities of the Parish

The most famous antiquities in Glenelg are the two brochs or so-called "Pictish towers" in Glenbeg. At one time there were at least four brochs in Glenbeg, but of the most easterly and the most westerly only the site — a heap of jumbled boulders and stones—remains. Dun Telve and Dun Trodain, however, still stand to the height of some thirty feet in parts of their walls. They are of the type of circular building of which the best-known and best-preserved example is the broch of Mousa on a small island in the Shetlands. There is the double wall, with galleries and stairways in the walls. These curious structures have been investigated and described in many publications, notably in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and it is unnecessary to spend time on them here.

I may, however, recall the traditional tales of the Fingalians which associate them with these ancient structures. I use the word "Fingalians," although it is anything but correct, to describe the "Fiann," the warrior-band of Fionn. The tradition is that Fionn and his followers lived in these brochs and often went hunting in Skye. According to the version of the story recorded by the late W. C. Mackenzie, the Fingalian women were careful never to take food in the presence of their men-folk, but nevertheless managed to

remain "comely and well-favoured." The men wondered how the women managed to live on so little nourishment. One day, therefore, one of the warrior-band, Gairidh, was left at home while the other men went to Skye to hunt. Gairidh feigned illness and lay on his bed so that he could watch the women. He fell asleep, however, and the women promptly took strong wooden pegs and fastened Gairidh's seven locks tightly to the bottom of the bed, to keep him out of the way, and then they proceeded to feast on the finest food that glen or river could produce. Gairidh suddenly awoke, was irritated to find he was fastened to the bed, leapt to his feet with a mighty effort, and in so doing left every lock of his hair and the skin of his skull on the bed. Mad with pain, Gairidh rushed out, gathered brushwood which he placed around the locked door, and set fire to the dwelling with the women inside, so that none escaped. Meanwhile, over in Skye, Fionn and his hunting men saw the pall of smoke arise and suspected all was not well at home. They hurried back, vaulting over the "narrows" of Kylerhea on their spears. One of them, Reithe, failed "to make it" and was drowned, whence the name "Caol-Reithe" (Kylerhea). Fionn and his men found their women dead and Gairidh missing. At last he was discovered skulking in a cave and was suitably dealt with.

There are just two things I might add to the story. One is that at Kylerhea they point out the mark of the feet where the Fingalians took off as they vaulted over the narrows. The other is that near the Kylerhea narrows is a site called "Iomair nam Fear Móra" (The ridge of the big men), alleged to be the burying-place of the Fingalians. It is said that once upon a time a bold man began ploughing up the place, in defiance of local warnings. He turned up a human skull, which was so big that it easily fitted over the head of the biggest man present (alleged to be the Rev. Colin MacIver, minister of Glenelg from 1782 to 1829). Just at that point, however, a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and the ploughing speedily ceased and the skull of "Gairidh" or some other Fingalian was promptly buried again.

In Glenmore, on the glebe and quite close to the Manse, there is another site, locally referred to as a "dùn," but

more properly it is a "cairn." It appears not to have been excavated at any time, but has, like the brochs, suffered dilapidation at the hands of builders of dykes and dwellings.

In Glenmore—one on the glebe, the other at the foot of the glen at Galder—are two hill-top enclosures, by the name of "Am Bàghan." The one on the glebe has inside it the traces of a smaller building, possibly a little chapel. It may be that, during the early years of the Norse occupation, before the Norse themselves became Christian, the Christian community at Glenelg continued Christian worship within the safety of this fortified enclosure or "Bàghan."

At Balvraid in Glenbeg there is an earth-house. It was excavated, but has now fallen in and would require to be opened up anew. In the same glen there is a small stone circle and nearby a large cup-marked boulder. On the hill between Glenmore and Glenbeg there are traces of another stone circle. At Bernera there are cup-markings on a flat rock, known locally as "The Fairy Foot-prints."

At Scallasaig in Glenmore there is what some have called "A serpent mound," and it is said to have contained an urn. There are several mounds and knolls which seem to me artificial and might be worth investigating.

The Ownership of Glenelg

For upwards of five hundred years Glenelg was included in the wide domains of the Chiefs of the Clan Macleod. A charter of 1282 speaks of Glenelg as having previously belonged to the King of Man.

Olave the Black, King of Man, was born circa 1175. As King of Man he ruled over Lewis and Harris, Uist and Glenelg. A friend of his, Paul Bacach, was at that time Sheriff of Skye, and ruled Skye for the King of Norway. Olave had a son, Leod. It was from this Leod that the Clan Macleod and their Chiefs have come. I must admit that there are various theories about these matters in these far-off times. I merely follow what seems to me the most reasonable interpretation of the available information.

Olave sent his son, Leod, to be brought up by his friend, Paul Bacach, in Skye. The result was that, when Olave and Paul died, Leod became the heir of both. From Paul he

inherited most of Skye, Harris and Uist; from his father, Olave, he got Lewis and Glenelg, and, to crown all, he married the daughter of MacRaild and with her got the rest of Skye. Somehow or other he also acquired Gairloch. All these lands he held as a vassal of the King of Norway.

When the Battle of Largs (1263) broke the power of the Norse in Scotland, the Western Isles and mainland were given to the Scottish Crown, but Leod now held his lands as a vassal of the Earl of Ross, to whom the king of Scotland had given the superiority of these former Norse possessions.

To his son, Torquil, Leod left Lewis and Gairloch. To his son, Tormod, he left Skye, Harris and Glenelg.

It would appear, however, that the Macleods only possessed two-thirds of Glenelg. The other third, "the Ards of Glenelg," belonged from an early date to the Frasers of Lovat.

Between 1307 and 1314 Glenelg was taken from the Earldom of Ross and included in the Earldom of Moray, then held by Bruce's friend, Thomas Randoph. The Macleods thus held Glenelg as vassals of Randolph. In a charter dated 1342 King David II granted to Malcolm, chief of Macleod, two-thirds of Glenelg, namely, eight davochs and five pennylands, on condition that the latter should have ready for the king's use, when required, a galley or "birlinn" with 36 oars.

It was about this time, apparently, that a feud began between the Macleods and the Frasers, which lasted for 300 years. It is said to have begun with Fraser's suspicions of the relations between the Macleod chief and Fraser's wife. It is unnecessary to trace the story of this feud in detail. The necessary documents are printed in "The Book of Dunvegan."

Alasdair Crotach, the 8th chief, who became chief in 1480, is said to have been the last chief to occupy the dwelling in Glenelg, known as "Caisteal MhicLeòid." There remains no trace of any building on the traditional site, on the edge of a steep rock above the main road at Galder. When the foundations were still visible it was found to measure only 18 feet by 34 feet, and therefore could not have been much of a castle. It was probably a "hunting

lodge," but no doubt well fortified. It was certainly difficult of access. Here the MacLeod chiefs lived from time to time, when they visited their Glenelg estates. It is said that one night a child of Alasdair Crotach's fell from a nurse's arms at the window of the castle and down over the precipice and was killed, and the place ceased to be occupied. The chiefs moved their residence to a new dwelling which they built on Dail-mhór, where the Free Church Manse now stands.

In 1507 Alasdair Crotach seized the Fraser third of Glenelg, which was then valued at £40 a year. By 1527 the Macleods owed the Frasers £800 for the land they had seized. In 1533 one-third of the two-thirds of Glenelg which belonged to the Macleods was given by the king to Hugh Fraser of Lovat as security for the sum which the Macleods owed him for his land which they had taken. The weary squabble dragged on. In 1539 a good opportunity occurred for re-uniting Glenelg and settling the quarrel. Alasdair Crotach's son, William, married Lovat's daughter, Agnes. Unfortunately, William and Agnes had no male heir, and the feud broke out anew. William and Agnes had a daughter, however. Her name was Mary. She was only nine years of age when her father died and left her the heiress of his lands in Harris, Skye and Glenelg. There was naturally keen competition for the privilege of being her guardian. Mary spent some time at the court of Mary Queen of Scots and may have been one of "The Queen's Maries."

At last in 1612, three hundred years after it had started, the squabble between Macleod and Fraser over the Glenelg lands was settled by Rory Mor Macleod paying the sum of £9,000 to Fraser. From this time onwards the value of the Glenelg estate steadily increased in value. The following figures may be of interest. The rental of the Glenelg estate was as follows in the years indicated (the money is sterling):

Year 1735	-	-	£335	5	7
1755	-	-	£407	6	8
1773	-	-	£536	11	7
1798	-	-	£1322	14	5

During the eighteenth century the Macleod chiefs found themselves burdened with increasing burdens of debt, and

several times it was proposed to sell the Glenelg lands. This was finally done in 1811, when Glenelg was purchased from Macleod by a Mr. Bruce for the enormous sum in those days of £98,500.

It was, however, for Mr. Bruce and his successors an excellent investment. The coming of large-scale sheep-farming (resulting in the removal of the smaller tenants and the consolidation of older holdings) meant a steady increase in rent.

Here is the rental of the Glenelg estate, as possessed by Mr. Michael Bruce, in the year 1824. I give it from a manuscript given me by my predecessor as parish minister, the late Rev. Alexander Mactaggart.

Arnisdale and Lochournhead - - -	£670	0	0
Camusbane and Lochournside - - -	68	0	0
Corran and Lochournside - - - -	147	10	0
Kylerhea, Barnera and Galder - - -	382	3	4
Beorblich - - - - - - - -	18	12	9
Immergraddan, Leol and Milton - -	140	0	0
Beolary, Upper Myle, Mylemore, Pitalmic, Leanachan - - - - - - -	500	0	0
Knockfin and Eatanbhaich (Aodann a' bhathaich) - - - - - - -	100	0	0
Scallasaig and Swordlan - - - -	400	0	0
Islandreoch, Sandwick, Raasay, Inchkennel and Culnanune - - - - - -	700	0	0
Correry - - - - - - - -	70	0	0
Balavriaid - - - - - - - -	95	0	0
Kirkton and Cossaick - - - -	54	10	0
Barrack Ground, 40 acres arable land at £2 each - - - - - - - -	80	0	0
Rent of houses on Barrack ground, and gardens - - - - - - -	45	10	0
Salmon fishing - - - - - - -	20	0	0
Kelp shares - - - - - - -	25	0	0
Total Rental - -	£3,516	6	1

Bruce did not long retain the estate. It was soon sold to Charles Grant, M.P. for Inverness-shire, and later Lord

Glenelg, and Secretary of State for the Colonies. Later the estate passed into the possession of Baillie of Dochfour, but bit by bit it has been sold off to new proprietors, including the Department of Agriculture for Scotland and the Forestry Commission.

The Church of Glenelg

The saint whose name has been associated with Glenelg is a certain Coemgan or Cuimen. In various documents the name is variously spelt. In an old map dated 1600 the Glenelg Church is called "Kilchammerin." In Blaeu's map (1640) it is "Heglis Kilchummerin." In a document of 1650 it is Kilchuimen and Kilchonen, and in the Argyle Inventory of 1671 it is Kilchuman.

In view of the different spellings and also of the fact that there were several Celtic missionaries with very similar names (as, for example, Cumine, Cummene, Comman and Cummian), it is difficult to decide which person is associated with Glenelg. Cosmo Innes (in "Origines Parochiales") says that the church of Glenelg was apparently dedicated to St. Coemgan. The "g" would become soft or silent, and so the name might become "Caomhan" or "Cuimean." Innes also states that Cuimen's church, according to some old maps, seems to have stood on the right bank of a small stream falling into the Bay of Glenelg near the village of Kirkton, which is the exact site where the present parish church stands.

According to the late Dr. G. A. Frank Knight (in his "Archæological Light on the Early Christianising of Scotland"), the Cuimen who introduced Christianity to Glenelg was the person who also gave his name to "Cille-chuimein" (now in English Fort Augustus). This, he says, was Coemgan Ailbhe, "Cuimen the Fair." He was born in Ireland, and at an early age crossed over to Iona to serve as a monk under his uncle, Leghine. Later he became the seventh Abbot of Iona and spent the rest of his days there, except when he paid an occasional visit to his native Ireland or went forth on missionary journeys to the north. It was while on these evangelising journeys that he founded a church at the present Fort Augustus and another in Glenelg.

Cuimen died in 669. We may therefore claim that the Christian Faith has been professed and Christian worship continued in Glenelg for almost 1300 years. There is no other ecclesiastical site in the parish (that is, in Glenelg proper), except the site of the alleged chapel in Bàghan Bhuorblaich, already referred to. We have reason to believe, therefore, that Christian worship has continued on the site where the present parish church stands for almost thirteen centuries. Whether it has continued without interruption is another matter. Since the area came early under Norse domination, and the Norsemen were, to begin with, pagan, it is very likely that, for a time at least, the ecclesiastical site may have been abandoned. But we have tradition to tell us that it was restored again as early as the early 13th century.

Before passing on, one may hazard the suggestion that "Kilchammerin" means "Cille-chuimein-érin," "The church of Cuimen of Ireland." One might also mention that in 1561 the "Ards" of Glenelg were held by Macleod of Dunvegan and Glenelg under the Abbot of Iona as superior.

According to the History of the Clan MacRae, a certain Crotach MacGilligorm built a church at Glenelg and another at Kilmore in Skye early in the 13th century. This Crotach's father, it is said, was killed in battle with the Frasers of Lovat, and Crotach, then a child, had his back broken by the Frasers lest on growing up he might avenge his father's death. Being hunchbacked, he was called "Crotach," and was trained for the priesthood by the monks of Beauly. He eventually journeyed to the west and, as already stated, founded a church at Glenelg.

Cosmo Innes notes that there is no reference to the church of Glenelg or its clergy in any documents or records prior to the Reformation.

After the Reformation the parish of Glenelg was included for a time in the Presbytery of Lorn, then for a period in the Presbytery of Skye, and then again for another period in the Presbytery of Lorn. In 1724 Glenelg was included in the Presbytery of Lochcarron (at first called Presbytery of Gairloch) and Synod of Glenelg, both of which were erected that year. Glenelg was the seat and meeting-place of the Synod for many years.

It is unnecessary to list the names of the parish ministers or, from 1843, the Free Church ministers. The essential details about them will be found in the "Fasti" and in "Annals of the Free Church." It will suffice here to put on record certain matters of interest not already in print.

Four ministers are named as serving the parish in the 17th century — Alan Clerk, Allan Maclennan, Sweyn Mac-Sweyn (who was intruded) and John Morrison. At that time, according to local tradition, the manse and glebe were in Glenbeg, and Glenbeg happened to be the part of the parish likely to be first reached by cattle-raiders from Lochaber. The story is told that the Lochaber men came on one occasion and drove away the minister's cattle. At the head of the Glen, however, they lost their way. They met a stranger and asked him to direct them to the hill-track leading home to Lochaber. The stranger undertook to guide them, but he actually led them into a place where they were easily set upon and suitably handled by the Glenelg men. The stranger was the Glenelg minister, whose prowess won the applause of his parishioners. Which of the afore-mentioned four ministers this was we cannot say.

From the Records of the Presbytery of Lochcarron, I extract the following items which refer to Glenelg:

The first relates to a "presbyterial visitation" by the Presbytery. At Glenelg on 16th September, 1730, the Presbytery met. There were present Mr. Donald Macleod (Lochalsh), Moderator, Mr. Murdo Macleod (Glenelg), Mr. John Maclean (Kintail) and Mr. John Beaton (Glenshiel). The "visitation" started with the minister of Glenelg lecturing to his congregation, who had assembled, on Psalm 17 and preaching on Psalm 48, verse 11, in the presence of the Presbytery. The Presbytery approved of his discourses, and he "was encouraged in the Lord." Then, the minister being removed, the elders and the heads of families in turn were questioned by the Presbytery. "The usual questions being put to them, they gave satisfying answers to them, considering the situation of the bounds." "Thereafter the schoolmaster, precentor, session-clerk, and beddal being called for, the minister, elders, and heads of families represented that the beddal is lying sick so that he could not attend at the time but that he is diligent and faithful in his office; that

there is no parochial but a charity school in the parish, and that there is no precentor. Which being considered, the Presbytery seriously recommended to them to use all proper methods for getting a parochial school erected in the parish according to law, and to employ a proper person to be precentor and session-clerk." The minister gave his excuse for not producing his session books and was ordered to have them ready the next time. "The Presbytery finding that the day is far spent have delayed the visitation of the parochial library till to-morrow."

On the following day the Presbytery proceed to "visit" the parochial library. "Master Murdoch Macleod, minister of Glenelg, in whose custody the said library is, produced the same, and the Presbytery, having viewed the books therein and compared the same with the catalogue thereof, have found that the said library is in very good case," but a certain number of books were missing, and the minister was instructed to recover them as soon as possible.

Unfortunately we do not have a list of the books in the library, and the library itself has vanished long ago. We do have, however, in the Presbytery minutes a list of the books found to be missing at this visitation, and I quote some of the titles to indicate the sort of "light reading" that the people of that time indulged in. One suspects that the borrowers from the library consisted of the minister, the schoolmaster and some of the local gentry (the tacksman class). It is not likely that many of the ordinary people could speak English, much less read books in English or in Latin.

The books missing from the Glenelg parochial library in 1730 included the following:

Cyprian, On the Lord's Prayer, printed 1702.

Calvin's Institutions, Englished by Morton, printed 1634.

Petrie's Church History.

Brough's Holy Feasts and Fasts, printed 1657.

Sarnold's Supplication of Saints or Book of Prayers, 1678.

Talbore's Rational Account of the Causes and Cures of Ague, printed 1672.

Lensden's Novi Testamenti Compendium Graecum, 1682.

Barony's Apologia de formali objecto fidei, 1657.

A Brief Answer to the Quaker's Vinditia Veritatis, 1703.

Three copies of The Plain Man's Reply to the Catholic Missionary.

Asheton, Against Blasphemy (two copies).

Barow's Brief State of the Socinian Controversy.

Pastoral Advice to a Young Parson (two copies).

A Short Account of Religion.

The Country Parson's Admonitions to his Parishioners.

Asheton's Exhortations to the Holy Communion.

Doctor Asheton's Sermons before the Natives of Kent.

Leighton on the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Decalogue (four copies).

Fleming, On the Death of King William (three copies).

A Rebuke to Uncleanness.

Dr. Stillingcourt's Prayers.

A Persuasive to Observe the Lord's Day.

An Earnest Exhortation to House Keepers.

The Rev. Murdo Macleod, a graduate of King's College, Aberdeen, was minister of Glenelg from 1707 to 1755, when, at the age of seventy-seven years, he demitted office "from old age and infirmity." However, a few months after his demission he became the occasion of scandal in the parish and was deposed from the ministry. Two years later he married (for the second time) at the age of seventy-nine.

In the Presbytery Records, 1732, we find the following: "There being a 'fama clamosa' that Mr. Murdo Macleod, minister at Glenelg, did upon some day of the week immediately after the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in his parish cruelly beat one Donald McIllichurvich in Mull (now Myle) to the effusion of his blood, upon which his wife coming to assist him and crying 'Murder' that the neighbours might convene to rescue him, the said Master Murdo used her likewise barbarously and inhumanly, and Mr. Murdo Macleod, being interrogate as to these particulars, confessed judicially that being provoked by the said Donald McIllicharrich, he did

beat him, and that the said Donald's wife coming to his assistance and raising a clamour he threw her down also and put his foot upon her neck to stop her vociferation." The Presbytery appointed a committee to enquire. Later the committee reported that the minister "did strike the said Donald McIllicharich and Anna McLennan his wife foresaid upon such an occasion as served to aggravate the offence." The Rev. Murdo Macleod was therefore "sharply rebuked" and threatened with higher censures unless he mended his ways of carrying out his pastoral duties.

The 18th century ministers of Glenelg, including the redoubtable Rev. Murdo Macleod, were quite gone from local memory in Glenelg in my early days there. The furthest back that local tradition, ministerially, went was to the Rev. Colin MacIver, who was minister from 1782 to 1829. Several stories were told of him. One was to the effect that on one occasion, when he had Dr. John Macdonald of Ferintosh to assist at the Glenelg Communion, he remonstrated with Macdonald for calling his parishioners sinners. "Chan 'eil ach aon pheacach anns an sgìr seo," arsa Maighistir Cailean, "Dòmhnall Ruadh ud shuas." ("There's only one sinner in this parish — Donald Roy yonder.")

The two ministers who were most spoken of were the Rev. Alexander Beith and the Rev. John MacRae.

Beith was minister of Glenelg from 1830 to 1839. He died in Stirling in 1891. At the Disruption he threw in his lot with the Free Church. A grandson of Beith's was the late Major Ian Hay Beith ("Ian Hay"), the well-known author, and a great-grand-daughter is Miss Janet Beith, who won some measure of fame over twenty years ago by winning a 20,000 dollar prize in a world novel competition with her novel, "No Second Spring," which is based on Alexander Beith's diary of his life as minister at Glenelg. In 1933 the Beith family erected a mural tablet in Glenelg Church in memory of their ancestor, and Miss Janet Beith was present at the service of dedication which I had the honour of conducting.

While in Glenelg, Beith lost four of his children by death within the space of six weeks (three girls aged 12, 9 and 2, and a boy aged 4). They are buried in Glenelg, and

the tragic circumstances are described in Beith's little book, "Sorrowing Yet Rejoicing." Dr. Beith was a prolific writer, and published quite a number of books, pamphlets and articles. The Kirk Session Records say that he laid down the ruling that in future not more than two glasses of whisky were to be drunk before "lifting" the corpse at funerals, and not more than three more after it had been consigned to the grave. Local tradition speaks of Beith with respect, although there are stories of his awkwardness as a Gaelic preacher, in which language apparently he was not altogether at home. He was a native of Campbeltown, received a D.D. degree from Princeton, U.S.A., and was Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly.

The Rev. John MacRae, minister from 1840 to 1875, is often spoken of. He and a party with him saw a "sea serpent" in Loch Hourn, but I cannot at the moment find my notes on this interesting experience.

Some Old Families

Glenelg having been for so long Macleod property, it was only to be expected that most of the gentry or tacksman class would be Macleods, and two families especially may be mentioned—the Macleods of Eileanreach and the Macleods of Arnisdale.

Donald Glas Macleod, descended from Iain Borb, 6th Chief of Macleod, was one of the most distinguished warriors of his day. He was killed at a comparatively early age at the battle of Carinish in North Uist in 1601. He was the progenitor of the Macleods of Drynoch. His great-grandson, Norman, 4th of Drynoch, became the first of Eileanreach in Glenelg. The Laird of Macleod sent Norman to be factor in Glenelg to guard that part of the Macleod estates against the ravages of the Lochaber cattle-lifters. He was factor of Glenelg from 1727 to 1747, and his tombstone in the Glenelg Churchyard carries a lengthy and highly eulogistic Latin inscription. He was succeeded in Drynoch and Eileanreach by his son, John, who was succeeded by his brother, Donald. Donald was succeeded by his son, Norman. This Norman, 7th of Drynoch and 4th of Eileanreach, was factor from 1779 until the estate of Glenelg was

sold in 1811. He then bought the farm of Knock in Sleat, Skye.

The Presbytery Records have references to some of these Macleods. In 1728 Norman of Eileanreach, as factor for Macleod, tried to block the minister's attempt to get a new glebe assigned him. In 1729 the minister of Glenelg reported to Presbytery "that according to appointment he did rebuke Norman Macleod of Drynoch sessionally for his Sabbath profanation in company with the Lairds of Macleod, Mackinnon, and Tallisker, and others."

A sister of Norman, 4th of Eileanreach, was the wife of the Rev. Colin MacIver, Glenelg, while a daughter of Norman was married to a later minister, the Rev. John MacRae ("Maighistir Iain").

Another notable family was the Macleods of Arnisdale, but, since the Rev. Donald Mackinnon has written a book about them, we need not spend any time on them here.

From 1764 to 1778 the factor of Glenelg was John Murchison, tacksman of Beolary, in Glenmore, a distant kinsman of my own. He is the Murchison referred to by Johnson and Boswell as having sent them a present of rum and sugar when they visited Glenelg. He also presented to the Glenelg Church two beautiful Communion Cups, inscribed with his name and the date 1796, which are still in use. He was an Elder of the congregation.

The State of the People

Glenelg, being one of the most fertile parishes on the west mainland, at one time carried a considerable population, but with the increasing pressure of higher and ever higher rents, caused by the competition of large-scale sheep farmers from the south for Highland hill grazings, emigration set in. Between 1770 and 1774, 169 emigrants left the parish. In 1785, 14 left. Two years later another 10. In 1793, 130 went away. In 1849 more than 500 people had to leave Glenelg. They had petitioned the proprietor, Baillie of Dochfour, to provide some means of existence for them at home by carrying out land reclamation and improvements in the district or, failing this, to help them to emigrate. He chose the latter alternative. He contributed £2,000, and the

Highland Destitution Committee contributed £500, to the cost of passage money, free rations, a month's maintenance after arrival in Canada, and clothing for the more needy persons. The 500 sailed in the ship "Liscard." But even before this date there was already in Canada a parish called "Glenelg" with a population greater than the home parish, mostly emigrants and descendants of emigrants from Glenelg.

It is said that at one time there were some twelve townships in Glenmore. The day came when there were less than half that number of houses altogether. It was good sheep country, as will be seen from the following figures. In Glenmore there were two farms, Beolary with 4,500 sheep and Scallasaig with 3,100 sheep. Further south there was the Eileanreach tack carrying 5,400 sheep, and Arnisdale carrying 4,300.

The following information from the Minutes of Evidence of the Napier Crofters' Commission may be of interest:

"The number of persons without land in Kirkton is about twenty families. They pay 5/- for a house. They were dispossessed of their lands when their crofts were made into a sheep farm, fifty years ago and later, but some within the last ten to twenty years." "The Widow Cameron, paying £12 rent, was evicted and got no compensation for the barn and byre she built. France (the factor) took possession of the barn and gave the byre to others, and he let her land to four people for grazing, and they pay £17 altogether, and he had one-third of the land himself for nothing. This eviction happened ten years ago. Jane Fraser had a croft with rent of £6. She was evicted and her land divided into three lots."

Another man testified: "The hill (grazing of Cosaig) now belongs to Eileanreach. I have seen the whole of Cosaig belong to the crofters who were in Kirkton and Cosaig. They lost the first part of it more than 40 years ago, when old Currie was factor. Then by stages the fence was moved to the back of our houses and we lost all the land, and we were brought to poverty."

Donald MacRae, aged 73, said: "I have seen the Great Glen (Glenmore) from top to bottom full of people, considerably over sixty years ago" (he was giving this evidence in 1883, so this takes us back to 1823); "there

were a number of small townships, but they were bigger than they looked. Behind them in the hills they had a shieling for every township. A great many went to America, some to Australia. Their lands were made into bigger lands and given to the few who remained. The clearing was gradual. The glen was gradually cleared down and down, township after township, until they reached the glebe. I will give you the names of nine townships, each with its shieling —Maolmore, Maol-uachdarach, Bolanalin (Baile an ailm), Cnocfhuin (Cnocfhinn), Ardaun, Abathalith, Achadachuirn, Airithcheachan, Toamcluiadain, Gallatair, Achdain." (One is surprised that a Commission, of which Professor Donald Mackinnon of the Edinburgh Celtic Chair was a member, should have been so careless with the spelling of Gaelic place-names; some of these I cannot identify at all.) MacRae went on: "All these are uninhabited now, except for shepherds. These clearances did not begin in Macleod's time, but in the time of Bruce. It was Bruce's factor that began it. I have seen Bruce myself. Bruce was a good proprietor, but he had bad servants. The policy was to deprive the people of their beasts and so reduce them to poverty that this might be made an excuse for sending them to America. The people had horses and cattle and sheep and the fishing of loch and river salmon. In the last township each tenant had 10 milk cows and a horse and a few sheep. The first number who went to America were those from the upper part of the glen. They had their stock which they sold and paid their own passage. Six of my own brothers went. The process of taking the land began sixty years ago at the head of the glen. In the time of the famine in 1846 I saw 400 go away in one day, and they had lost their land 25 years before that, but they had been allowed to stay on as landless cottars."

Robert Somers, in his "Letters from the Highlands" (1848), has this to say about Glenelg: "The whole of the beautiful and fertile strath called Glenelg Proper, anciently the property of the Macleod, now belongs to this successful Bristol merchant (Mr. Baillie). . . . Glenelg Proper is famed for the richness of its pasture. To near the tops of the hills, the green grass feels smooth and soft under the tread as a luxurious carpet. . . . In the bottom of the glen, which

is wide and level, but in which, for many long years, there has been a total cessation of the agricultural operations necessary to clean and dry the soil, large tracts of ground lie soaked with water, and covered with fog and rushes. . . . This rich but neglected and deteriorating glen is eight or nine miles long. . . . At the head of Glenelg Proper is Scallasaig, a grazing farm, with about 3,000 sheep. Further down I passed Beolary, another sheep farm, with a stock of 4,000. Two or three acres of turnips were the only marks of cultivation I could discover on either of those large farms. I came next to Immergraden, a club farm, with four tenants, who pay £120 of rent, and cultivate on the old system — keeping eight or nine cows each, and only a few sheep. Further on a little I passed the manse, with its glebe of nearly 400 acres, about one-eighth of which is arable. About a mile on, I at length reached the village or Kirkton of Glenelg, its population penned as usual along the sea coast, and struggling to support existence by a half-and-half dependence upon the resources of land and water. Of the 148 families in the village of Glenelg, 57 have no land ; the remaining 91 have lots carrying from half an acre to two acres each."

We may conclude this section by mentioning that in the 1920's the farms of Beolary and Scallasaig were bought over by the Department of Agriculture and divided up into small-holdings, and to-day Glenmore carries a bigger population than it did forty years ago.

The Clarsair Dall

Roderick Morrison, Ruairidh Dall, was a descendant of the Morrisons of Lewis, the "Breves" or hereditary judges of that island. The last "judge" was John of Habost, Rory's great-great-grandfather. Rory's father was John of Bragar. Rory lost his eyesight when at school in Inverness. Smallpox was the cause of his loss. He was a gifted bard and musician, and became official harper to the Laird of Macleod. It is said that he studied in Ireland. His father is said to have complained that "the education of Rory as a musician cost him more trouble and expense than that of the two parsons." Two of Rory's brothers were ministers.

One of them, John, was minister at Glenelg from 1699 to 1706, and was later minister of Urray.

It was Iain Breac Macleod, the 16th Chief of Dunvegan, who engaged Rory Dall as his family harper, giving him in return for his services the farm of Tota-Mor rent free. Tota-Mor is in Glenelg, but the name is not now heard. There is, however, a site called "Tobhta a' Chlarsair" near the school, while vague traditions of the harper survive in the district.

Most of Rory's poetical compositions are addressed to Iain Breac, his Chief, who died in 1693, and was succeeded by Roderick Og, a man utterly unlike his father. Iain Breac had lived in the "grand manner," befitting a great Highland Chief, having as his bard the famous Gaelic poetess, Mary Macleod, "Màiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh," as his pipers the MacCrimmons, and as his harper Rory Dall. The new Chief inaugurated an "anglified regime" at Dunvegan, dispensing with the services of family bard and harper and other retainers. Rory Dall was evicted from his farm in Glenelg and ended his days in his native Lewis between 1725 and 1735, and was buried in the old cemetery at Eye near Stornoway. His "Oran Mór MhicLeòid" bewails the departed glory of Dunvegan.

The Barracks of Bernera

Every visitor to Glenelg is sure to ask about the roofless high walls, standing grim and desolate, a short distance from the shore and a little to the north of the Church and the village of Kirkton. This building is what is locally known as "An Gearasdan" (The Garrison), but usually referred to as "The Barracks of Bernera."

For maintaining peace in the Highlands in the late 17th and early 18th centuries—no easy task for the Government of the day—two methods were adopted. The one method was to recruit some companies of native Highlanders (later known as "The Black Watch," "Am Freiceadan Dubh," from their dark tartan). These companies patrolled wide districts and kept a watchful eye on cattle-reivers and blackmailers. The second was one first adopted by Cromwell. This was to form a series of forts along the line of the Great Glen. Cromwellian forts were erected at

Inverness and at Inverlochy (now Fort William), and probably also at Cille-chuimen (now Fort Augustus).

However, in the beginning of the 18th century, the Jacobite Risings of 1715 and 1719, added to the still continuing "peaceful industries" of cattle-stealing and blackmail, called for greater vigilance and stronger methods, and the "Act for Disarming the Highlanders" after the Fifteen Rising proved worse than useless. "After the disarming act was passed, and those companies (that is, the Black Watch) were broke," according to Lord Lovat's Memorial of 1724, "there were some other measures laid down for preserving the peace of the Highlands." Among these further measures was the strengthening of existing forts and the building of new barracks "at a very great expense." Thus there were four permanent garrisons in the Highlands—Ruthven (near Kingussie), Cille-chuimen (later Fort Augustus), Inverlochy (later Fort William), and Bernera in Glenelg.

The Barracks of Bernera are not historically so important as those others mentioned, but as a party of military was stationed there continuously from about 1720 till after 1790, and as the ruined walls, remarkably well preserved, are still an object of interest, it may be well to set down some information about this reminder of old unhappy far-off things.

In a series of 18th century MS. plans of old castles and fortifications in Scotland, which were a number of years ago lent to the National Library of Scotland by the War Office, there are several which refer to the Barracks of Bernera. Included in these documents is "A Prospect of that Part of the Land and Sea adjacent to the Barrack to be built in Glenelg," with the date 1720 appended. Another plan, dated 1719, shows the Fort Barrack of Bernera in Glenelg and Surrounding Country, showing land to be purchased, and also showing the rubble-stone quarry whence the stone was to be taken, and the officers' and workmen's houses. There is also a plan of the Barrack, dated 1719. The features designated on the plan include "Piles of Barracks," "Brew and Bake House," "Guard House," "Ramparts Vaulted," "Officers Bogg House," "Plan of the Loopholes," "Bogg House for Private Men," "Draw Well," "Drain," and plan of gable end, elevation and section of the barracks, and elevation of the ramparts.

There were four floors or stories, including the ground floor, and the two large buildings were surrounded by a high wall with an entrance gate. To-day, these buildings, apart from being roofless, are in remarkably good condition.

The exact year of the erection of the Barracks of Bernera is not known. Pennant, Knox, and the Rev. Colin MacIver all give 1722 as the date of erection, and this would seem to be borne out by the dates on the plans above mentioned. On the other hand, the "Domestic Annals of Scotland" record how, in February, 1721, two factors, who had been appointed to uplift the rents on the forfeited estate of Seaforth in Kintail, and were being baulked in their endeavours by the redoubtable Colonel Donald Murchison of Auchtertyre (a distant kinsman of my own), "caused a constable to take a military party from Bernera Barracks into Lochalsh." In September of the same year, the same two factors arranged to have "an addition of fifty soldiers from Bernera." It would appear, therefore, that the Barracks were erected before 1722. There are still traces of a date carved on the keystone of the main entrance, but the stone is now so weather-worn that only the first two figures can be deciphered with any certainty (thus, "17—"). However, some of the older people in Glenelg, twenty-five years ago, said they remembered the date as "1719," which is probably correct, for in 1718 (according to the Lochcarron Presbytery Records) the government engineers began to prepare for building on the piece of land which had been acquired for the site of the barracks.

The land taken over for the barracks included both the minister's glebe and land owned by the proprietor, Macleod of Macleod.

According to the "Book of Dunvegan," Volume II, page 97, "about the year 1720 MacLeod involuntarily parted with a piece of land at Bernera in Glenelg," and some bundles of papers in the Dunvegan Muniment Room refer to the matter.

According to Canon R. C. Macleod's reading of these papers, the Government in 1720 built a barrack at Bernera, apparently without asking any permission. This land was worth about £33 a year. They also spoilt a salmon fishery which produced from eight to ten barrels of salmon a year,

"by the nastiness which was thrown out of the barracks," and took possession of a moss where the people had been accustomed to cut peats. In 1734 Macleod applied for payment, in compensation for the loss sustained by him, but it was not until 1749 that he received payment. He was then paid upwards of £1,600. He received 25 years' purchase for the net value of the land (amounting to £825), 13 years' purchase for the fishing rights (amounting to £299), and the balance for interest on the purchase money since the land was taken over.

The land thus taken over by the Government from Macleod included what had formerly been the minister's glebe. It would appear that the previous minister, the Rev. John Morrison (minister from 1699 to 1706) had exchanged this glebe for 8 bolls bere of yearly compensation, an arrangement which was also accepted by the succeeding minister, Rev. Murdo Macleod (1707-1755). This arrangement, however, seems to have left the minister with some right to resume the land in question as glebe-land, if he so desired. This is indicated by the minutes of a meeting of Presbytery held at Glenelg in November, 1728, for "designing a glebe."

"None of the heritors compeared, nor any in their name, except Norman Macleod of Drynoch, factor for the Laird of Macleod, who in name of the said Laird of Macleod protested against the Presbytery's designing a glebe in this parish, in regard there was a glebe formerly designed by the Presbytery of Skye which was possessed by the late minister, who did afterwards take from the said Laird of Macleod eight bolls bear yearly in compensation for the said glebe, as the present minister continues to do." Whereupon, "the said Master Murdoch Macleod, minister at Glenelg, reprotested that neither he nor his successors in office shall be eased by the said protest for the reasons following, viz., Primo, that granting there was a glebe formerly in the parish, yet the same is now in the hands of the Government, the ingineers and others employed in the year 1718 to design a convenient place for a barrock in Glenelg having condescended on the said glebe as a part of the precincts of the said barrock; Secundo, the said glebe being in the said Laird of Macleod's possession, as the said factor owns in his above protest, when the Govern-

ment pitched upon it, and he having alienated the same or allowed it to have been alienated without interruption in prejudice of the minister, it is obvious that in all equity and law the minister should have a new glebe designed him out of the said Laird of Macleod's lands in the parish for the above reasons, to which may be added that the said Laird of Macleod's lands are the best ewest to the Kirk except the said precincts of the Barrock, nor can the Laird of Macleod be at any loss by the desired new designation since he has recourse to the Government for the lands they have taken of him, who will no doubt give him compensation if he seek it, if he does not 'sibi imputet.'"

The Presbytery then enquired "if there be any kirklands in the parish, and where it lies, but, having got account of none, they with the discreet men of the parish and the forenamed landmetster (Evan Macleod) took a view of the ground next adjacent to the Church, except the forenamed precincts, and with the landmetster measured out four acres of arable land for a glebe with a half-acre for the stance of a manse, office-houses and garden, and that upon the ground called Lossel and Lonaloskin, bounded on the east by the river, on the south by a stank dividing it from the field called Achnadrochid, on the west by the moss conterminating with the precincts of the barrock, and on the north by a small stripe running from the foresaid moss into the river . . . and the Presbytery caused march and meith the same and set up march-stones." Also, "having not found grass for a horse and two cows lying convenient to the said glebe," the Presbytery instructed the heritors of the parish to pay the minister and his successors in office a yearly sum of £20 Scots in lieu thereof. They also "ordained the said minister and his successors foresaid to have fire, ish and entry, foggage, feal, and divot, with liberty of fire and fewel."

For what reason we know not—the records being silent—this new glebe was never occupied by the minister, nor was a manse built upon it, and in 1763 the Rev. Donald Macleod, Murdo Macleod's successor, requested a glebe, and the Laird of Macleod "agreed, for himself, his heirs and successors, to give the Farm of Buorblach," extending to almost 400 acres, to the minister of Glenelg and his

successors in office, in lieu of a glebe, in all time coming, for a yearly rent of "twelve bolls of victual, that is to say, eight bolls of oat meal and four bolls of bear, to be paid in kind or converted at the rate of ten merks Scots per boll . . . together with the sum of £5: 9: 5⅓ sterling in lieu of multures."

This farm is still in the possession of the minister of Glenelg, but now as a glebe, and not in lieu of a glebe. Some forty or fifty years ago it was reduced in size to 300 acres and designated as a glebe.

To return to the barracks of Bernera: it would appear, then, that the building of the barracks began in 1718, and may not have been completed until 1722, while the keystone already referred to may have been fixed in position in 1719.

Local tradition says that some of the material used in the building of the barracks was taken from the so-called Pictish brochs in Glenbeg, some four miles away. This is corroborated by Pennant, who writes: "In 1722 some 'Goth' purloined from the top (of Dun Telve, the lower broch) seven feet and a half, under pretence of applying the materials to certain public buildings."

Knox, the fishery expert, writing in 1786, says that "these buildings (the barracks) were made, it is said, a notorious job; and their present ruinous state, in so short a time (that is, some 66 years after their erection) seems to confirm that assertion." Nevertheless, the walls are still almost entire, except that many of the corner-stones have been removed, and may be seen built into the corners of several houses in the district.

The Rev. Colin MacIver, writing in 1795, says: "Of the house that was formerly appropriated for the use of the soldiers, the skeleton only remains, but the officers' barracks are still habitable."

The barracks consisted of "two houses, containing 24 apartments, for the accommodation of 200 soldiers." Apparently the barracks were never occupied by the full complement of men. General Wade, in his Report on the Highlands in 1724, addressing the King, says: "Your barracks were afterwards built in different parts of the Highlands, and parties of the Regular Troops under the

command of Highland Officers, with a company of thirty Guides (established to conduct them through the mountains) was thought an effectual scheme, as well to prevent the rising of the Highlanders disaffected to Your Majesty's Government, as to hinder the depredations on your faithful Subjects. It is to be wished that during the reign of your Majesty and your successors no Insurrection may ever happen to experience whether the Barracks will effectually answer the end proposed; yet I am humbly of opinion that if the number of troops they are built to contain was constantly quartered in them (whereas there is now in some but thirty men) and proper provisions laid in for their support during the winter season, they might be of some use to prevent the Insurrection of the Highlanders; though, as I humbly conceive, (having seen them all) that two of the four are not built in as proper situations as they might have been." One wonders whether Bernera was one of the two, in Wade's judgment, unsuitably situated.

One of Wade's proposals was that "Quarter Sessions be punctually kept at Killichimen, Ruthven in Badenoch, and Fort William, and if occasion should require at Bernera near the coast of the Isle of Skye." In 1725 Wade suggested that "the Regiment quartered at Fort William remain there during the summer and supply the Barracks of Ruthven and Bernera with Garrisons."

MacIver (in 1795) says that from the time of their erection "till after the 1745 there were commonly one or two companies of foot quartered" in Bernera Barracks; "but, since, a smaller command was deemed sufficient; and for twenty years back there has been only a serjeant or corporal, with a few privates." In September, 1721, as already noted, fifty soldiers were sent from Bernera to aid the factors on the forfeited estates. In 1772 Pennant refers to the barracks as "handsome and capacious, designed to hold 200 men; at present occupied only by a corporal and six soldiers," and adds: "The country lament this neglect. They are now quite sensible of the good effects of the military, by introducing peace and security; they fear lest the evil days should return, and the ancient thefts be renewed, as soon as the 'Banditti' find this protection of the people removed."

In 1773, Boswell, as he passed through Glenelg to Skye with Dr. Samuel Johnson, wrote: "As we passed the barracks at Bernera, I looked at them wishfully, as soldiers have always everything in the best order; but there was only a serjeant and a few men there." In 1786 Knox facetiously reports: "Here (at Bernera Barracks) I was entertained by the commanding officer, and his whole garrison. The former was an old corporal, and the latter was the old corporal's wife; the entertainment, snuff and whisky."

In August 1745 the "Dutillet" or "La Doutelle" — the French frigate which had just landed Prince Charles Edward at Loch-nan-Uamh at the outset of the Forty-five Rising— sailed up the Sound of Sleat and through the narrows of Kylerhea, between the mainland (Glenelg) and Skye. This note occurs in the captain's log: "At mid-day I was abreast of a big building lying between two mountains in a flat, the approach to the building being, say, 4 leagues off. When we got well in front of it, we made out soldiers about." But the perilous propinquity of "red soldiers" did not dismay the Frenchman. He sailed past Bernera barracks on Wednesday, 18th August, and a mile or two further on (opposite Loch Duich and Eilean Donan) "rounded a point behind which were four small English craft in a bight called Callioyheston" (that is, "Cailleach Stone," in Gaelic "Sgeir na Caillich," still a much used anchorage), "and these I captured without firing a shot." It was not until the following Saturday that the French frigate moved on. A week later, the Laird of Macleod, laird of Glenelg, wrote to Lord President Forbes from "Sconser on the road to Glenelg": "The privateer is sailed to the northward, and it is true she took three meal barks and ransomed them, and sent some of her crew with the ships, where the young Chevalier was. They took as much of the meal as they thought proper, and paid for it, and dismissed them."

In the Barracks of Bernera in 1746 died Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. It is said that he was a Jacobite at heart, but alienated himself from his clansmen by identifying himself with the Hanoverians, and so he won for himself the following epitaph:

"If heaven be pleased when sinners cease to sin,
If hell be pleased when sinners enter in,
If earth be pleased to quit a truckling knave,
Then all are pleased—Macdonald's in his grave!"

Although their Chief did not side with the Prince, many of the Macleods did support the Jacobite cause, and some even from Glenelg. The presence of the garrison in their midst, however, must have had a restraining effect. A report on the state of the Highlands in 1750 stated that "the people (of Glenelg) are much civilised and polished by the Barracks of Bernera." The Presbytery Records show that in 1744 "Alexr. Watt, Deputy Barrak Master of Bernera," was appointed to visit the school of Glenelg, along with the Rev. Murdo Macleod, the minister, and Norman Macleod of Drynoch, factor; and in 1756 "John Forbes, Barrack-maister Depute of Bernera," was appointed to visit the school, with two others. In connection with delinquency cases before the Presbytery, "one Serjeant Cruise, late of the Barracks of Bernera," is mentioned in 1741, and "Serjeant Archibald Campbell of Inveraw's Company and Lord John Murray's Regiment" in 1749. Local tradition says that all the young men of Glenelg had to attend at the barracks one day per week for instruction and drill. Knox records that "many years ago, the Board of Trustees at Edinburgh purchased several acres of land at the head of Lochcarron and sent Mr. Jeffries of Kelso to instruct the inhabitants in spinning, weaving, etc." Mr. Jeffries made great improvements, but "so averse were the people to innovations and to instruction that Mr. Jeffries was forced to hire soldiers from the barracks of Bernera for the purpose of digging, planting, and trenching."

The New Statistical Account (1836) has no mention of the barracks of Bernera. It is probable that the military were finally withdrawn sometime in the 1790's.

A scrap of manuscript, passed on to me by the late Rev. Alex. Mactaggart, but from what source I know not, states that the barracks were occupied till 1797, and that the 48 acres on which the barracks stand were bought back by the Laird of Macleod in 1811 for £925 (probably Scots, says the note). At that date it appears there was a

population of 200 persons on the lands of Bernera barracks. Twelve cottages with a garden attached to each paid a total rent of £51 ; 38 acres were let to sub-tenants at £2 per acre. There were " 12 houses of common country kind erected by the occupants, with a garden attached to each, rented at 5/3 each." " 12 rooms in the barracks at 20/- each yearly."

The Glenelg Kirk Session Records show that in 1831 some of those in receipt of Kirk Session Poor Funds were resident in the barracks. At the time of the evictions, according to local tradition, several families, ejected from their own homes, found refuge in the barracks. An old man, still living in Glenelg 25 years ago, told me that his mother as a girl lived in the barracks. Local tradition also says that a rascally factor burnt the thatch roof off the building and so got the wretched families ejected once more. It is also stated that the Glenelg Free Church, built about 1846, was roofed with slates from the barracks, which lie less than half a mile away. It is very likely that the barracks were slated. It is also likely that, as the buildings deteriorated, roofing of thatch may have been used.

The military occupation of Glenelg has left its mark on the district in one peculiar way. In Glenelg the custom of "walking funerals" still continues, but the coffin comes last in the procession, instead of at the head as in most other parishes. This is locally believed to be due to the influence of military funerals from the barracks of Bernera to the Glenelg Churchyard in the old days. There is, indeed, in the Churchyard a very fine sculptured tombstone, dated 1730, which marks the grave of one of the Bernera officers. The fields surrounding the barracks are still known locally in Gaelic as " Grunnd an Righ "—" The King's Ground." The land is now used mostly as common grazing, although some of the more arable portions has been divided into crofts.

The soldiery who once were quartered in the barracks have their descendants in Glenelg. I was given to understand that the surname Nixon, of which there was a family or two in Glenelg for two or three generations, although none now remain, were descendants of someone who had been stationed in the barracks.

There are still in Glenelg several members of a family of

Macleans who are descended from an Angus Maclean, who was born in 1776. This Angus was the son of "the Red Corporal" who was in the barracks. The story is that Maclean, the Red Corporal, gave his child, Angus, to the keeping of MacGillivray, who was innkeeper at Glenelg, remarking, "When he grows up he may marry your daughter." Angus Maclean and Ann MacGillivray were married in 1799, and from them descended several families, and their great-great-grandchildren are in Glenelg still, as is testified by information on a leaf of an old Bible.

The Old Gateway to Skye

Reference has already been made to the narrow sea-crossing between the mainland and Skye at Kylerhea, the place where Fionn and his warriors used to vault across on their spears. For many centuries this was the main ferry in and out of Skye. By it great droves of cattle from Skye and Uist passed on their way to the southern trysts. By it men from Skye crossed on warlike and peaceful expeditions to the mainland. By it the bands of reapers, each with a sickle, crossed on their way to the harvesting in the Lothians or Fife.

The broad flat-bottomed ferry-boat, propelled by oars and sometimes by sail, survived into my own time. The Kylerhea ferry came to an end about the beginning of the first world war, when the ferry-boat, or "gabard," became a total wreck in a storm and was not replaced. The traffic had so fallen off that it was not worthwhile replacing the boat.

The coming of the railroad, first to Strome Ferry, and later to Kyle of Lochalsh, killed the Kylerhea Ferry. In the 1930's the ferry was re-opened as a car ferry, but although it remained open for some years, was closed during the second world war, and was re-started again after the war, it could not compete on equal terms with the ferry at Kyle, chiefly because of the unsatisfactory roads leading to it on both mainland and Skye, and latterly also because of the facilities offered to motorists by the new Dornie bridge. In the days when crossing to Skye by Kyle meant having to cross Strome Ferry or Dornie Ferry as well, Kylerhea was worth trying, in spite of bad roads, but Dornie Bridge changed the situation.

I remember as a boy seeing cattle ferried across in the old "gabard." I also remember seeing cattle swimming across the narrows, attached by a rope to a rowing boat which led the way for them.

In evidence given before the (Napier) Crofters' Commission in the 1880's we get some information about how the ferry operated. Donald Martin, crofter, Kylerhea, testified: "We had at one time our land very much cheaper than we have it to-day. Our rents were raised twice upon us, and the reason why we had the land less at first was that we were engaged at the ferry at Kylerhea, and all the cattle leaving Uist and Lewis and Skye were ferried across this kyle. Our land was then rented at only 25/-, as we had to be in constant attendance at the ferry. At that time there were neither steamers nor trains to relieve us of that work, but now there are both, and we have no work at all; and all our land was after that raised twice. Our souming is two cows, but we have to keep one of these upon the stance of the drovers, and we can only winter one of them with what grows on our own land. We have no horses or sheep. We have to be out 16/- in seaware to plant our potatoes (each of us). There is no seaware on our own land at all. What we have of seaware on our land would not plant a bag of potatoes. This man (Malcolm Macpherson) and I are the furthest out of our township, and it is very little of either corn or potatoes or clover that grows on our land that is not consumed by the deer. Our township is not fenced and we are not able to fence it. The proprietor will not do it. Corrie (that is, 'Fear a' Choire,' the tacksman of Corry, Strath, who was estate factor) raised our rents 15/-, and Tormore (another factor) raised it 15/-. Our rents are thus double what they were then, and we have only a small bit of ground." Asked how many families there were in Kylerhea, Martin replied: "Thirteen families have land. There are 11 crofters in our township, and the innkeeper has another croft or two." Asked if those who worked the ferry-boat drew the toll of the ferry, Martin replied: "We were getting 6d for every head of cattle we ferried, and the half of that went to the innkeeper. There were five of us manning the boat, and the threepence was divided among us, except what was charged for grass and oats." Asked

what they made in a day on the average, Martin replied: "Since the trains began to take away the stock we get little or nothing. There was a time when we would make £13 or £14 in the year, and now we will not make more than £5. We must be in constant attendance at the ferry for ferrying of stock (that is a condition of our crofts), but not for ferrying passengers." Asked if they had not to attend at regular times for passengers, Martin replied: "There is only ferrying to be done at market times." Asked if they were compelled to be present at the ferry all the year round, traffic or no traffic, Martin replied: "Yes, we have to be in attendance, whether there are markets or not. We are the crew of the boat. Before the steamers came regularly there was a good deal of traffic and we drew a good deal of wages and the rents were low. Now our rents are high and the traffic has almost disappeared. We get half the ferry dues. If we refused to attend, we might be expelled from our land."

At the Kylerhea ferry there is a slipway on the mainland side and another on the Skye side, both built by Telford in the beginning of the 19th century. Also on each side of the ferry there is an old inn; the one on the Skye side stands empty, the one on the Glenelg side is used as a youth hostel. Many stories could be related of both. The mainland one is believed to be the one in which Johnson and Boswell spent an unpleasant night in 1773. I myself would like to have some evidence that this inn was actually in existence then. I think the inn that these two tourists slept in is now represented by ruined walls a short distance away.

An interesting side-light on the Kylerhea ferry is found in Lord Cockburn's "Circuit Journeys." Crossing with his coach into Skye in September, 1841, he writes thus of the Kylerhea ferry: "This ferry, though boasted as the best in Skye, is detestable, at least for carriages, and as ill-conducted as possible. But what can a ferry be for carriages, when ours is only the third that has passed this year, and the object of the landlord of the ferry-house on each side is to detain instead of advancing the passenger, and where, when at last it is seen that they can carry it on no longer, the only machinery for putting the vehicle on board consists of dozens of lazy and very awkward Highlanders, all scolding in

Erse, who almost lift it and throw it into the groaning boat."

Knox, in 1786, refers to the Kylerhea ferry thus: "I had an agreeable passage through that part of the channel called Kyle Ree, which, though no more than a quarter of a mile wide, has a depth of water sufficient for the largest ships. Here the flood tide runs at seven miles an hour; but at the lowest ebb this strait is the usual passage where horses, and black cattle, are swum across between Skye and the mainland; for though this is the principal passage to that great island, it is not accommodated with a horse-ferry. When horses are to be taken over, they are pushed off the rock into the water. A small boat with five men attends, four of them holding the halters of a pair on each side of the boat. When black cattle are to cross the Kyle, one is tied by the horn to a boat, a second is tied to the first, and a third to the second, and so on, to eight, ten or twelve."

An Agricultural Survey of Inverness-shire in 1813 states that "All the cattle reared in the Isle of Skye which are sent to the Southern markets from that island pass from that island to the mainland by the ferry of Caol Rea. Their numbers are very considerable, by some supposed to be 5,000, but by others 8,000 annually, and the method of ferrying them is not in boats . . . but they are forced to swim over Caol Rea. For this purpose the drovers purchase ropes which are cut at the length of three feet, having a noose at one end. This noose is put round the under jaw of every cow, taking care to have the tongue free. . . . All the beasts destined to be ferried are led by the ferryman into the water until they are afloat. . . . Then every cow is tied to the tail of the cow before until a string of six or eight be joined. A man in the stern of the boat holds the rope of the foremost cow. The rowers then plie their oars immediately. . . . The ferrymen are so dexterous that very few beasts are lost."

Daniel Defoe, in 1726, refers to the Kylerhea ferry, and says that 400 cattle could be taken across in a few hours.

Kylerhea, which had 140 residents sixty years ago, now has seven. The inn, once bustling with activity, stands empty and ruinous. My own father must have been among the last of the lads of Kylerhea, who in their teens made the long journey on foot to Falkirk Tryst with a drove of cattle.

THE DEBT OF MARJORY KENNEDY FRASER TO FRANCES TOLMIE

By ETHEL BASSIN, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

Friday, 28th March, 1958

In turning over the pages of Marjory Kennedy Fraser's *Songs of the Hebrides*, one's hand stops from time to time and the eye is arrested by the name of Frances Tolmie. Certain other names occur frequently, Annie Johnston, Ann MacNeill and many more, with, of course, the name of her Gaelic co-editor, Kenneth MacLeod.

Frances Tolmie, however, stands in a class apart. She was herself a collector, recognised as an authority, and had noted and published songs long before Mrs. Kennedy Fraser ever set foot on a gangway to visit the Hebrides. Of some 190 songs with accompaniments in the volume, 26 are identifiable as having originated with Miss Tolmie. Similarly, among some 120 tunes and fragments in the prefaces there are four of hers. Most of them are directly acknowledged, but not all.

Mrs. Fraser admitted that one or two from whom she noted tunes were themselves collectors. They usually possessed notebooks filled with words of songs, but left it to her to note the tunes. She could depend upon such collectors for a few Gaelic verses and a literal translation. There were also traditional singers with fine memories who carried all their songs, words and music, in their heads. Miss Tolmie went further than any of these; she not only sang in the traditional manner but had the ability to write down music as well as words. Above all, however, is the fact of the previous publication of numbers of her songs.

For her first volume Mrs. Fraser used six tunes of Miss Tolmie's. Four of these are described as "Noted from the singing of Frances Tolmie." Another says, "From Frances Tolmie." Such an acknowledgment may mean anything. It implies that the arranger had noted the tune from Miss Tolmie's singing as from any non-literate singer: it will be

shown, however, that in each case Miss Tolmie had supplied the song either in manuscript or in print. "From Kenneth MacLeod" has an even more variable significance. It means in some cases original work, while in others it is apparently used to cover a pastiche of traditional and original lines.

A convenient word "from." Somehow it recalls the story of the dear old lady describing her reading of her Bible, and the comfort she got from "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia.'"

The following notes are based upon sources to which I have had access—in the case of MSS. and letters, by the kind permission of the various owners. Firstly, there is the Tolmie *Journal*. The Folk Song Society (founded in London in 1898 and now incorporated in the English Folk Dance and Song Society) published for Miss Tolmie in 1911, as one complete issue of the *Journal* (No. 16), 105 traditional Gaelic songs of her collecting. The editor, Lucy Broadwood, was assisted by Anne Gilchrist—who shouldered a large share of the editorial work—J. A. Fuller Maitland, authority on Tudor music and at that time music critic of *The Times*, and Dr. George Henderson, Celtic lecturer in Glasgow University. It may be noted that during the time that the Tolmie *Journal* was in preparation, Ralph Vaughan Williams and Cecil Sharp were on the general committee of the F.S.S.

Previously, however, Dr. Keith Norman MacDonald had obtained from Miss Tolmie a large contribution to two publications of his editing, the *Gesto Collection of Highland Music* and *Puirt-a-Beul*. The *Gesto Collection* appeared in 1895, but the Tolmie songs and tunes are all in the appendix, published in two parts between 1896 and 1900. *Puirt-a-Beul* appeared in 1901.

Then there are the MSS. in the hands of her great-niece, Miss Morag MacDonald,[1] Edinburgh, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Archibald MacDonald of Kiltarlity. These include two groups of items of interest to our subject, (a) the notebooks containing words and various comments, and the MS. music books containing the corresponding tunes, all prepared for submission to Dr. Henderson, who eventually offered the

[1] Died 1962.

collection to the F.S.S. ; (b) a bundle of letters written by Miss Tolmie to Mrs. Fraser, and returned after the death of the latter to the relatives of the former. Miss Tolmie died at the end of 1926, Mrs. Fraser in 1930.

I have had access also to a quantity of MS. material among the Broadwood papers in Cecil Sharp House, the London headquarters of the E.F.D.S.S. There are numerous letters written from Miss Tolmie to Miss Broadwood while the *Journal* was in preparation (1908-11), and various notes and information relevant to the songs. There are also letters from Miss Tolmie and Miss Broadwood to Miss Gilchrist during that period, and a few postcards from Dr. Henderson, although the last have no bearing upon our subject. The Minutes and Annual Reports of the Society have also been of help.

Referring to Mrs. Kennedy Fraser, there are the three volumes of *Songs of the Hebrides* (Boosey, 1909, 1917 and 1921) ; the fourth similar volume, *From the Hebrides* (Paterson, 1925) ; *Sea Tangle* (Boosey, 1913) ; *More Songs of the Hebrides* (Boosey, 1929) ; her autobiography, *A Life of Song* (O.U.P., 1929) ; and her biography of her father *David Kennedy, the Scottish Singer* (Gardner, 1887). There is also her contribution to a composite obituary of Miss Tolmie in the annual *Letter* for 1928 of the Newnham College Roll, Cambridge. Miss Tolmie was one of the earliest women students—a very small number —at the University of Cambridge, 1873-74.

In addition, I had the privilege of knowing both ladies personally, Miss Tolmie from 1925, the year before she died ; Mrs. Kennedy Fraser from 1913 over a period that included some excellent piano lessons, and, later, some lessons on the interpretation of her Hebridean songs.

Let me give a few biographical details of each.

Frances Tolmie was born in 1840, the second youngest of the family of nine of John Tolmie, tacksman of Uiginish in Skye — across Loch Dunvegan from the Castle —and his wife Margaret Hope MacAskill. Throughout her life she cherished loyally the traditional ties of both sides of the house to the chiefs of "Sìol Tormoid." She was barely four years old when her father died. The upbringing of the family devolved upon their mother's brother, Hugh

MacAskill, tacksman of Rudha 'n Dùnain ; there, on a point at the end of Glen Brittle, in the parish of Minginish, they grew up, educated by a tutor who remained with them for many years.

In the childhood of Fanny Tolmie, over a century ago, there was continual singing at work, and she tells of the frequency of waulkings, "with much loud singing of many voices." Mrs. Tolmie sang to the children the songs she had known in her childhood in the island of Eigg. In later years these were revived in the manse at Bracadale where an older son, the Rev. John W. Tolmie, was parish minister, and where his mother and two youngest sisters, Mary and Fanny, made their home for some years. There, at the age of 18 or 19, Fanny became a conscious collector of old songs. She was encouraged by a young Exciseman, Alexander Carmichael—afterwards famous for his *Carmina Gadelica* —who advised her to write the tunes as well as the words. He, in common with J. F. Campbell of Islay and other literary collectors, could not write music. Fanny Tolmie, however, was well equipped to do this. She had a quick ear and had had music lessons both from a governess at home and from good teachers in Edinburgh. The result was a skill that was to be useful to her all her life. Circumstances at Bracadale brought her into contact with certain aged singers from whom she noted many fine songs. Later, living in Portree and on occasional visits to her cousins in North Uist, she noted words and tunes of ancient heroic lays, of which there are seven examples in the *Journal*.

Her short spell at Newnham was followed by more than twenty years in the Lake District with a friend who was one of the circle of which Ruskin was the centre. Winters were spent in the south of France or elsewhere on the continent, summers in Coniston. On the death of this friend she joined her sister Mary—also unmarried—in Oban in 1895. Ten years later the sisters removed to Edinburgh. During the period in Oban she had contributed a number of songs and tunes to the *Gesto Collection*. MacDonald's editing methods, however, she found haphazard and disappointing, particularly so when two versions of one of her favourite songs, *A' Bhean Eudach*, appeared, not in the *Gesto Collection* for which they were intended, but among the

dance tunes in the solfa booklet, *Puirt-a-Beul*. She was consequently more than pleased when, spending a day with the Carmichaels at Taynuilt in 1900, she met Dr. George Henderson, who suggested that he would try to find a more suitable repository for her collection. Her host supported Dr. Henderson, both men advising her to write down all she could remember, and this she agreed to do.

This revival of interest in the old songs brought to light the fact that the elderly maid in the household, Mary Ross from Kilmaluag in Skye, had quite a repertory of such songs. She had never been regarded as a singer and had never posed as one, but she had an exceptional memory and a good ear. Eventually of the 105 songs in the *Journal*, "Miss Fanny" had noted 38 from Mary Ross

Marjory Kennedy, born in 1857, was the fifth of the family of eleven of David Kennedy of Perth who, from the 'sixties to the 'eighties of last century, delighted Scottish exiles throughout the world with the songs of their native land. As his family grew up three or four of them would accompany him on these tours, others being given the opportunity of further vocal study in France or Italy. Marjory, who was pianist for the party off and on for seventeen years, at one time studied in Paris with the famous teacher Mathilde Marchesi. Tragedy came to the Kennedy family in 1881 when two daughters and a son perished in a fire at the *Theatre des Italiens* at Nice, where they had gone to hear the opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Kennedy never recovered from the blow, but the tours continued until, in 1886, he died in Ontario. The following year Marjory married her mother's cousin, Alec Yule Fraser, who shortly afterwards became headmaster of Allan Glen's Technical School in Glasgow, at the age of 32. His early death in 1890 left her with two young children, David and Patuffa, and she returned to Edinburgh, to resume music teaching and studying. She was both student and friend of Frederick Niecks, the biographer of Chopin, at that time Reid Professor of Music in Edinburgh University.

Arising out of her general musical studies, and of German lieder in particular, were the series of lectures she gave

each season from 1903 to 1907 on "Songs and Song Writers." Her sister Margaret and her brothers Charles and John assisted with illustrations. During this same period she was associated with her brother-in-law, Tobias Matthay, in the preparation of his revolutionary books on pianoforte technique. She had an alert and lively mind, and was one of a circle in Edinburgh interested in art and artists and in the progressive ideas of Patrick Geddes at the Outlook Tower. A young artist, John Duncan, had been painting on Eriskay (where he was affectionately named *Iain a' Chladaich*) and urged her to visit the island and note down some of the interesting songs he had heard there. Loth at first to make the difficult journey, she at last went there in the summer of 1905, and was amazed and delighted with the haul of tunes she netted. Returning to Edinburgh, she by-and-by wrote accompaniments, made English adaptations from the Gaelic and the translations that helpers had given her, and gave her first Hebridean recital in February 1907.

Her recitals were a success from the first. The years of concert-giving with her father—who was noted for his powers of vivid interpretation—had developed her own natural gifts ; her commentary was novel and interesting, and the accompaniments she had written to these unusual songs were musicianly and pianistic. There was artistry in her presentation of them. In any case, few of her listeners fifty years ago knew much about the Hebrides: there were easier places to visit.

* * *

In March 1908 the Folk Song Society at last, through Dr. Henderson, received the offer of Miss Tolmie's collection. By the end of the month a brisk exchange of letters between Miss Broadwood and Miss Tolmie had begun. The latter was occupied for several months in transcribing texts and tunes from her previous notes, consulting Mary Ross about this and that, noting down further songs from her, and answering questions of Miss Broadwood's. If ever there was an editor who could get information out of a contributor, knowing exactly what questions to ask, it was Lucy Broadwood. It was her steady questioning that has given us so many interesting facts and sidelights upon the songs that otherwise we should not have had.

Earlier than this, however, Miss Tolmie and Mrs. Fraser had met. "I began to publish in 1907," wrote the latter in the Newnham obituary, "and fortunately I met her in Edinburgh at that time." Miss Tolmie was pleased, possibly flattered, by Mrs. Fraser's interest in her songs. Now in her late sixties she was perhaps growing reminiscent and was only too ready to talk and sing to a sympathetic listener. Mrs. Fraser was not slow to realise what she had to give; though here it must be stated that a marked trait in Frances Tolmie's character was a tendency to be too generous with her collected material. Perhaps she over-estimated the qualities of others and too modestly under-estimated her own. Her letters to Miss Broadwood and Mrs. Fraser sometimes carry courtesy almost to the point of self-effacement.

Here are three addressed to Mrs. Fraser. The year is not given, but No. 3—from its contents—can be dated 1908, the other two belonging clearly to the same period.

37 Merchiston Crescent,
Feb. 4th

Dear Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser,

The remaining airs are enclosed, all corrections being welcome. Any information regarding the subject of any song will be promptly forwarded when required.

Sincerely yours,

F. TOLMIE

On the 7th of March she wrote:

Let me now express my regret to be so dilatory in sending those Airs and the song of Ailean Donn which you fancied the other day, and I hoped to send immediately. A variety of accidents hindered me, and I must now wait till next week.

But I am not forgetting. Asking you to forgive this somewhat abrupt note, which must on no account give you the trouble of writing in return—with kind regards to Miss Kennedy & Mr. Fraser, believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

FRANCES TOLMIE

And on the 10th of March:

> Let me now enclose the songs in which you are interested, in the hope of doing better another time. No reference is needed but the "Gesto Coll." But Ailean Donn, the Maclean, is not in the same list, and may go among your Hebridean gatherings (without our name), and open to enlargement of the words—the first verse of which we have not. We are of the Hebrides [illegible] as well as the folk of Barra and Eriskay.
>
> Please remember us most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Watson when you meet them in Inverness. Wishing you a prosperous journey, *etc.*

The summer of 1907 saw Mrs. Fraser's first visit to Barra, and the Watsons left Inverness for Edinburgh in 1908. This letter, therefore, must belong to 1908, and the other two fall into line with it.

Now it was in the spring of 1908 that a volume of songs was mooted by Boosey, the publisher; and Mrs. Fraser relates that it was not until late that spring that she met Kenneth MacLeod. Let us, therefore, look at these letters in relation to the volume, which appeared in May 1909. Five of the six songs of Miss Tolmie's bore her name; but she was taken at her word regarding *Cumha an Eich-Uisge* (*Gesto* Appendix, p. 20; *Journal*, No. 7). Entitled "Skye Water-Kelpie's Lullaby" it was headed "Old Gaelic words and tune from the Gesto Collection."

Cumha an Eich-Uisge underwent changes in timing and lay-out before it reached this volume; so did *Iuraibh o-hi, iuraibh o-hu* (*Puirt-a-Beul*, p. 47; J. 75), which became "Sea Sounds," headed "Air and words noted from the singing of Frances Tolmie." *Ailean Donn*, the song "fancied the other day", became "Harris Love Lament," headed "Melody noted from the traditional singing of Frances Tolmie." It is note for note as Miss Tolmie has it in the *Gesto* Appendix, p. 61, the notes doubled in value (which makes no difference in performance) and transposed into a higher key. These three songs were already published.

Ciod è 'ghaoil? (J. 34) regarded by Fuller Maitland as "a very remarkable song, perhaps a fragment of some longer

ballad of the 'Lord Randal' type," became "A Soothing Croon from Eigg"; *Clò nan Gillean* (J. 65) is among unaccompanied tunes quoted in the preface; and *Ailean Donn*, "the MacLean," entitled *Hó rionn eile* in the *Journal* (48) became "The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves," to which I shall return later.

* * *

By the end of 1908 most of Miss Tolmie's material was in Miss Broadwood's hands, but unavoidable delays held back the appearance of the *Journal*. Originally intended to be No. 13 of the series, to appear in 1909, it was not out until December 1911, as No. 16. A strange result is that it contains editorial comment on the subject matter of one or two of the Tolmie songs quoted from *Songs of the Hebrides*, but originally communicated to Mrs. Fraser by Miss Tolmie herself (e.g., J. 67, 75).

Sea Tangle, a small album published in 1913, contained four of Miss Tolmie's tunes. By this time the *Journal*, scrupulously documented, was available for all to see. "Noted from" was replaced for the most part by "collected by" but there is no reference to the *Journal* anywhere, except in a casual footnote in very small type in one of the later volumes.

The contents of *Sea Tangle* were incorporated in Volume II (1917), with the exception of "The Daughter of Maeve", based on *Laoidh Fhraoich* (J.86). The letters show that Miss Tolmie, at Mrs. Fraser's request, lent J. F. Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne* (1872) containing contributions of her own, and offered her such books as Hector MacLean's *Ultonian Ballads* and Dr. Henderson's *Geste of Fraoch and the Dragon*. But Fraoch was left behind in *Sea Tangle* and did not reach Volume II.

Two of Miss Tolmie's tunes are quoted in the preface to this volume. One, described as "Rowing Song, from the singing of Frances Tolmie," is *Eile na hùraibh o-ho* (J. 76); the other, without words, is described as "a passionate 17th century lament, by the famous poetess, Mary MacLeod." It is all that, but nothing is said about its being a lament for

her chief, MacLeod of Dunvegan (J. 43 ; G. App. p. 52) *Mo shàth ghal goirt*, nor where it is to be found.

It is sometimes claimed that Mairi Nigh'n Alasdair Ruaidh composed her own tunes, but Miss Tolmie was not convinced of this. She noted words and tune of this song at Bracadale in 1861 from the singing of an aged cottar, Roderick MacLeod. The tune, wherever it may have originated, is a beautiful one, with an unusually wide range (a 13th). Mrs. Fraser retained the notes but altered the timing.

Four tunes in the body of the book come from the *Journal*. *Fàill ill o-ho-ro* (J. 103) is entitled "The Island Herdmaid" and headed "Words and air collected in Eigg by Frances Tolmie" ; but Miss Tolmie describes it as "A memory from Eigg [her mother's native island] revived at Bracadale Manse, Skye, in 1860." It is a pity to see such inaccuracies and ambiguities persisting throughout *Songs of the Hebrides*.

Shibeag, Shibeag (J. 100), however, as "Coll Nurse's Lilt," has a good English adaptation and neat accompaniment. The tune of *Caoidh Màthar* (J. 49), lamenting a daughter Mairi, was teamed up with words from Kenneth MacLeod to produce *Caristiona*. This song first appeared in *Sea Tangle*.

To "Land of Heart's Desire"—also in this volume—and to "Sea Tangle", I shall return later.

Volume III appeared in 1921. Miss Tolmie, now in her 81st year, had returned to Skye after the death of her sister Mary during the War, to spend the rest of her days in Dunvegan. It is not unlikely that in her generous way she may have indicated to Mrs. Fraser that her published material was at her disposal. This might explain the "Skye Reaping Song" in the preface, a replica to the last detail of the elaborate *Oran Arabhaig* (G. App. p. 53 ; J. 74), but without acknowledgment.

"The Return from the Fairy Hill" has English words and Gaelic refrain, and is headed "Tune from Frances Tolmie, words from Kenneth MacLeod." This is *Hó ró lail ó* (J. 54). In "A Barra Love Lilt" one of Miss Tolmie's *Bean Eudach* tunes (J. 50, ii) alternates with a tune from Barra. "Birds at the Fairy Fulling," with original Gaelic and English words by

Kenneth MacLeod, is built upon *Hó fiream, forum* (J. page 228), popular in Bracadale at one time for the final stages of the waulking, the *teannachadh*, or tightening, of the cloth. The accompaniment is appropriate and discreet, the tune unaltered. In the same volume is "The Sea-Quest," or "The Harp-Sorrow." It stems from the heroic lay, *Am Bròn Binn—Aisling Righ Bhreatainn* (J. 90) ; but the treatment, involving also a second tune from Annie Johnston, is uncharacteristic and flimsy. A discussion of it, however, demands musical and verbal analysis outwith the scope of this paper.

The fourth volume *From the Hebrides*, was published in 1925, the year before Miss Tolmie's death. "To Iona" is described as a "Processional by Kenneth MacLeod to an ancient Skye air noted by Frances Tolmie." The original is *Hé, mannd' thu* or *Heman Dubh* (J. 57), a popular waulking song still current in various forms.

Oran mu'n Ghruagach-Mhara (P.B. p. 45 ; J. 61) becomes "The Seal Maiden" and has a second tune tacked on to it. It is originally a waulking song, describing the strange sight of an apparent mermaid, who, as one watches, dissolves into a grey seal and plunges into the sea. Mrs. Fraser had a penchant for seals, so may be justified in seizing upon the seal aspect of the story to give a title to her song. The *fear beag na feusaige ruaidhe* of the song. *Hó leiba chall ó* (J. 59), becomes "The uncanny Manniken of the Cattle-fold," which is near enough.

"The Seal Hunters of Scavaig" bears the legend, "Heard [*sic*] by Frances Tolmie in Minginish in 1852 and by M.K.F. at Skeabost in 1922." *Chaidh na fir a Sgathabhaig* (J. 63) was one of Miss Tolmie's childhood recollections of the waulkings at Rudha 'n Dùnain. The tune in *From the Hebrides* is a literal copy from the *Journal*, marks of "solo refrain," "chorus," etc. Nowhere else did Mrs. Fraser mark such contrasts. As for "heard" in Minginish by one in 1852 and by another at Skeabost 70 years later — well, that proves survival, if nothing else. "Heard" may surely be added to the list of "blessed words."

Before coming to the three songs I propose to discuss in detail, "Land of Heart's Desire," "Sea Tangle" and "The

Seagull of the Land-under-Waves," I wish to say something about Mrs. Fraser's use of her material.

The best of her accompaniments seize happily upon some figure or motif relevant to her conception of the song and are, in that sense, sincere. Frankly, her technique as a composer was not always equal to her intention. Her later work bears the mark of having been put out hurriedly but, for all that, among accompaniments—printed or improvised —to the mass of Gaelic or Lowland song, hers are better than many. Slight and flimsy they may be at times, and one of her mannerisms was the drawing out of the ends of phrases, thus breaking the flow of the tune—e.g., *O Mhairead òg* (not a Tolmie song), the "Water-Kelpie" and "Sea Sounds." For all that, however, the accompaniments are always pianistic, lying comfortably to the hands.

* * *

Land of Heart's Desire

One day I had a lesson from her on "Land of Heart's Desire." This song, she told me, was founded upon a tune of only four bars which she got from Frances Tolmie.

It is headed "Air collected in North Uist by Frances Tolmie"; and after a short introduction of harp-like chords the little tune makes its first appearance, having already been stretched to six bars. The words, English only, are by herself. There is no new musical material throughout; and the tiny tune is spread over a background of arpeggios to the length of 55 bars. The effect is that of a very simple improvisation. Perhaps its very simplicity accounts for its popularity.

And what of the original? It is not to be found in Miss Tolmie's MSS.—for the right and simple reason that it was not of her collecting. There is, however, a letter to Mrs. Fraser, dated 26th of August 1910 (the envelope is preserved, with the date stamp) in which she writes, "I enclose a recollection of a tune from North Uist, which appeared in the 'Deo-Greine' when it first came out. It was in Sol-fa and I cannot remember by whom it was contributed — and another of those various airs to which the 'Bean Eudach' was sung . . . Mr. Kenneth may remember it . . ."

The tune is actually not in *An Deò-Gréine* but in *The Gael*, Vol. II (1873), page 165. The well-known pseudonym "Abrach" is attached to it. As printed it consists of five bars, not four. Miss Tolmie was quoting from memory, however, and it will be noticed that she confuses *The Gael* with *An Deò-Gréine*, the one-time organ of An Comunn Gaidhealach, which afterwards became *An Gaidheal*.

The Sea Tangle

To use a colloquialism, the "operative word" is "tangle." Here is the heading: "The Sea Tangle; or, The Sisters—An Sgeir Mhara—collected and arranged by Kenneth MacLeod and M.K.F." That is all, not even a "from."

Mrs. Kennedy Fraser was fascinated by this theme, and I like to recall the water-colour on her wall by Stanley Cursiter, of a rock at highwater, partly covered by light-coloured seaweed, suggesting the face and hair of a drownéd woman. The legend, verbally and musically, was widely diffused among European sea-girt countries. Miss Tolmie, who wrote strictly from her own experience, and was not given to theorizing, noted that the *Bean Eudach* or *Bean Mhic a' Mhaoir* was a well-known fulling song and lullaby on the west coast of Scotland and sung to different tunes, with different choruses. In her MSS. are notes on three tunes, with words to some extent interchangeable. These she associated with Eigg, Minginish and Diurinish, although the place names may simply indicate her own links with the tunes. If we style them A, B and C, we shall find A and C in the *Journal* (50, i and ii), and A and B in MacDonald's *Puirt-a-Beul* (p. 44).

Mrs. Fraser told me that she had based "Sea Tangle" on four tunes. Two only need concern us, as being from Miss Tolmie's collection, the two in *Puirt-a-Beul*. The B tune is used as a kind of leitmotif and, indeed, a fragment of it is used in the middle of this "rhapsody" and spread over 24 bars, during which Mrs. Fraser used to speak part of Kenneth MacLeod's prose prologue. As she herself gave it, especially to listeners unacquainted with the originals, it had a dramatic effect. There was a certain artistry, both in the

way the four song fragments were fitted together, and in her actual performance. She gave me a lesson on it (my copy has her markings) and she spoke deprecatingly of a singer who, at a recital in London, had given the whole thing unaccompanied, as an example of Hebridean folk song. Folk song it was not, she declared: it was a composed song of which the piano accompaniment was an integral part. The piano part is, however, very thin. It will be noticed—by musicians anyway—that the passage of 24 bars already referred to consists of only five chords, a sequence of dominant 7ths resolving upon each other through a chain of five keys — the kind of thing an elementary student of keyboard harmony does as an exercise. This sort of improvisation was effective enough when provided by Mrs. Fraser herself as background to her story, but thin stuff to be crystallized in permanent form.

The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves

This song, after being heard by Ernest Newman in Birmingham in 1917, called forth from him the rapturous utterance that Schubert himself never wrote a more perfectly satisfying or more haunting melody. Mr Francis Collinson, in a recent series of articles in *The Scotsman* (January 1958), remarked truly that Newman thereby laid himself open to be ever afterwards misquoted as having compared Mrs. Kennedy Fraser to Schubert. Of the melodies in general Newman also wrote, "Schubert and Hugo Wolf would have knelt and kissed the hands of the men who conceived them."

If there was any kneeling and hand-kissing to be done it should have been to the numbers of women who had passed on this tune by oral tradition, in particular to Mary Ross, who had learned it in her childhood at the waulkings at Kilmaluag, where her stepmother was a weaver, and to Frances Tolmie who had noted it down in 1899. But—and this is a large "but"—the original is not an apostrophe to a seagull. Frances Tolmie's title (J. 48) is *Hó rionn eile*, the opening of the refrain. The opening verse line is "Ailein duinn, beul a' mhànrain." In the course of this lament—

with its flowing tune and magically beautiful words—occur the stock lines:

> Fhaoileag bheaga, fhaoileag bhàn thu,
> Thig a nall, is inn's do naigheachd.

It is this phrase, torn from its context, that supplies the title and theme of "The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves."

As regards the tune, the pitch is as close as need be to the version in Miss Tolmie's MSS. originally submitted to Dr. Henderson. It also corresponds to Mrs. Fraser's wax record made from Miss Tolmie's singing—now transferred to tape in the School of Scottish Studies. The timing, however, does not accord with the original.

The song is preceded by four stanzas "from" Kenneth MacLeod, but not intended to be sung. The first contains six lines, the others seven each, making 27 in all. Each begins with the line "Fhaoileag bhig is fhaoileag mhara," derived from the couplet quoted above. Let us look at the construction of these four stanzas. The first consists of five lines of the original, with modifications. Eight lines from another song, *Coisich, a rùin* (J. 53), form the basis of stanzas 3 and 4. The second stanza, after the opening line, is new. To summarize: five lines from the original, eight from *Coisich, a rùin*, and ten new lines, scrambled together with four apostrophes to the "faolag bheag" add up to the twenty-seven lines "from" Kenneth MacLeod.

Only six lines of Gaelic are attached to the tune for the purposes of the singer. Ten lines of English, however, are scattered over the various limbs and phrases of the tune. The waulking song pattern of solo verse, solo refrain and chorus has disappeared; and the critical listener may or may not be pleased with the result. Ernest Newman, not knowing the original, was delighted. So were Tovey, Bantock, Boughton, Roberton and others in their day.

Due to Ernest Newman's praise Mrs. Fraser was always inclined, not surprisingly, to regard the "Seagull" as one of the best of her songs. She also linked it, as the following examples show, with the name of Miss Tolmie.

(1) Dedication to *From the Hebrides*, 1925 :

To
FRANCES TOLMIE,
Dunvegan, Skye,
The Pioneer Collector of Hebridean Song,
together with her friend,
MARY ROSS,
Kilmoluag,
from whom she noted the airs of such great songs as
"The Seagull of the Land under Waves"
and
"Caristiona."

(2) As one of the several contributors to an obituary in the annual *Letter* of the Newnham College Roll—Cambridge, 1928:

> Frances Tolmie was one of the most interesting characters I have met in connection with my Celtic Song research in the Hebrides. In her youth there was little account taken of folk tales and songs, and much might have been lost but for her appreciation of the airs of such songs as "The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves," "Slow Rowing Song," and others included in my collection.

(3) In *A Life of Song*, 1929, of a visit to Skeabost, Skye, in the early 'twenties:

> One day we were driven by our hostess to the far north, to Kilmoluag, to shake hands with Mary Ross, from whom Frances Tolmie the aged singer had long before noted the lovely airs of "The Seagull of the Land-under-Waves" and "Caristiona."

We can smile at the half-truths contained in these quotations. *Songs of the Hebrides* had their vogue and their success a generation ago. To-day we begin to realize that the meticulous scholarship of Frances Tolmie is perhaps more lasting, and that *Hó rionn eile* and its like are to be cherished. The Seagull's feathers begin to look a little tattered.

Sic transit gloria mundi.